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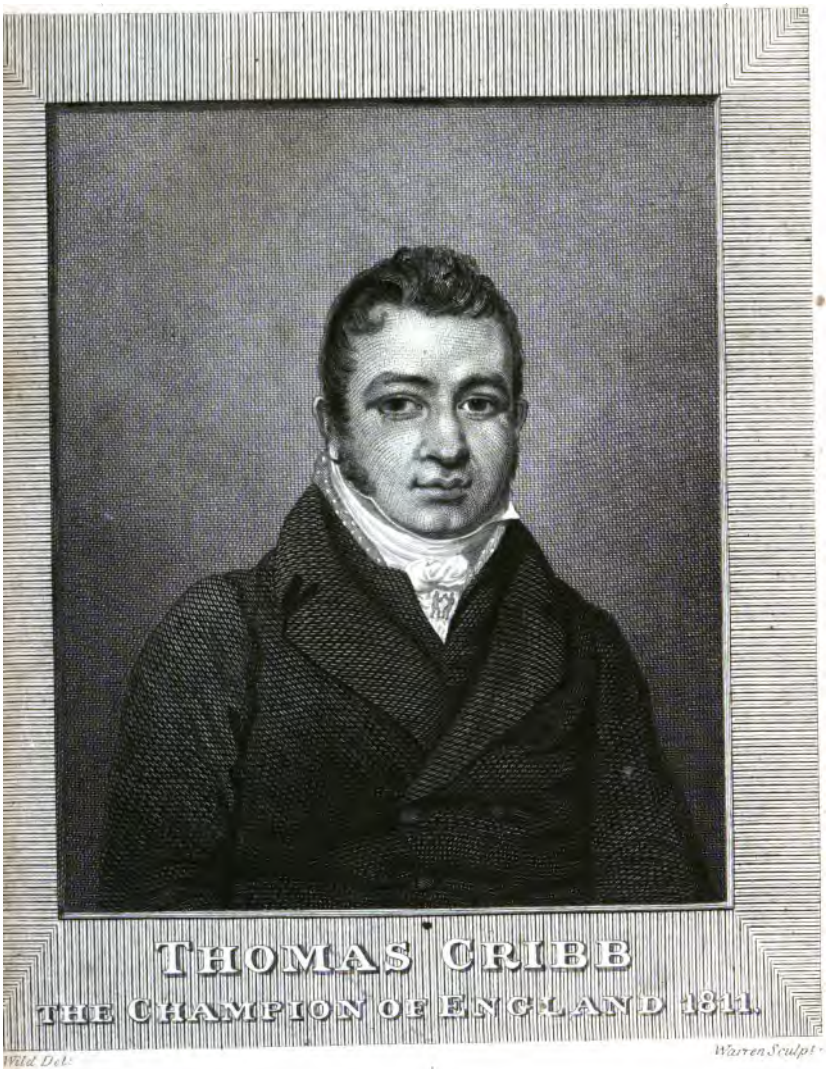

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PART I.

IT has ever been allowed, even by that sect of philosophers, who with so much sublimity have argued the perfectability of man, and the ultimate establishment of the utopian government; that human nature is so constituted as to require both bodily and mental recreation. This propensity to amusement in man, is sufficiently proved by the generality of the desire, in every stage of life, and under every variety of climate and constitution of government. But the regulation of this apparently instinctive impulse of man differs greatly according to the circumstances under which he is placed. The influence of moral and political, even exclusive of physical causes, tend much to diversify the sports of mankind; the latter in particular may be very readily conceived.

The hardy, strenuous, and active amusements of the inhabitants of the temperate and frigid zones, would exhaust rather than invigorate the inhabitants of a torrid clime; consequently the supreme delight

of

of the Asiatic consists in the enjoyment of pleasures, purchased with little fatigue of body—to inhale the grateful fumes of his pipe, or foil his adversary in the stratagems of chess, are to him the acme of gratification.

Notwithstanding, as just shewn, physical causes necessarily circumscribe the sphere of the active pursuits of man, they have infinitely less controul than those of a moral and political kind. Man, above all other animals, possesses a frame and constitution, capable of being adapted to every clime and every change of temperature; he can, particularly by habit, subdue physical obstacles; and also when powerfully stimulated by moral and physical causes. The savage, compelled to hunt his prey for food, has neither leisure or desire to cultivate his intellectual taste; if not exposed to danger from hostile neighbours, his amusements are generally of the negative kind; he is happy when idle and at ease, but stimulate him by the prospect of war, and all his recreations, all his inventions will tend to enable him successfully to carry on his military exploits; his songs will be praises of the heroes of his nation, and his dances connected with martial discipline. This was particularly noticed by Captain Cook and other navigators; they indiscriminately found idleness predominant in those islands surrounded by the blessings of peace; but, on the contrary, those in continual hostility, cherished with ardour every gymnastic sport.

According to the degree of civilization will the public sports and amusements of a people partake

more

more or less of the mixed character of corporeal and mental recreation. A display of the arts, which refine and gladden life, can only flourish where the condition of man has been long meliorated by the enjoyment of moral and political advantages. Indeed, the kind and nature of the popular sports and exhibitions of a people, whether just emerging from barbarism, or passing through the various stages of improvement, or arrived at the highest pitch of refinement, serve to measure, as a scale, the different degrees of their advancement in civilization. The two most powerful and celebrated nations of antiquity, Greece and Rome, afford ample proofs of the truth of this remark.

The shews and public sports of each of these nations, while they issued from their character and manners, operated on this very character and manners, and rendered them more ardent and permanent. This connection between the character of a people and their sports, was forcibly impressed on their legislators and rulers; their public games were instituted for other purposes than mere amusement and relaxation. They were rendered subservient in Greece to the noblest views of legislative policy; intimately connected with the whole system of government, whether civil, military, or religious, they had a moral as well as a political tendency. To promote ardour, emulation, friendship, patriotism, and all the animated principles and connections of active life, the Olympic and other festivals were instituted.

In order to investigate some of the moral and po-

litical effects of these popular sports and public games, which contributed so largely in raising the Greeks and Romans to a height of unparalleled grandeur, it will be necessary to examine the foundation of a system, which, in some respects, when freed from its worse abuses, particularly those which the more ferocious character of Rome introduced, may not illaudably nor unusefully, be imitated by the most civilized nation.

Though it may perhaps be admitted that the difference in the state of knowledge and general policy in the ancient and modern world, will not admit of a close approximation in the system of their public sports and amusements, yet the principles to which the Greeks directed their attention in controuling popular amusements, deserve the limited imitation of every free and enlightened people; for, their aim was to direct to innocent and useful objects, two of the most powerful principles of the human breast—the love of pleasure, and the love of action; hence arose the gymnastic exercises, first instituted, according to Pliny, by Lycon, in Arcadia, whence they were extended throughout Greece, and successfully contributed to the highest gratification of both the Greeks and Romans. They were performed in the GYMNASIUM, where not only youth were instructed in these exercises, but also philosophers taught their different doctrines. The PALÆSTRA, which formed a part of the building, was the school for the gymnic exercises.

The gymnastic art consisted in the performance of bodily

bodily exercises, calculated for DEFENCE, health, and diversion; of these there were five—Leaping, Running, Throwing the Discus, Wrestling, and Boxing; which last was called PANCRATIUM.

Thus, it is seen, that the athletic sports are coeval with the formation of society; these gymnic exercises formed the principal branch of the education of youth, and to enable them to excel in the performance of them, they were trained with the greatest care, and every means was employed to excite powerful emulation; their object was to recreate and strengthen the body, as well as fortify and exalt the mind; for the firm organization acquired by perpetual exercise, counteracted the propensity to vicious indulgence, which a voluptuous climate naturally inspired: they also infused a courage depending on animal strength and vigour, which was excited to the highest pitch among this warlike people.

But still the chief aim of athletic gymnastics was, perfection in the military character. Their philosophers inculcated this doctrine by their precepts and also EXAMPLE. Plato, in his book of laws, after having viewed the high importance of acquiring bodily force and agility, adds, " a well governed com-
" monwealth, instead of prohibiting the profession
" of the athletic, should, on the contrary, propose
" prizes for all who excel in those exercises, which
" tend to encourage the military art." And, perhaps, no better plan can be contrived to foster a warlike spirit amongst people by circumstances compelled to be devoted to military enterprize, than the

training

training of youth in these hardy and laborious exercises, and in proclaiming rewards for those who excel in their public exhibition.

If man were only destined to conquer and triumph over the weaker and less valiant of his race—if the lust of dominion were the only appetite worthy of gratification, then the cultivation of bodily prowess, and ferocious courage, would properly form the business as well as pleasure of life; but man has a nobler part to act in society, and enjoyments more pure, lasting, and better fitted to the dignity and character of his nature, become necessary to his well-being in an advanced stage of civilization. It may readily be conceived, that those arts which sooth and embellish human existence, and which depend on the cultivation of feeling and taste, would be neglected by the Greeks, when only bodily strength, activity, and address could carry off the palm of victory; but the necessity of rendering the gymnastic art subservient to nobler pursuits, was not only felt, but acted upon, by the Athenians and other polished states of Greece.

The cultivation of poetry and music was encouraged by bestowing the highest honour and rewards on those who excelled in these sublime arts, at the celebration of the public games. To such a happy combination of mental and corporeal excellencies, cherished and displayed under the most pompous and fascinating appearance in their popular diversions and solemn festivals, may the splendid atchievements of this distinguished people be attributed.

Considered in the light of affording amusement, exciting

exciting generous emulation, and of creating robust and hardy citizens, endowed with energy to resist slavery at home, and enemies from abroad, the gymnastic exercises, under proper regulations, are worthy of the admiration and patronage of every civilized state.

But, among the less polished states of Greece, there was another kind of popular sport, and one which has been practised by mankind, not only in the rude and barbarous, but, to the disgrace of humanity, in the most advanced period of civilized life. This amusement depended on the contest of ferocious animals, whose natural antipathies were made use of, and wantonly inflamed to gratify a depraved and barbarous taste.

The savage ferocity inspired by the frequent repetition of such barbarous exhibitions, accounts in some measure for the conduct of the Ephori of Sparta, who, when they declared war against the Helots, ordered that the young bull-dogs should be employed in worrying those miserable slaves.

To the Greeks may be attributed two barbarous diversions, which have been eagerly adopted by succeeding nations—The fighting of cocks, and the diversion of bull fights; the former was first introduced by Themistocles as a religious festival, but soon degenerated into a sport for the gratification of avarice and cruelty. The latter had its rise in Thessaly, and was afterwards transported to Rome by Julius Cæsar.

Rome stands indebted to Greece for almost every institution

institution of popular sports and bodily exercises; but in the Roman Circus and Amphitheatre they were exhibited on a scale, proportioned to the immense extent and power of the nation, with a degree of splendour and magnificence, unknown to their inventors. The Ludi Circenses; as the Pentathlum, Chariot Races, Pyrrhic Dance, and the Naumachia, or Sea Fights, were displayed with the greatest eclat; to which also may be added the contests of Gladiators, and of ferocious animals with each other, and with man. Here also their youth were instructed in the gymnic exercises, and likewise the athletic combatants trained up, for public exhibition.

But the barbarous policy of the state, or rather the rude and ferocious manners of the people, gave rise to the alliance of bloody shews and combats, with manly sports and exercises. A gloomy and ferocious superstition operating on the minds of a people like the Romans, inured to foreign warfare and intestine broils, suggested the practice of shedding the blood of captives, as a grateful sacrifice to the MANES of illustrious warriors. This practice, at first a superstitious rite, became a ceremony of mere pomp and ostentation at the obsequies of distinguished persons. Marcus and Lucius Brutus first instituted the shew of gladiators on the death of their father, in the year of the city 490. Thus arose amongst the Romans the profession of a gladiator; and when the people had once acquired a taste for bloody exhibitions, the detestable spectacle of gladiatorial combats was presented for their gratification and amusement.

The

The progress of cruelty, and the danger of gratifying barbarous propensities, cannot admit of more striking illustration than what is afforded by considering the effects of these savage exhibitions on the manners and characters of the Romans.

The frequent spectacle of animals conflicting with each other in the games of the amphitheatre, gradually hardened the public mind, and begat a necessity for diversions of a more animated and dangerous kind—Men were encouraged, and even compelled, to enter the lists with wild beasts. At first condemned criminals forfeited their lives in these contests; but these were not sufficiently numerous to gratify the appetite of a degraded and licentious people, men were professedly instructed, and regularly hired to sell their blood, like gladiators, in these bestial contests. Such enormities, even great as they are, hide their diminished heads before the paramount wickedness and cruelty of GLADIATORIAL exhibitions.

When the susceptibility to humane and tender feelings was rendered almost extinct by these bestial encounters, it became necessary to gratify their depraved appetites by the exhibition of human butchery and sacrifice. So lost to every spark of decency and humanity were this infatuated and ferocious people, that the highest ranks in society gloried in voluntarily taking a part in these displays of brutality; and even the softer sex, throwing aside every trait of amiable modesty and timidity, were ambitious of displaying their personal courage in these savage contests.

Persons of every age, sex, and condition, attended these barbarous sports. The intoxication of the populace from frequent gratification arose to such a pitch, that streams of blood flowed annually from several hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the wretched gladiators, throughout the various cities of the empire. When the people had been so far steeped in blood as to prefer, beyond any other amusement, these sanguinary combats, all the candidates for high offices bribed their favour by outvying each other in the number and pomp of these impious shews.

We find Julius Cæsar, in his edileship, presented 320 pair of gladiators; and Trajan, as averse from cruelty as the former, brought out 1000 pair of gladiators during a solemnity of 123 days; and this sanguinary hero enlisted 400 senators, and 600 knights, as gladiators, at a celebration of the Circensian games.

Rome justly suffered moral and political evils from fostering such inhuman propensities; her existence was more than once at stake by the insurrection of the wretched and despairing victims of her barbarity. Besides the corruption of the populace, through the medium of these diversions, was no difficult task to the powerful and wealthy. When man has been taught to subdue the human feelings of his nature, he contracts an indifference to the purer and nobler virtues which fit him for discharging the duties of a good citizen. Indeed, every habit that wears out the sympathizing sensibility of the heart, proportionably disqualifies man from exercising the pleasing du-

ties

ties and tender charities so inseparably connected both with public and domestic life.

It is certain, that in proportion to the frequency and extent of these bloody exhibitions, did the military valour and discipline of the Romans sink into a state of degradation and contempt; and it was not until after a lamentable period of 600 years, that a Christian poet, amidst the general joy of the victory of Pollentia, exhorted the Emperor to extirpate, by his authority, the horrid custom which had so long resisted the voice of humanity and religion. But the pathetic representations of Prudentius were less effectual than the generous boldness of Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, whose death was more useful to mankind than his life. The Romans were provoked by the interruption of their pleasure; and the rash monk who had descended into the arena, to separate the gladiators, was overwhelmed by a shower of stones.

But the madness of the people soon subsided; they respected the memory of Telemachus, who had deserved the honours of martyrdom; and they submitted, without a murmur, to the laws of Honorius, which abolished the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre, and gave a final blow to an inveterate and horrid abuse, that had so long degraded a civilized nation below the condition of savage cannibals.

In the progress of civilization, since the downfal of the Roman empire, great and important changes have taken place in Europe, with respect to religious, political, and civil institutions. The melioration of the condition of man in his social and domestic state, and

the general refinement of his character and manners, have been the happy result of the moral and political revolutions; yet, still there remains sufficient vestiges of ancient barbarity to throw a dark shade on the present state of improved civilization. The cruel sports, still so highly relished in many parts of modern Europe, and which bear so near a resemblance to the savage contests of the Circus, exhibit lasting and disgraceful proofs of the relics of ancient barbarism. Our own country has been but too justly stigmatized, even by her less polished neighbours, for the devotion of the lower ranks of the people to those amusements which are derived from the sufferings of the brute creation.

Although the resemblance between the cruel diversions of England and Rome may be considered a subject of just regret, yet the similarity in some of the manly exercises and hardy sports practised by the two nations, cannot but claim our warm and just admiration; for, if we have retained more of the barbarous sports of antiquity than the rest of Europe, there is the merit due to us of having more extensively adopted and practised those amusements and exercises which inure the body to labour and fatigue, and inspire the mind with courage and emulation.

In treating on the general character and spirit of some of the sports and exercises of the people of England, it will not be necessary to enter into particular detail—they may be comprised under two heads:

1. The sports derived from the contests of animals.

2. The amusements depending upon bodily exercises and personal contests.

1. AMUSE-

1. AMUSEMENTS ARISING FROM THE CONTESTS OF ANIMALS.

It cannot be denied that mankind, at every period of society, have rendered the animal race subservient to their wanton and cruel sports. But the universatily and antiquity of a practice, founded on inhumanity and impolicy, are inadequate to sanction its utility and continuance. If it can be shown that barbarous sports tend to brutalize the human character, and are inconsistent with the manifest intentions of Providence, the argument derived from long custom and authority must fall to the ground. There is a sympathy implanted in our natures, which renders us feelingly alive to the pains and pleasures of our fellow-creatures, and is even extended to every part of the animal creation. Upon the due exercise of this principle depends great part of our social and individual happiness. Whatever then has a tendency to diminish the influence of this principle ought carefully to be avoided. Now every single act of cruelty contributes its share toward the weakening or extinguishing this principle of sympathy; and by the repetition of such acts, according to the general laws of habit, a disposition to cruelty is likely to be generated. If a child be early indulged in sportively tormenting animals, and this vicious propensity be suffered, to grow into a habit, his sensibility to human suffering will be proportionably diminished; insensibility will harden into brutality; and at length he will not be restrained from positive acts of cruelty towards his own species,

cies, whenever goaded by the feelings of interest or passion.

It is also our duty, as well as moral advantage, to refrain from all acts of wanton cruelty to the brute creation. The organs of sensation in all the inferior animals are evidently adapted for receiving and transmitting impressions of pain and pleasure; and, although deprived of speech, their groans and cries are intelligible indications of their sufferings; thus, then, like man, they were born to feel and to enjoy. Here rests their right to protection and humane treatment from mankind.

If it be asked "whether all sports derived from "animal suffering be entitled to equal condemnation?" the answer is decidedly in the negative; for, although perhaps none can be compleatly justified, yet there is still a wide difference in the degree of moral and physical evil resulting from their practice.

That class of diversions pursued for the benefit of health and exercise, where the enjoyment of pleasure springs from the exertion of our active faculties, must not be compared with those depraved and cruel sports, which merely consist in the torture and destruction of the animal. In the present state of society, active diversions become almost necessary to the well-being of the opulent and sedentary classes of mankind. Man cannot be happy without occasional active employment—He pines in the lap of ease and pleasure, and requires the stimulus of animated exertion. Hunting, in all stages of society, has therefore formed a principle share of the business and pleasure of man;

man; and, although it may be urged in favour of this exercise, that it invigorates the spirits, teaches man to despise enervating pleasure, and inures them patiently to sustain hunger, cold, and fatigue; yet, it cannot be denied, that it has a tendency, when too eagerly pursued, to blunt the sensibility—to render the manners coarse, and thus to degrade the dignity of the human character. The man of enlarged understanding, liberal notions, and elegant manners, may occasionally call in the aid of the chace, to relieve the fatigue of sedentary employment, or renovate the powers of nature, exhausted by mental exertion, without much apparent injury to his manners or morals; but FREQUENTLY to take pleasure in that, by which misery to animals is inflicted, if not absolutely vicious, is yet of no good tendency; it conduces neither to form the gentleman or the man.

If it be considered too fastidious a delicacy to impute blame to the practice of destroying animals, for the purposes of health, pleasure, and recreation, it may, however, be allowed to call in question the policy and humanity of other diversions, once highly cherished, and still too much practised by the people of this country. Some of these national sports are sanctioned by the practice and encourgement of many persons distinguished for rank and talents. That there should be found such abettors of the bloody and barbarous diversions of COCK-FIGHTING and BULL-BAITING, is both a subject for surprise and regret, and the acknowledgment cannot fail to cast obloquy upon our national character; that if Romans set us example

example of devising these sports, we have bettered the instruction; for to English refinement and ingenuity, may be ascribed the noble invention of the GAFFLE; by the aid of which, the gallant combatants of the cock-pit mangle, torture, and destroy each other. Another instance of our barbarous ingenuity cannot be omitted: no nation but the British has contrived to put in practice the BATTLE ROYAL and the WELCH MAIN—In the former the spectator may be gratified with the display of numbers of game cocks destroying each other at the same moment, without order or distinction; in the latter these courageous birds are doomed to destruction in a more regular, but not less certain manner—they fight in pairs—suppose 16 in number, and the two last survivors are then matched against each other, so that out of 32 birds, 31 must necessarily be slaughtered.

Another vestige of Roman ferocity was highly cherished during the 16th and early part of the 17th century—The Bear Garden was the rendezvous for the highest as well as the lowest orders of society; and, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, another common diversion consisted of several persons at the same time scourging with whips, a blind-folded bear, round the ring, whose sufferings and awkward attempts at revenge, highly gratified the noble as well as ignoble spectators.

Bull-baiting was not confined within the limits of the Bear Garden, but was universally practised on various occasions at all towns and villages throughout the kingdom.

The

The regular system of BULL-BAITING seems to have commenced with the reign of King John. In many places the practice was sanctioned by law, and the bull rings affixed to large stones driven into the earth, remain to this day, as memorials of this legalized species of barbarity. Its general prevalence since that period, until within a few years, must have produced important effects on the manners and character of the people. The misery it has inflicted on the harmless and inoffensive brute, is a matter of no small regret and indignation with the humane and considerate part of mankind; but the injury done to public morals and social happiness, by an attachment to this degrading pastime, is still more to be deplored. We cannot often appeal to the annals of BULL-BAITING; but if they were regularly laid open, it is probable that many instances of a similar kind to the following, might be held up as a lesson to the abettors of such diversions: "Some years ago, at a bull-"baiting in the North, a young man, confident of "the courage of his dog, laid some trifling wager, "that he would at separate times cut off all the four "feet of his dog, and that after every amputation "he would attack the bull—The cruel experiment "was tried, and with success." Brutal as this may appear, the author has been creditably informed, this infernal process of barbarity was by no means uncommon, frequently being put in practice in many counties of England, in order to ascertain the breed of the litter. Such detestable barbarity can only be exceeded by the following recital extracted from the

 public

public prints of 1799: At a BULL-BAITING in Staffordshire, after the animal had been baited by single dogs, he was attacked by numbers let loose at once upon him. Having escaped from his tormentors, they again fastened him to the ring, and with a view either of gratifying their savage revenge, or of better securing their victim, they actually cut off his hoofs, and enjoyed the spectacle of his being worried to death on his bloody and mangled stumps.

These facts speak more than a volume against the sophistic arguments of the advocates for exciting brave and manly courage by the exhibition of bloody and barbarous sports.

Society may congratulate itself, that in the present period, persons of rank and education have abandoned bear and bull-baiting to the lowest and most despicable part of the populace, and even among them these sports are much less frequent than formerly. Cruelty in every shape is unjustifiable; but wanton deliberate barbarity is dishonourable to our nature, and contrary to the principles of moral sense, honour, justice, and humanity. Of all the cruel sports, bull-baiting, as generally practised, is perhaps the least defensible—It is not only a cruel, but a foolish and detestable diversion.

That the spectacle of two animals endowed with courage, strength, and activity, exerting their antipathies to each others destruction, upon fair and equal terms, should excite our curiosity and animate our feelings, is somewhat reconcileable to the constitution and nature of man; but that any human being should

should delight in beholding a noble and useful animal tied to a stake, and deprived in a great measure of the means of defence, and then worried and tormented by dogs and men, is an amusement so insipid, so unsportsman like, and so cruel, as to excite wonder as well as detestation. But the advocates of these and similarly cruel diversions, exclaim in a tone of triumphant interrogation—" Do not these sports inspire " courage and contempt of danger?" Certainly not; they are only calculated to generate cruelty and a thirst for blood. They may, indeed, inspire ferocity and insensibility to danger, but they are unfit to impart genuine and manly fortitude.

It is a superficial and unphilosophical view of the subject, to consider that the barbarous sports of Rome contributed to the establishment of her power and military fame. These spectacles never became common until after Hannibals defeat, and that the Romans subsequent to this period improved in valour and hardihood, is not recorded in the pages of their history. But may we not with just pride appeal to facts furnished by our own age and country? Has the valour, enterprize, and intrepidity of British soldiers and sailors shone less conspicuous, since the period that bull-baiting and other barbarous sports have declined throughout most parts of the kingdom? The answer is recorded in the history of our late naval and military exploits.

The conduct of the Spaniards and Portuguese, when contrasted with that of our own countrymen, is a striking proof of the incompetency of savage and

cruel amusements to create a courageous and warlike disposition. No soul sensibly alive to the feelings of humanity can take a retrospect of the cowardice these two countries have displayed since the usurpation of the vassal Joseph, but what must be fired with disgust, that so much barbarity should have been exerted by them, under the plea of inspiring courage, when it only tended to debase them still more in the recording annals of the world. Bull fights still constitute the only active popular amusements of the two countries, and if these bloody sports are capable of exciting active courage and manly fortitude, how are we to account for the acknowledged degeneracy of the people of Spain and Portugal, particularly the nobility, in warlike qualities?

2. THE AMUSEMENTS DEPENDING UPON BODILY EXERCISES AND PERSONAL CONTESTS.

Particularly to notice the variety of bodily exercises and active sports which have been ardently and periodically cherished by the people of England, would be a tedious and unnecessary digression; but, there are two kinds of personal contests highly deserving attention, and the consideration of which form the principal object of this publication, viz. Wrestling and Boxing; of the former of which we shall take only a cursory view of its origin and establishment.

Palē, or Wrestling, was originally introduced into the Olympic stadium, in the eighteenth Olympiad; and

and the first whose brow was honoured by the wrestlers crown, was Eurybatus, a Spartan. Theseus, according to Plutarch, was the first who reduced this exercise into a science. The ceremonies and manners of the ancient WRESTLERS were remarkably different from the modern. At the first institution of this exercise, it was performed in a state of nudity, the bodies being also besmeared over with oil; after the champions were thus prepared for the engagement, they were matched by judges, by casting lots into a silver urn dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter; victory in these contests was adjudged to him who gave his adversary three falls; but if one of the combatants in falling drew his antagonist down with him, the contest was not decided, but generally began again. Sometimes the combatants remained on the ground, until one getting uppermost, constrained the other to yield the victory to superior strength. This last combat was called Anaclinopale. It has been asserted that the Thebans were indebted to their consummate skill and practice in the ancient art of wrestling, for the famous victory obtained by them over the Lacedemonians, at Lectura.

The most celebrated athlete in this exercise was Milo, of Crotona, who gained six Olympic and six Pythian crowns. Among the many instances recorded of the prodigious strength of this man, the following would appear somewhat incredible; having had a statue erected to his memory during his life, there appeared some difficulty, from its weight, of conveying

conveying it to the alti; but this he soon obviated, by mounting it on his shoulders, and with apparent ease carrying it there. It has also been said by Pausanius, that he was capable of tying a bowstring round his head, and bursting it by the action of his temporal muscles.

Amongst the moderns, and in the history of our own country, we find a wrestler of most astonishing strength—Thomas Topham. This man was about five feet ten inches in height, very well made, but nothing singular; he had a limp in his walk, but this sometimes was hardly perceptible. He first displayed his astonishing powers at an exhibition in Derby. When stripped he shewed astonishing muscularity; he could with the greatest coolness roll up a pewter dish of seven pounds as easy as any other man could a sheet of paper; hold a pewter pot at arms length and press it flat; was capable of lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and pass it gently over his head, or an oaken table, six feet long, with his teeth, although half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; in short, every thing he touched appeared to lose all power of gravitation, and both weakness and feeling he seemed equally destitute of. At one stroke upon his arm, with a bar of iron an inch in diameter, he bent it like a bow.

He was a master of music, played and sung extremely well, but his voice was rough and more harsh than usual.

Having quarrelled with his wife, in the heat of passion he stabbed her, of which she however recovered,

covered, but at the same time wounding himself mortally, he died on the 10th of August, 1749.

He at that time kept a public house in Hog-lane, Shoreditch.

Having given a sketch of the origin of Wrestling, we shall now proceed to our more particular object, and will first consider how far Pugilism is commendable.

The exhibition of Boxing on a public stage, as has been already shewn, is undoubtedly a vestige of the Roman gymnastic; and, at the same time, it is equally indisputable, that this mode of venal stage fighting, is a barbarous prostitution of a manly and useful art; even when considered as an exercise calculated to inspire fortitude and intrepidity, or to afford efficacious means of defence against personal insult; but, when viewed merely in the light of yielding gratification as a public spectacle, or of furnishing an opportunity for gambling speculations, all its naked deformity is exposed. Yet, can any one hesitate to acknowledge that the art of boxing, by which instantaneous insult may be avenged, or personal injury averted, is much more praiseworthy and honourable, not even calculating the less dangerous tendency, than any other practice adopted by the inhabitants of the continent on similar occasions, and for the accomplishment of similar ends? This question is of the utmost importance, and highly deserves the consideration of every advocate for the morals of a state. We shall endeavour to adduce such facts and observations, which, if not capable of justifying,

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may serve at least to apologize for a custom so intermingled with our manners and national character.

As long as man is liable to the imperfections and incongruities of nature, he will be necessitated to acquire the art of defending himself, as well as annoying others. Experience has long taught us the impossibility of extinguishing the passions of pride and resentment, which, notwithstanding they frequently surround us with misery, are still the sources of some of our noblest attributes; for, mean and grovelling indeed, must be that soul, which is satisfied to linger on, until its mysterious dissipation, without having been stimulated by one spark of emulation! Once stifle the active energies of a resolute and independent spirit, and it no longer remains the aspiring soul of man, but degenerates into the avengeful cowardice of the timid and passive slave. The art of self-preservation, and the just feeling of resentment for unprovoked injury and insult, are the facts upon which the advocates for the instinctive principle, have founded their most solid arguments.

As then a greater or less portion of evil will be attached to the best system of moral or civil restraint, perhaps the most wise policy, is that which legislates for man as what he is, and not altogether as what he ought to be.

It may be asked "is man then the sole judge and avenger of his own wrongs?" Certainly not. But if in states established upon the best regulations it be found utterly impracticable to prevent man frequently

quently asserting a claim to the vindication of his real or supposed wrongs, it becomes a question not of law, but of MORALS and EXPEDIENCY, as to the most preferable mode by which he may be enabled to obtain this end. Boxing affords the means of offence and defence, and may not unjustly be considered as the most eligible, both for the individual and the state.

It is properly ranked among those athletic exercises, which, at the same time that they impart address and strength to the body, inspire the soul with fortitude and courage; and the government that attempts with a despotic and severe authority to controul the exertions of self-confidence, and a moderate degree of just resentment, can only expect to rule over a nation of revengeful and servile miscreants, in whom every spark of honour is obliterated.

By such legislative tyranny the open and ingenuous expression of manly indignation might be repressed, but the rancorous feeling of malignant and insatiable revenge would be fostered and encouraged.

If we take into consideration the practice of continental nations, where boxing is unknown, or its very name mentioned with affected contumely, and where cowardice is a principle so strongly imbued in their nature, as to prevent a decision upon fair and equitable terms, we shall find the modes of resenting injuries, resorted to by the laity, replete with danger and ferocity. In Italy the stiletto is not confined as

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the weapon of the hired assassin, but is also kept ready whetted in the bosom of the OTHERWISE respectable citizen, to be plunged into the heart of his friend or neighbour, upon any sudden provocation from anger: here, in a moment, the one enters the awful list of murderers, and the other plunged unprepared into the presence of his offended creator.

The mode of fighting among the common people of Holland, is well known by the name of SNICKER SNEE. In this contest sharp knives are used, and the parties not unfrequently destroy each other.

In France, and the greater part of Germany, the quarrels of the people are determined by a brutal appeal to force, directed in any manner, however perilous, to the destruction of the adversary: sticks, stones, and every offensive weapon are resorted to for the gratification of passion or revenge.

Foreigners who have written on this subject have always strenuously endeavoured to load the English character with obloquy, and brand us with savage rudeness and brutality, because they have seen men terminate their quarrels by a manly appeal to boxing, in which the parties are not allowed to take any unfair advantage of each other, but when one is disposed to yield, the combat closes; and what crowns the British plebeian with honour and generosity, the conqueror and the vanquished are often seen to give and receive a hearty shake of the hand, in token of mutual good-will and forgiveness. Is it possible to require a stronger instance of the manly, spirited,

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and generous character of Britons, than this alacrity so universally shewn, even by the most ignorant and inferior order of the people, to terminate their contests in a kindly manner? Thus relieving at once the mind from the tormenting shackles of malice and revenge.

How much more noble is such conduct, than the direful system already related, pursued by other nations? Or the savage mode not unfrequent on the Continent, where the parties close and struggle to throw each other down, at the same time employing with the greatest dexterity the teeth and nails, tearing each other like wild beasts, and not until their strength is completely exhausted, do they desist from the conflict. Thus, regardless of every established law of honour, which teaches forbearance to a prostrate foe, their cruelty is only terminated by their mutual inability to inflict more mischief?

This last method, much to our disgrace, is but too generally resorted to by the inhabitants of some of the counties in England, but boxing is there an art neither known nor understood; and, it is a singular and striking fact, that in every part of this kingdom where the manly system of pugilism is not practised, all personal disputes are decided by the exertion of a savage ferocity; and a fondness for barbarous sports is found predominantly to prevail.

Having then shewn, beyond the power of refutation, the superiority of Pugilism, and how strongly it stands entitled to advancement, in order to foster

manly fortitude and vigour, can it possibly be doubted but that by the introduction of such a system, and the laws of honour by which it is regulated, the life of man would be more respected, barbarous propensities subdued, and our character rescued from the stigma of savage rudeness.

PART

PART II.

HISTORY OF PUGILISM IN THIS COUNTRY.

It appears from the best historical accounts extant, that missile weapons and bloody sports, both human and animal, were, if not earlier introduced, with great avidity practised and patronised by the people of Britain after the invasion. This cannot excite surprise, when it is considered that Julius Cæsar himself either was highly addicted to such barbarity, or by an adroit finesse, prompted by policy, overcame his own feelings, for the gratification of a licentious and barbarous people, leaving it to the strenuous exertions of future ages, and the slow progress of civilization, to exterminate those traits of the human character, which he, as a philosopher, could not but have acknowledged disgraceful.

By referring to accounts of the ancient festivities, fairs, &c. that have been held in and about London, we

we find prize-fighting, and sometimes boxing, was exhibited on public stages.

It was also not unusual at these times, for a sort of gladiators to parade the streets, in shirts finely ornamented by various coloured ribbands, with a sword or quarter staff in hand, giving out challenges. To see these contests, which were nothing less than imposition, people paid so much per head; the sum being dictated by the avarice of the heroes.

At length these performances, which very correctly were considered highly degrading to society, and tending to disturb the common peace, were suppressed by civil power; and in the year 1743, Southwark fair, the last place boasting these displays of intripidity, was finally put a stop to. Thus ended this system of gladiatorial trick, which far from inspiring courage, could only tend to excite vice, and render cowardice predominant in the minds of the laity.

These facts, undoubtedly, by the sensible part of the sporting community, were long felt and acknowledged, and by them left to the lowest classes of the populace; while they encouraged, and endeavoured to establish upon scientific principles, an art which could not fail to answer all the purposes for which the legislature of ancient Greece had so wisely established the gymnasium. A love of pleasure and action, one that might also excite the mind to the highest acts of bravery—one that may be advocated even by humanity herself, whose soft cheek would not be tinged by the crimson reflected from shedding the blood of innocent and barbarously devoted victims.

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The first hero whose history deserves to be recorded in the annals of Pugilism, is the celebrated Figg, a native of Thame, in Oxfordshire. He was the successful prize-fighter of his time, and by the first sporting characters acknowledged to possess the greatest judgment; no match was made without his advice and concurrence; he knew the men and their abilities, and never failed to make up matches to the satisfaction of every one.

About the year 1735 a theatre was established in Tottenham-court-road, under the direction of Figg, where regular exhibitions of pugilism were first displayed for the amusement of the public.

Figg was an extremely rough and untoward character, and although considered a man of genius, it must be remembered the genii of pugilism only deigned to hover round him, being in every other respect perfectly illiterate.

During the time Figg and his theatre were in great vogue, there was in London a native of Venice, a man of most extraordinary strength and tremendous figure; his arm was peculiarly long, and the muscles attached to it were capable of wielding it with the greatest adroitness and dexterity; added to these natural qualities, his power was increased by the continual labour he for years past had been habituated to, in his profession as a GONDOLIER. With all these both natural and acquired abilities, he could not fail to rank high on the list for pugilistic fame. So promising a hero did not fail to find backers, and Figg was accordingly employed by

by a nobleman, and several high sporting characters, to procure a man capable of contending with this Venetian. After some ineffectual endeavours, Figg at length produced a man whose name was WHITAKER, an uncommonly strong fellow, but a very clumsy boxer; he, however, had qualifications that contributed very much to his success, where deficiency of skill rendered him inferior to his antagonist; the first was a peculiar way of throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body upon the fallen man, by which he often succeeded in putting him out of wind, and the second, being a very hardy fellow, could endure many blows.

The match was made at Slaughter's coffee-house, the day appointed, and battle fought at Figg's amphitheatre. The audience was more superior on this than had ever been seen on such an occasion. When the gondolier was stripped, he advanced, pitching himself forward with his right leg, and his arm fully extended; Whitaker approached, and the first blow, upon the side of the head, given by the Venetian, was of such astonishing force, that it knocked him off the stage over the railing, which had been considered remarkable for its height. What added much to increase the misfortune of Whitaker's fall was, that the company being very genteel, would not permit any common people in, who usually sat on the ground, forming a circle round the stage, it was then all clear, and Whitaker only stopped when he touched the earth.

As he fell, a general clamour arose on the side of the

the Venetian, pronouncing the Englishman's downfal. Whitaker, however, took no more time than was necessary to get up again; and being now sensible of his error in standing out to the length of his opponent's arm, he with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet whose weight he had so severely felt, and with one English peg in the stomach, quite new to the foreigner, threw him on his back. The Venetian got up again, but after scrambling with him a few minutes about the stage—gave in.

The excellent audience this contest had attracted to the amphitheatre, could not fail to excite in Figg an anxious desire for a repetition of their visit; he, therefore, as soon as the battle was over, came forward and informed the gentlemen, that however highly they might think of the man whom he had fixed on to beat the Venetian, he was far from being the best boxer in London, and to convince them he was serious, he said, if they would come on that day se'nnight, he would produce a man who should beat Whitaker in less than ten minutes, by fair hitting.

The day came, and the performance proved as attractive as the week before.

The man pitched upon by Figg was one Nat Peartree, who knowing well the others mode of fighting, and his deadly way of flinging, took a most judicious style of beating him, by closing his eyes. His judgment directed his arm so well, that in about six minutes, both Whitaker's eyes were close shut up: after having groped about awhile for his man, and not finding him, he with great prudence gave up the

 contest,

contest, saying, "Damme, I'm not beat; but what "signifies my fighting, when I cannot see my man."

The principal champions after this time, during the life of Figg, were Greeting and Thomas Pipes; the latter was the neatest and best boxer of his time; he mostly fought at the face, and put in his blows with surprising agility and judgment. His strongest antagonist was his cotemporary Greeting; they contended hard together for some time, being each alternately victors. Greeting was much stronger than Pipes, and dealt the hardest projectile blow of all his competitors; but what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom, which enabled him to bear a deal of beating, and with this Greeting was not so well furnished, for after he was beat twice by Pipes, Hammersmith Jack, a mere blundering boxer, beat him by dint of hard blows.

Besides the highly patronised theatre of Figg, there were several rings and booths very strongly supported—One in Smithfield, over which Mr. Andrew Johnson (uncle to the celebrated lexicographer, Dr. Johnson) presided. There was also a ring and booth at Moorfields for boxing matches, the former kept by Old Vinegar, a very eccentric character, and the latter by Rimmington, better known by the name of Long Charles, and had for its sign, Death's head and the cross bones, emblazoned with the motto of "Death or Victory."

In the year 1740, after the decease of Figg, George Taylor succeeded as proprietor of the Amphitheatre in Tottenham-court-road, where he invited the professors

fessors of the art to display their skill, by advertisements in the public papers; and such was then the emoluments of the pugilists, that they shared the entrance money, which often amounted to £100 or £150. The usual plan of division was two-thirds to the winning champion, and the remaining third to the loser; though sometimes by agreement, the conqueror and vanquished shared equal.

Amongst the celebrated bruisers on his list was Broughton, who beat all who opposed him, particularly Taylor himself, Jack James, Field, a sailor, &c. but his first battle most deserving notice, was with Stevenson, a coachman.

This battle was contested for a very considerable sum, on the 24th of April, 1741, at the amphitheatre, and lasted 40 minutes. The success was various, until after about 35 minutes, being both against the rails towards the pit, scrambling for a fall, Broughton got such a lock upon Stevenson, that no mathematician could have devised a better; he there held him, deprived of all power of rising or falling, while he rested his head for three or four minutes on his back, when finding himself recover, he loosed his hold, and on setting too again, hit Stevenson as hard a blow as any he had given him during the battle. Stevenson not being any longer able to stand, was forced to yield.

The next battle of any import was between Tom Smallwood and —— Dimmoks, a carman; the former, though inferior to none with respect to bottom, was, after a contest of three quarters of an

hour severe fighting, obliged to submit to the superior strength and skill of his opponent.

On the 16th of June, 1741, George Taylor beat the notorious Prince Boswell, a gipsey, and son to the king of that wandering people. The latter was remarkable for a particular blow with his left hand, aimed at the angle of the jaw, which several times had produced a fracture; notwithstanding he possessed judgment, he had no bottom, through which Taylor gained an easy conquest.

On the 19th of the following month, a severe though short battle was fought between Jack James and a noted fellow called Chicken Harris, a poulterer, who was beaten.

On the 23d of November, one of the severest boxing matches was contested, that had taken place for many years before, between Tom Smallwood and Richard Harris, a back maker, for £50. This fight was contested with alternate success, with the greatest hardiness and intrepidity for an hour, when victory was decided in favour of Smallwood.

On the same day a very good bye-battle was fought between Buckhorse and Harry Gray, the clog maker.

Buckhorse, whose real name was Smith, is recorded to have first drew breath in a publican's house in Newtener's-lane, near Drury-lane; but very shortly after, the merciless landlord COMPASSIONATELY turned him and mother out of doors, to seek refuge from more charitable hands.

As to his education, it was the best his mother and her associates could bestow on him, for they taught him

him all sorts of tricks, and rendered him by example capable of displaying great volubility in the MOTHER tongue. At first they endeavoured to initiate him in the art of PICKING POCKETS, but the genius of our hero soared above a profession so contemptible; his ruling passions were LOVE and BOXING, in both of which he was equally formidable; time matured the beauties nature had implanted, and at this time neither nymph or bruiser could withstand the violence of his attack, for it was generally allowed he conquered both by the strength of his members, and the rigour of his parts.

As the advertisements and challenges of the bruisers at that period will probably be looked upon as curiosities by amateurs, and the judicious observers of customs and manners, the insertion of the following, taken from the public prints, can hardly he considered a digression:

Daily Advertiser, April 26, 1742.

"At the Great Booth, Tottenham-court, on Wednesday next, the 28th inst. will be a trial of manhood between the following champions:

"Whereas I William Willis, commonly known by the name of the FIGHTING QUAKER, have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelvemonths since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill fortune to be beat by an accidental fall; the said Smallwood, flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him

for

for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for £100, at the time and place above mentioned, when I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross buttocks.

WILLIAM WILLIS."

"I Thomas Smallwood, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this PUFFING QUAKER, and will shew him that he is led by a false spirit, that means him no other good, than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him THE ARM OF FLESH.

THOMAS SMALLWOOD."

"Note. The doors will be opened at ten, and the combatants mount at twelve.

"There will be several bye battles as usual; and particularly one between John Divine and John Tipping, for five pounds each."

On the 28th, according to the above notice, this long expected battle was fought, and Smallwood declared the conqueror.

At George Taylor's Booth, Tottenham-court-road,
May 4, 1742.

"There will be a trial of manhood here tomorrow, between the following champions, viz.

"Whereas I John Francis, commonly known by the name of the JUMPING SOLDIER, who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the street, &c. nor am I ashamed to mount the stage when my manhood is called

called in question by an Irish braggadocia, whom I fought some time ago, in a bye battle, for 12 minutes, and though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of boxing, I now invite him to fight me for two guineas, at the time and place above mentioned, where I doubt not I shall give him the truth of a good beating.

JOHN FRANCIS."

The Irishman's Answer.

" I Patrick Henley, known to every one for the truth of a good fellow, who never refused any one on or off the stage, and fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen as for money, do accept the challenge of this JUMPING JACK; and shall, if he don't take care, give him one of my bothering blows, which will convince him of his ignorance in the art of boxing. PATRICK HENLEY."

On May the 5th this battle was decided in favour of the Irishman.

The success of the booth or amphitheatre in Tottenham-court-road, induced the friends of Broughton, to persuade him to open one in Oxford-road, and the nobility and gentry having complained of the inconveniences at Taylor's booth, at once determined Broughton to build a place better adapted for such exhibitions. This was accordingly done, and the expences principally paid by the subscription a of number of the nobility and gentry. It bore the name of Broughton's New Amphitheatre, and was very commodious. Besides the stage for the combatants, it had seats corresponding to boxes, pit, and galleries, upon the same plan as at Astley's.

Its

Its opening was formally announced by the following advertisement:

March 10, 1743.

"At Broughton's new amphitheatre, Oxford-road, "the back of the late Mr. Figg's, on Tuesday next, "the 13th intant, will be exhibited the true art of "boxing, by the eight famed following men, viz. "Abraham Evans, Sweep, Belas, Glover, Roger, "Allen, Robert Spikes, and Harry Gray, the clog "maker. The above eight men are to be brought "on the stage, and to be matched according to the "approbation of the gentlemen who shall be pleased "to honour them with their company.

"Note. There will be a battle royal between the "noted Buckhorse, and seven or eight more; after "which there will be several bye battles by others. "Gentlemen are therefore desired to come by times. "The doors will open at nine, the champions mount "at eleven, and no person is to pay more than a "shilling."

Immediately on the publication of this advertisement, George Taylor, in order to oppose Broughton, who he very justly considered as a rival, published the following appeal:

"TO ALL ENCOURAGERS OF THE MANLY ART OF "BOXING.

"Whereas Mr. Broughton has maliciously adver-"tised several battles to be fought at his amphi-"theatre, on Tuesday next, the 13th of March, in "order to injure me, who am to fight Mr. Field the "same day at Tottenham-court; I think it incum-

"bent-

" bent on me to undeceive the public, by informing
" them, that the greatest part of the persons men-
" tioned to fight there, never intended any such
" thing, or were ever acquainted with it. Mr.
" Broughton has likewise inserted in his bills, that
" he never practised any imposition on the champions
" who fought at his amphitheatre, and has in vain
" endeavoured to make it appear; but I shall openly
" discover his impositions to the world, with all
" possible expedition. And to convince Mr. Brough-
" ton that I have no disgust against him or his am-
" phitheatre, I am willing to fight him for £100,
" whenever he pleases, not in the least regarding,
" as he expresses himself, the valour of his arm.

GEORGE TAYLOR."

Notwithstanding this violent attack, Broughton did not accept the challenge; and, with respect to the imposition on the champions, stated, that he had received but £80 from the public towards the £400 he had expended in the erection of his amphitheatre, and on that account he considered it but fair and reasonable to appropriate, for his own individual emolument, a third part of the door money, the rest going to the champions. From this account the public and amateurs in general sided with Broughton; Taylor and his confederates finding themselves deserted, were soon tempted to enter a coalition, and were engaged by Broughton to fight on no other stage but his.

Broughton being now constituted sole manager of the amphitheatre, began to employ his mind for the

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arrangement and establishment of certain laws for the regulation of his stage, and accordingly by the advice and approbation of the amateurs, the following were decided on:

Rules to be observed in all Battles on the Stage, as agreed to by several gentlemen at Mr. Broughton's, August 26, 1743.

I. That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and, on every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other; and till they are fairly set to at the line, it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

II. That in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

III. That in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage except the principals, and the seconds. The same rule to be observed in bye battles, except that in the latter, Mr. Broughton is allowed to be on the stage to keep decorum, and assist gentlemen to get their places; provided always, he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever pretends to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Every body is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set to.

IV. That no champion be deemed beaten unless he fails

fails coming up to the line within the limited time, or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

V. That in bye battles the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreement to the contrary.

VI. That to prevent disputes in every main battle, the principals shall, on their coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present, two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

VII. That no person is to hit his adversary when down, or seize him by the hair, the breeches, or any part below the waist; a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

Broughton, as a pugilist, must be allowed, as he always was on all sides, to be the first of the old school. His height did not exceed five feet eleven inches, nor his weight 14 stone; he was uncommonly well made, but appeared better calculated to display strength than agility; his eye was particularly acute, and his arm did not, as has ofttimes been ridiculously asserted, destroy, by its length, the symmetry of his form. His sagacity in discovering the weakness of an adversary, and astonishing ability in covering himself from the most dangerous blows, enabled him to overcome many to whom he was inferior in bodily

 force.

force. His most favorite blow was the projectile, and when directly planted in the pit of the stomach, generally proved decisive. He sometimes used the round blow, particularly when wishing to strike his antagonist under the left ear. When a blow was directed at his body, he beat it down; when his head was the object of his antagonist's aim, he caught his fist in the open hand. His attitude has been said to resemble Ryan's, more than any modern pugilist. He considerably improved the cross buttock, and particularly brought it into notice.

With respect to the principles of pugilism, Broughton exceeded all other fighters; his talents led him to the discovery of much theory before unknown; he undoubtedly had many superiors in strength, but none in science and courage. His name pre-eminently deserves to be recorded, and is meritoriously placed as the first pugilist of his days; and it cannot but be grateful to all the advocates of boxing, that it may be said of one of its first heroes, " His amiableness of manners went hand in hand with his public and professional estimation*."

Broughton's amphitheatre continued to flourish; every man of spirit was invited to engage under his directions, and he promised to secure them by gloves that not the least danger could be apprehended; it at length became as fashionable to throw away a shilling at Broughton's, as to attend any place of

* The remainder of his battles will be given in due succession under the heads of his contending opponents, and this is the plan adopted throughout the history of every pugilist.

more

more refined amusement, and there scarcely passed a week but a battle was fought between some of the before-mentioned champions.

June 11, 1746, a very severe battle was contested at the amphitheatre, between Edward Hunt, a pupil of Broughton's, weighing only nine stone, and one Hawksley, a life guardsman, who weighed 17 stone. The odds before fighting were ten to one in favour of Hawksley; the battle lasted only ten minutes, during which the odds changed in favour of Hunt, who was declared the victor.

Tom Smallwood, an old pugilist before mentioned, was beat about this time by King, a butcher, at Stanton-green, who also fought several good battles at the booth.

As a pugilist, Slack, a butcher from Norwich, demands our attention next to Broughton; he measured five feet eight inches and a half, hardly so heavy as Broughton, not being more than thirteen stone and a half, taking his average weight; remarkably compact in make, superior to the generality of men in strength and of excellent bottom. He had not much method in hitting, and seldom fought on a preconcerted plan, but being suited to the prevailing mode of fighting in his time, few were able to contend with him, when he was resolved on victory. His blows were usually given with such force, that his name, Slack, became a slang expression for a violent hit. His attitude was upright, legs little separated, his right hand covering the pit of the stomach, and the left placed immediately before the mouth.

mouth. It is not possible to distinguish much science in such a position, and had he possessed bottom only in common with other pugilists, he perhaps never would have proved victorious. With the greatest resolution he disputed every inch of ground, and was so highly averse to shifting, that he would optionally receive a knock-down blow, rather than relinquish his situation. Slack frequently used the CHOPPER, (notwithstanding there has been a later claim to the honour of its invention) and generally with success in giving the return; bringing his fist to his breast, and projecting his elbow, he threw off a blow describing a segment of a circle, the centre of which was the elbow, he unexpectedly struck his antagonist in the face with the back of his hand. This mode was compleatly his own, but has since been adopted by many.

The first battle we find of any consequence to the sporting world, of this hero's, was on January 31, 1750, with George Taylor; it lasted 25 minutes, when the latter with great difficulty beat him.

But the principal battle fought by this bruiser which attracted attention, was between him and Broughton. It is said to have originated from a dispute that took place at Hounslow races, where Broughton threatened to horsewhip Slack, which immediately produced from the latter a challenge.

The following is an account of the contest copied from a periodical paper of that time:

On Wednesday, April 11, 1750, was fought the grand boxing match between the celebrated Brough-

ton,

ton, the proprietor of the amphitheatre, hitherto invincible, and the butcher, Slack. Before they began Broughton gave Slack ten guineas to fight him, according to his promise, which Slack immediately betted against a hundred guineas offered against him. The first two minutes the odds were ten to one in favour of Broughton, but Slack recovering himself, beat his adversary blind, and following up his blows, obtained a compleat victory in 14 minutes, to the great mortification of the knowing ones, who were rarely taken in; particularly a Peer of the first rank, who betting ten to one, lost £10,000. The money received at the door was £130, besides 200 tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the battle was fought for the whole house, it is supposed the victor cleared £600.

This victory of Slack's over Broughton was the greatest honour he acquired; still even on that account, the palm cannot be yielded to him, as undoubtedly the consummate science and repeated trials of Broughton, even with those who had vanquished Slack, must entitle him to the first rank; it, however, proved the ruin of Broughton, and he never fought again; even his old supporter, the Duke of Cumberland, forsook him, and shortly after his amphitheatre was closed by act of parliament.

After the interference of the legislature for the suppression of Broughton's amphitheatre, London no longer remained the residence of the pugilistic heroes, and boxing began again to be on the decline; the professors, however, occasionally contested

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in the country, and the first contest worthy remark was fought at Harlston, in Norfolk, between the champion whose memoirs we are now engaged on, Slack, and one Pettit, a Frenchman. The following is extracted from a paper of the day:

Harlston, in Norfolk, July 30, 1754.

Yesterday in the afternoon, Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first SET-TO Pettit seized Slack by the throat, held him up against the rails, and GRAINED him so much as to make him extremely black. This continued for half a minute, before Slack could break from Pettit's hold; after which, for near ten minutes, Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack closed with his antagonist, and gave him a severe fall, after that a second and a third, but between these falls, Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage; indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams, and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting 18 minutes, the odds ran against Slack, a guinea to a shilling; whereas, on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time, Slack SHORTENED Pettit so, as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to CLOSE FIGHTING; Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face; at 20 minutes Pettit grew weaker and Slack stronger; this was occasioned by Slack's straight way of fighting; at 22 minutes

minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then recovering his WIND, which was owing to GAME; when they had boxed 24 minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails; this, indeed, Slack suffered him to do, as by that means he fixed a blow under Pettit's ribs, that hurt him much. While Slack was again getting upon the stage, (it was not half a minute before he was remounted), Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators. The cockers call this ROGUING OF IT; for it is generally thought that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was 25 minutes, and this morning the BATTLE was given to Slack, who drew the first 10 guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat.

It has been reported of Slack, and perhaps not unjustly, that he was indebted, for many of his accidental conquests, to the terror of his name. A tale is told of him, that at a country fair, a dispute arising between him and a countryman, the latter depending upon his natural prowess, and destitute of any idea of skill, made no scruple of giving Slack a severe blow upon the face; this undoubtedly being immediately returned, a sharp contest ensued, and the countryman evidently had the advantage, until Slack exclaimed with some fervour, "It never shall be said a ploughman beat Slack." The name appalled the poor countryman, who imagining his adversary had

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only been playing with him, did not attempt another ON-SET, but yielded an easy victory.

On March the 13th, 1755, Slack again tried his skill in a match for 100 guineas, with Cornelius Harris, a collier, of Kingswood, and after 20 minutes severe fighting, came off victorious.

Both as a pupil of Broughton's, and a pugilist, Edward Hunt very deservedly must now occupy our attention. His first battle at the amphitheatre, June 11, 1746, with Hawksley, has been already related. Though a small man, he possessed greater reputation than any of the boxers at that period; his weight not exceeding nine stone, and his height hardly five feet four inches and a half, he had often fought with men double his weight. Being constantly overmatched, he had more difficulties to encounter than any other, and of the few instances of SHIFTING that occurred in his time, he is the most singular, for he conquered the stoutest men by his admirable art. When strengh so much beyond his own opposed him, he might have been allowed to drop, but he seldom fell without a blow. He never confined himself to one attitude, for being extremely active, he found he could more effectually confuse his antagonist by continually changing his guard. He endeavoured to avoid blows aimed at his body by stepping aside, and then took an opportunity of dexterously WINDING his man, who was driven forward by his own force; if a blow was aimed at his head, he stooped to let his adversary's arm pass over him, and then in general successfully planted a good BODY BLOW. These manœuvres proved

proved highly advantageous to Hunt in his pugilistic career, for his opponents aware of these practices, generally fought on the defensive, by which means he became the assailant, and avoided being overwhelmed by superior power.

The second contest in which Hunt signalized great courage, but not with equal success, was on July 14, 1757, with Tom Smallwood. This had been a long depending battle for 150 guineas. They fought on a stage at Hounslow; the battle was exceedingly well supported on both sides, and the odds alternately varied for the first 35 minutes, after which Tom closed with his adversary more frequently, and by superior strength followed it up with such advantage, that in 50 minutes the battle was decided in his favour.

Tom Smallwood was seconded by George Taylor, and Hunt by Slack.

On May 17, 1758, Hunt again made another unsuccessful attempt with Richard Mills, better known by the title of the Onion Boy. After an hour's close fighting, the latter proved the conqueror, very much to the chagrin of the knowing ones.

On August the 5th, 1758, a most desperate battle was fought about a mile and a half from St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, between George Taylor the old successor of Figg, and Tom Faulkener the noted cricketer, for 200 guineas and the door money. Faulkener had been beat by Taylor in two former engagements, yet felt so confidently assured of success, that he risqued all he possessed on the event,

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notwithstanding odds were three to one against him. The attack began with astonishing courage, almost amounting to ferocity; for several first rounds Faulkener was either knocked down or thrown; about the fifteenth round Faulkener put in a dozen hard blows, and received as many, before he brought down his opponent; Taylor began to shift and several times fell without a blow; this created much disapprobation and confusion, but Faulkener easily consented to proceed; afterwards they SET-TO more resolutely, if possible, than before, when, after a severe contest of one hour and a quarter, Taylor acknowledged himself beaten. They were both carried off the ground, and it was the general opinion that more skill and courage never was displayed by any pugilists in this country.

Taylor for some years had been blind of one eye, and his adversary by a severe blow closing the other, the contest ended. He had for some time kept the Fountain Tavern, Deptford, but died shortly after this battle.

On April 8, 1759, Tom Faulkener fought another battle at Putney, in Surrey, for 100 pounds, with Joe James. Slack on this occasion seconded Tom, and old Jockey James, father to Joe, and also Jack James, the bruiser at Broughton's amphitheatre, well known as a second in most boxing matches, seconded his son. A stage was erected in a field near the White Lion Inn, and they set-to about two o'clock; before a blow was struck, odds were two to one in favour of James, after the third round five to one;

Joe

Joe knocked Faulkener down several times, but in the last round, which was not more than ten minutes from the commencement of the contest, Faulkener by a well-aimed blow brought down James, on which, though apparently not hurt or even fatigued, he gave in. The indignation of the spectators was very highly expressed by their hissing him off the ground.

Oct. 20, 1759, Slack was again successful in a battle for £50 a side, with one Morton, at Acton Wells. Notwithstanding Morton shewed much good play and bottom, he was, after a contest of 35 minutes, necessitated to yield to his antagonist's superior skill.

In the annals of pugilism, the winter of 1760 was rendered memorable, by a severely contested battle fought in the month of February, between William Stephens, a nailer, and one Jacob Taplin, a coal-heaver. The scite fixed on for deciding this boxing match, was a hollow called Marybone-bason, which held about 3000 spectators. A ring was formed in the centre, and the champions commenced the combat. Taplin for several first rounds had much the best of the nailer, who had received some tremendous blows in the BREAD BASKET, which had several times knocked him down; the last time, Stevens rose with all the fury of a lion, roused by excessive irritation from a former state of placidity, and instantly laid his adversary at his feet; odds which before had been in favour of the coal-heaver, were now five to one on Stevens's head; the next round he again brought down his opponent by a tremendous blow on the

the left breast; when Taplin rose they suddenly closed and both fell; the next round decided the battle in favour of Stevens, who struck Taplin over the left eye with one hand, and with the other struck him senseless by a blow on the temple. Taplin not being prepared to continue the contest, Stevens was declared the victor.

On the 17th of June, 1760, a battle for £100 a side, which had been long expected, and on which great sums were depending, was fought between Slack and Bill Stevens, the nailer—the former patronised by the Duke of Cumberland, and the latter by the Duke of York. A stage was erected at the Tennis-court, James-street, Haymarket, and at first setting to, Slack was thought to have the advantage; Stevens, however, by well parrying the blows of his opponent, and frequently striking his right arm with his left fist, while with his right hand he beat him about the head, at the same time tripping him off his centre with his foot, he completely vanquished Slack, who hitherto had proved unconquerable.

March 2, 1761, a boxing match was decided at the Tennis-court, in James-street, between Bill Stevens and George Meggs, a collier, from Bristol, for 200 guineas; at the first onset, Stevens missed his blow, and this one error seems to have lost him the day, and his future fame; Meggs struck him that instant on the side of the head, and knocked him down; after this the battle lasted 17 minutes, but there was scarcely a blow struck, when Stevens gave in.

Slack

Slack, who now kept a butcher's shop in Chandos-street, had tutored Meggs, and prepared him for the battle, notwithstanding which, he would not have beat, had he not given Stevens 50 guineas for that purpose.

An old supporter of Stevens, meeting him one day, expressed his surprise for this defeat, when Bill very dryly answered him, "Why Lord bless you, the day I fought Jack Slack, I got 90 guineas; but I got 50 more than I should otherwise have done by letting GEORGY beat me, and DAM'ME an't I the same man still."

So bare-faced a CROSS disgusted the amateurs, and the nailer lost his best friends; he fought afterwards, but never was backed, not being worthy of dependance.

In July, 1766, George Meggs fought a pitch battle for a considerable sum with one Millsom, a baker, of Bath, at Calne, in Wiltshire; the contest lasted 40 minutes, when Millsom was acknowledged the conqueror.

In the August following, Meggs having challenged Millsom to another combat, was again severely beat.

The same Millsom also vanquished Parsit Meggs, George's brother, a celebrated West-country bruiser.

June 20, 1764, a famous boxing match was fought at Guildford, between Thomas Juchau, a pavior, well known by the name of DISHER, and Charles Coant, a butcher, who had fought several very severe battles. The odds were four to one on Coant

Coant, and during the first 25 minutes Disher was scarcely able to give his opponent a single blow, but was knocked down several times; 35 minutes, odds were so high that money was offered at any rate; at this time Disher changed his mode of fighting, and giving Coant a most tremendous blow, by which he fell, the odds immediately changed greatly in his favour; after this they fought four rounds, when Disher having played in several dreadful blows, Coant yielded, acknowledging himself vanquished. The contest lasted 47 minutes.

On the 9th of April, 1765, a fatal battle was fought on the paved stones opposite Bethlem gates, Moorfields, between Philip Juchau, a Coachman, and Jack Warren, a Butcher, for £10. This battle was most obstinately contested with alternate success, until Warren catching Juchau on the hip, gave him a CROSS BUTTOCK, and pitching him on the head, fractured his skull—He died immediately.

August 27, 1765, Millsom, who had so successfully beat the two Meggs, fought a battle with Thomas Juchau, at Colney, near St. Alban's, in which he failed enjoying his usual triumph, Juchau proving the conqueror.

May, 1766, Tom Juchau fought a famous boxing match with William Darts, a dyer, at Guildford, for 1000 guineas, which after a most severe battle of 40 minutes, was won by Darts.

In the same year Bill Darts beat the famous Dogget, a West-country bargeman, at Marlborough.

On Oct. 13, 1767, Bill Darts successfully fought another

another battle at Epping, with one Swansey, a butcher.

In March, 1768, a most desperate battle was contested at the Hollow at Islington, for £20, between Jack Lamb, a plasterer, and Paine, a carpenter; the former was declared the conqueror, notwithstanding the odds were seven to four in favour of Payne.

On August 3, 1768, another battle was fought on the spot where Phil Juchau was unfortunately killed, opposite Bethlem gates, between Jack Lamb and a man well known by the appellation of Jemmy the Post-boy; great bets were depending on the issue of this contest; the combatants fought 48 minutes, when they were so bruised, it was impossible for either to sustain the conflict any longer—it was of course deemed a drawn battle.

In the year 1769, Jack Lamb beat Simpson, a carman, at Bethnal-green, and two Jews, Abraham da Costa, in Moorfields, and Mousha, at Stepney.

On June 27, 1769, Bill Darts, who had long carried on a successful pugilistic career, fought and lost a long depending battle with Lyons, a waterman, at Kingston, on Thames. Darts for the first half of the battle had a most astonishing advantage, the odds were ten to one in his favour; Lyons, however, recovered himself, and in 45 minutes severely beat him.

On July 4, 1769, William Stevens, the nailer, who so dexterously played the CROSS with George Meggs, beat a pugilist of the name of M'Guire, on the green stage, behind Montague-house.

Sept. 24, 1769, a boxing match was decided be-

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tween Turner, a pugilist who had beat Bill Stevens, and Peter Corcoran, an Irishman, for £20 a side, which was won by the former.

Peter Corcoran, as a pugilist of his period, stands first as a fair fighter, being generally engaged with the most powerful pugilists, he was unfortunate in the event of his contests, and indeed had but little reason to triumph even when victorious, for as he never shifted, or fell, unless accidentally, without a blow, he seldom escaped a severe drubbing.

He generally gave his blows straight, and with very great force; his guard was injudicious, by keeping himself too erect, and not sufficiently extending his arms; he exceeded most men in the use of both hands, and though a close fighter, struck with great certainty, always reserving himself to take advantage of his antagonist's openings.

On March 25, 1770, a battle was fought between Bill Darts and Stephen Oliver; although the latter displayed great skill and excellent bottom, he was obliged to yield to the superior strength of Darts, who at this time was considered the hardest hitter through the whole range of pugilists.

Though the real name of the unsuccessful candidate for pugilistic fame in the battle just related, is Oliver, he is more generally known by the nick-name of Death, said to have been given him through the paleness of his visage, during his pugilistic contests; he formerly had won several battles, and was one of Broughton's greatest favorites. He was well made, very light, never exceeding 12 stone; not possessing much

much strength, he was fully compensated by his astonishing agility; Oliver has fought more battles than any man in England, and though frequently overmatched, often conquered, but his sparring, notwithstanding it was thought excellent some years back, is now equalled by any pupil of Mendoza's or Humphries's; this indisputably shews the moderns have improved in science.

On July 13, 1770, was fought a battle between Nicholls, a butcher, and Joyce, an Irish bruiser, at Mill-Hill, near Hendon. Nicholls was much inferior in point of size, and on account of the fame of Joyce, odds run considerably against him, even as high as five to one. In the very first onset Nicholls broke his antagonist's jaw, and thus gaining an easy victory, took in the knowing ones SWINGINGLY.

In February, 1771, a boxing match was contested between Charley Coant, the unsuccessful opponent of Tom Juchau, and John Shepperd, a Baker, at Barnet, which was decided in favour of Shepperd, after a sharp fight of 35 minutes.

On April 15, 1771, on a stage in Sampson's riding school, Islington, a toughly contested battle was fought between Jack Lamb and Jack Shepperd; Lamb fought Shepperd £50 to £30, and so confident were the amateurs of his success, that they betted very high odds on the favorite. After 44 minutes of well contested engagement and sound fighting, Lamb gave in, and was carried almost lifeless off the stage.

May 15, 1771, during Epsom races, a battle was fought between Bill Darts and Peter Corcoran, for £100 a side. Captain O'Kelly made the match, and backed his countryman to a large amount, but previous to the battle, gave Darts £100 to play CROSS; accordingly when they met, after a little sparring, Corcoran gave Darts a blow on the side of the head, which drove him against the rail of the stage, when he immediately gave in. It was so evident that Darts had FOUGHT BOOTY, that none of the sporting men would afterwards back him: thus by one dirty action Darts lost all the fame he had been for so many years acquiring.

On June 7, a battle was fought at Epping-forest between Trainer, an Irish chairman, and Sam Peters, who had long been the hero of Birmingham, for £20. After hard fighting for 37 minutes, the former was declared the victor.

On the 13th of July, Sam Peters fought Rossemus Gregory, another Hibernian pugilist, at Fair Mead Bottom, on Epping-forest; but owing to some foul play shewn by Darts, who seconded the Irishman, he gave it in.

In the following September, however, a battle took place between the same parties, in the Riding-school, Three Hats, Islington, when Sam in half an hour completely beat Master Gregory.

On May 11, 1773, a boxing match was fought at the Riding-school, Three Hats, Islington, between John Pearce and John White, both shoe-makers, for £10 a side. At the commencement of the combat White

White seemed to have somewhat the advantage, but Pearce having recovered his wind, and given White several severe falls, was on the point of winning, when the High-Constable and his attendants mounted the stage, and put an end to the contest.

Nov. 9, 1773, a battle was fought in White Conduit-field, Islington, between the noted Jem Parrot and Joe Hood, a weaver, for £20; the former seconded by Rossy Gregory, and the latter by Sam Peters; it was obstinately contested on both sides for 35 minutes, when a dispute arose between the seconds concerning a foul blow, Parrot left the ground, and refusing to return, Hood was adjudged the conqueror.

In 1774, a battle that had been long expected between Peter Corcoran and Sam Peters, took place at Waltham Abbey, in Essex. At setting to the bets were three to two in favour of Peters, who, though he maintained the superiority, gave in without any apparent cause at the expiration of 15 minutes, greatly to the disappointment of the sporting ones.

On the 31st of March, 1775, Hood the successful opponent of Parrot, beat a famous Irish bruiser, Dennis Kellyhorn, at Chingford-hatch, in Essex. The battle was for £50.

July 3, 1776, Oliver, the noted DEATH, fought a battle with William Small, a butcher, at Barnet, for £20. It was in a short time decided in favour of the all-conquering hero.

A diurnal print of that day published the following epigram,

epigram, on the occasion, not altogether destitute of wit:

> "Ah! foolish wight, why strive to conquer DEATH?
> When he, thou knowest, can stop thy vital breath;
> That ruthless tyrant takes the lives of all,
> And vanquishes the great as well as SMALL."

August 20, 1776, a well contested battle was fought at Barnet, between William Allen, a butcher, and Peter Bath, a Bristol bruiser, which after a severe conflict of 40 minutes, was decided in favour of the latter.

September 2, White and Pearce fought again at Plaistow, and contrary to expectation, White came off triumphant.

October 16, 1776, a boxing match was fought between the well-known Irish pugilist Peter Corcoran, and Harry Sellers, a West-country bruiser, for 100 guineas, and bets to the amount of £500 or £600 depending on the event.

The combatants met at the Crown Inn, Staines, to decide the contest; at the first onset, Corcoran gave his antagonist a most violent blow, which threw him to the farthest end of the stage, and the odds increased from three, to five to one in Peter's favour. Sellers afterwards fought very shy for about 18 minutes, in order to wind his antagonist, which having accomplished, he advanced boldly, and beat him by straight forward hitting, in ten minutes. This was the first conquest gained over this Hibernian champion.

Sellers though stronger and possessing much more

science

science than Corcoran, did not hit with equal vigour. He practised a peculiar stratagem to rally himself, when he found it impossible any longer to stand an assault, by falling on his knees, thus evading the disgrace of a knock down blow, and was particularly successful in striking his adversary as he himself dropped.

It has been reported that Sellers absolutely died with grief, on account of his friends neglecting to match him with the celebrated pugilist Johnson, when he first came into fame.

December 4, 1776, Joe Hood fought a battle with one Macdonald, a Sawyer, for £10. The contest lasted 50 minutes, and terminated in favour of Hood, who beat Macdonald so dreadfully, that he closed both his eyes and broke his jaw.

June 4, 1777, at Ascot-heath races, Joe Hood and Harry Sellers fought a battle for £50 a side, in which though Joe displayed astonishing judgment and bottom, he was overcome by the superior skill and activity of Sellers.

July 2, these two champions again contested the palm, when Hood proved equally unsuccessful.

In the Summer of 1778, Sellers fought Bill Stevens, the nailer, for £25, in which he was also victorious.

July 23, 1778, Joe Hood fought Higgins, a famous Birmingham pugilist, who had fought 15 battles, in all of which he had been the conqueror; Joe, however, taught him the proper respect due to a scientific boxer, by severely beating him.

On

On the 8th of September, 1778, at Maidenhead, during the races, a battle was fought between Joe Hood and Peter Bath, the Bristol boy, for £50 a side. On setting to bets were two to one in Joe's favour, but being in very indifferent health, found himself unable to cope with his opponent, whose superior strength was very apparent, they took a contrary turn, and in 20 minutes Bath was acknowledged the conqueror.

September 4, 1770, Joe was again unsuccessful in a pitched battle he fought in Smithfield with William Day, an acknowledged clean boxer of his time.

September 25, 1780, a boxing match for 50 guineas was fought at the Crown, at Slough, between Harry Sellers and Duggan, an Irish boatswain. The contest lasted only one minute and a half, victory declared in favour of Duggan, and the amateurs swindled to a large amount.

August 2, 1781, a well contested battle was fought at Kilburn Wells, between George Ring, a bruising baker from Bath, and Edwards, a London butcher. After an hour and a quarter's close fighting, Ring vanquished, although during the greatest part of the battle, odds were in favour of the hero of the cleaver.

In September, 1783, Johnson, the celebrated pugilist, fought his first battle with one Jarvis, a carman, in Lock's-fields, and after a severe contest gained a complete victory.

Thomas Johnson, but whose real name was Jackling, was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1750. In early youth he came to London, and was employed for

for near 20 years as a corn porter at the several wharfs on the Thames. After he had assumed the profession of the gymnasium, he soon proved the most celebrated amongst the whole of modern pugilists; his strength, science, and astonishing bottom, gave him rank superior to all his cotemporaries, but his greatest excellence was his surprising judgment. It may appear somewhat ridiculous to the inconsiderate, and those prejudiced against the art, to attempt panegyric on the mental faculties of a pugilist, but undoubtedly where merit did exist, it is a duty incumbent on every just and impartial biographer to record it, ornamented only by truth, yet still unsullied by defamation. The natural powers of Johnson's mind, although not cherished by the genial effulgence of education, were very great, and might have been directed, by being polished and enlarged, to the accomplishment of great difficulties. Unlike most pugilists, who seldom form any rules for their guidance in a combat, until they find themselves on the stage—he invariably, long before, determined on a system of conduct adapted to his own advantage, and contrary to the interest of his adversary; to effect this, he calmly balanced the respective abilities and tempers, the powers and manners of fighting of each, and particularly attended to the constitution and disposition of his opponent. His grand principle in fighting was never idly to expose himself to danger, nor hazard any thing which could not be obtained with certainty; by acting always on this plan, he frequently at the conclusion of a battle was

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in nearly as good condition as at the commencement; for though assured when first setting to, of an easy conquest, his prudence led him to protract an engagement, which perhaps he could not speedily terminate, unless by endangering himself; he usually, therefore, acted on the defensive, and never made a blow but when confident of success; if his opponent was cool, he himself was cooler; if warm, he endeavoured to make him still more so, by using every justifiable measure to irritate him, but never took advantage by any unfair manœuvres.

Johnson's height was about five feet eight inches and a half, and his weight never exceeded 14 stone and a half; he stripped very large, was round about the shoulders and breast, and had a most astonishing degree of power apparently centered in his loins, which were remarkably strong; his position seemed more calculated for defence than the assault, but by his superior strength was equally capable of both; the face appears to have been his peculiar aim, and his grand object, in which he often succeeded, blinding his adversary; his guard consisted in placing the legs square, and holding the arms in almost a semicircular direction before his head; his motion was judicious, never retreating, but by dancing round his opponent with astonishing rapidity, he seldom failed to confuse him; he gave the return quicker than any other pugilist, and has confounded many of his opponents by advancing with his open hand immediately before their face, this practice dazzled the sight, and enabled him to plant a severe body blow.

One

One pugilist may be superior in strength, a second in science, and a third possess more bottom than our hero, but in him have been more fully combined the various requisites for a complete boxer, than in any pugilist up to this day.

On October 11, 1783, the severest contest took place at Hounslow that has been known since the establishment of Broughton's amphitheatre, between a butcher in Clare-market of the name of Allen, and M'Gee, a carman, for 50 guineas. The battle lasted two hours and ten minutes, and was decided in favour of Allen.

November 22, 1784, a famous pugilistic contest for 100 guineas was decided on a 30-feet stage, erected in a hollow on the race-ground at Barnet, between the expert bruiser Bill Day, and William Towers, a bricklayer; Will Gallant seconded Day, and Jack Towers, the conqueror of Death, his brother. Day evidently at the commencement of the combat had the advantage, and bets ran as high as ten to one in his favour; so confident was Day himself of success, that he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you shall see how gay I'll be while beating this fellow;" accordingly he danced and jumped about the stage between every round, but Towers availing himself of the other's negligence, got him into a corner of the stage, and confining him there with one hand, while with the other he dealt him several such severe body blows, that during the remainder of the contest Day was utterly incapable of standing up to

his man, and at the end of 33 minutes was obliged to give in.

From the severity of the blows Day never recovered, and very shortly after died.

In the same year Johnson beat the famous Croydon drover, on Kennington-common, and also after a short but severe conflict, he completely conquered Stephen Oliver, the noted DEATH, on Blackheath.

June 7, 1785, Harry Sellers contested a battle with William Harvey, an Irishman, in the Ass-field, near Holywell-mount, in which, notwithstanding he exerted himself to the utmost, he was completely conquered by dint of the Irishman's strength, in 20 minutes.

In January 13, 1786, a boxing match for 50 guineas was fought at Barnet, between Johnson and Love, a butcher, which in a short time was decided in favour of the former; and a short time after, at the same place, Johnson beat Jack Towers, the celebrated conqueror of DEATH.

For some time past pugilism had been much on the decline, the amateurs and sporting characters not having backed so strenuously as might have been expected the various candidates for bruising fame; a battle, however, being fixed upon, in order to settle a dispute between Humphries, well known by the appellation of the gentleman boxer, and Martin, a butcher from Bath; the attention of all the amateurs seemed instinctively to have been attracted, and the British spirit of pugilism again revived.

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On Wednesday May 3, 1786, these two celebrated champions, appeared on a stage near Newmarket, when they had the honour of boasting of the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Orleans, and De Fitzjames, and the whole flower of the French nobility. Each spectator paid one guinea for his admission, which amounting to 320, was agreed to be the property of the winner. Upwards of £30,000 was sported on the battle, and no pugilistic contest ever terminated with greater satisfaction to all parties in point of fairness.

Humphries was a middle sized, stout, well-made man; a manly fighter, thorough game, and displayed more grace in his various attitudes, than any modern pugilist; he was well versed in the theory of boxing, and very judiciously and with great adroitness put its elements into practice; he was unable to use both hands with equal force, mostly stopped with the left and struck with the right; his blows were strong, and generally aimed at the most dangerous parts, particularly the stomach and under the ear.

Martin was much shorter, but equally muscular and as thick set.

In this fight they both displayed great science; Humphries stood up boldly, and with astonishing dexterity stopped his adversary's blows. Martin fought at a distance, and whenever he struck, fell, but was seldom able to put in a PRIME hit. The odds ran very high in favour of Humphries, and Martin finding he could gain no advantage of his opponent by this plan of attack and defence, changed his

his mode, and stood up to his man; they now set to with as much courage and agility as though the combat had just began, and the bets became equal; Humphries, however, in the following round giving him a REAL KNOCK DOWN blow, the odds again considerably varied. In this manner with alternate success, they fought three quarters of an hour, when a blow Humphries gave his antagonist on the left side, just below the ribs, laid him flat, and decided the contest in his favour.

In June, 1786, a battle was fought at Kingston, for 50 guineas a side, between Johnson and Fry; the contest continued for half an hour, and terminated by Johnson's beating his competitor, without receiving any blow of consequence.

In the same month Johnson also fought William Love, at Barnet, for 50 guineas, and beat him with ease in five minutes.

On October 31, 1786, a battle was fought in the Long-fields, Bloomsbury, between Benjamin Bryan, a Bristol bruiser, and the FIGHTING GRENADIER, in which the former proved victorious.

Bryan, the pugilist, more generally known by the name of Big Ben, to which appellation he had no particular claim, not being remarkably large, hardly exceeding the size of Johnson, was born in the year 1753, in Bristol. The early part of his life was passed in his native place, where he was employed in the laborious occupation of a collier, and being somewhat of an athletic make and sound bottom, he there distinguished himself as an excellent boxer, parti-

particularly in his matches with Clayton, the Shropshire man, and Spaniard Harris, of Kingswood. About the year 1774 he came to London, since which time to the present battle, his first in London, he was employed as a coal-porter at the Adelphi wharf.

As a boxer he was remarkably game; his blows were uncommonly powerful, being struck straight, and with equal force by both hands; he never allowed his adversary to recover himself, but followed him with great courage, until the decision of the round. In his private character he was a well behaved and obliging man.

December 19, 1786, a boxing match was fought on Blackheath, between Chitty and Doyle, for 20 guineas. The latter gained the laurel.

About this time Johnson the pugilist ranked so high as a bruiser, that the amateurs not being able to find any competitor about London to match, brought up Will Ward, a Bristol hero, to enter the list with him; a match was accordingly made for 200 guineas, and on January 18, 1787, they met at Oakingham, in Berkshire, to decide the contest. Johnson on the first onset hit his adversary a powerful body blow, when Ward immediately made a defensive fight of it, being within an inch of the floor of the stage with one of his knees, whenever Johnson attempted to hit him he was down. In this manner the fight lasted an hour and 20 minutes, when Johnson attempting a blow, Ward was again on his knee, but getting up cried out " foul," and left the stage; his

second

second called him several times to return, but he thought proper to MIZZLE clear off.

On April 17, 1787, Martin, the Bath Butcher, and Daniel Mendoza, the Jew, met on Barnet race-ground, when they fought, and Mendoza proved the conqueror.

Mendoza is a pugilist better initiated in the theory of boxing, than perhaps any of his cotemporaries, and has produced some exceedingly expert pupils. In his manner there is more neatness than strength, and it has been said, more shew than service; his blows are in general deficient in force, but given with astonishing quickness, and he is allowed to strike oftener, and stop more dexterously, than any other man; he is extremely well formed in the breast and arms, but his loins are very weak; his wind is good and he possesses excellent bottom. As a boxer he deservedly ranks high.

August 19, 1787, a boxing match was contested between Doyle and Tring, on Kennington-common, when the latter won with astonishing ease.

Tring has been said to be the finest made man in England, and the talents of several of the first artists have been employed to delineate the symmetry of his person; as a boxer he possessed little science, but excellent bottom.

November the 22d, 1787, a severe contest was decided in Stepney-fields, between Savage and Doyle. Johnson seconded Savage, and Ryan, Doyle. The battle lasted three quarters of an hour, when Savage was declared the conqueror.

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On December 19, 1787, a battle was fought at Wradisbury, in Buckinghamshire, between Johnson and Ryan, the two seconds in the last related battle. This contest had long been expected, and attracted a great deal of company, among whom were Sir Richard Symonds, Colonel Hamilton, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Mr. Wyndham of Norfolk, Mr. Bradyl, Major Hanger, and the generality of amateurs, &c.

Humphries was Johnson's second, and Mendoza his bottle-holder; Dunn seconded Ryan, and Tring was his bottle-holder.

It being well known that Ryan possessed great courage and skill, and had fought many battles without finding a conqueror, he was so highly in the estimation of the amateurs, that odds were six to four in his favour at the commencement, but after a contest of 24 minutes, he was so completely beat, as to be incapable of standing on his legs, even while being dressed.

Ryan was a native of Ireland; a pugilist of manly appearance and remarkable courage; he fought scientifically, and was well acquainted with the principles of the art, to which he had paid most indefatigable attention. Though left handed, he was extremely graceful in his attitudes; was famous for giving the first knock-down blow, and was supposed to be the hardest hitter in England; if he could have preserved a coolness of temper, he might have been matched against any boxer of his day; he sparred somewhat in the Mendoza style, frequently hitting the CHOPPER, and was acknowledged the first pugilist Johnson ever met with, who had even a chance of beating him. In his

 manners

manners and disposition he displayed very much that pleasantry and humour which so often characterize Hibernians.

Boxing now was again at the zenith of its glory, being patronised and supported by some of the first sporting characters in the country, particularly by the Prince of Wales, Duke of Hamilton, Lord Barrymore, Sir Thomas Appreece, Alderman Coombe, &c.

After a challenge, and many weeks negociation for the settlement of articles, preliminaries, &c. a match was made between two of the most scientific and acknowledged courageous pugilists of the day—Humphries and Mendoza. The former had beat Bently, Martin, and many excellent bruisers, and the latter had also been equally successful in his attempts with Bryan, Martin, and others. It was agreed they should fight for 200 guineas a side, on a stage to be purposely erected at Odiham, in Hampshire. Around this stage a paddock was constructed for the purpose of obtaining door-money, to be as usual divided between the combatants. The price of admission was half a guinea, many hundreds paid, but at last, notwithstanding the avenues and doors were guarded by Ryan, Dunn, Sandal, Ward, and many others, with gigantic arms uplifted, the mob broke down the fences, and took possession of every vacant seat; the very welkin echoed the confusion, but the instant the combat was about to commence, all was silent.

About one o'clock on Wednesday, January the 9th, 1788, Humphries ascended the stage amidst the cheers of the spectators, attended by Johnson his second,

Tring

Tring his bottle-holder, and Mr. Allen his chosen umpire. After bowing to all around, he proceeded to strip. His dress, when prepared for the contest, was a pair of flannel drawers, white silk stockings with gold coloured clocks, pumps and black strings. While Humphries was preparing, Mendoza mounted the stage, and was received with reiterated plaudits; his second was David Benjamin, his bottle-holder Jacobs, both Jews, and his umpire Mr. Moravia. Mendoza's dress was more plain than his opponents.

In a few minutes the combatants were prepared for the onset, shook hands, and immediately Mendoza assumed his attitude with all the impetuosity of a man determined on victory; Humphries appeared astonished, and both remained in awful expectation for some minutes before a blow was offered; Mendoza struck first, but recoiling, slipped and fell, Humphries caught it, and retreated; the second blow Mendoza gave his opponent, brought him down, and in the next round they closed, and Mendoza threw his adversary. For full 15 minutes did Mendoza attack with such violence and superiority, that the odds, which at the beginning were two to one against him, changed considerably in his favour, and during this time Humphries had many falls, but still remained undaunted.

Whether the defensive mode of fighting adopted by Humphries in his first onset was MANŒUVRE, or the NOUVELLE style in which he was attacked, and the unexpected vigour of his antagonist, made him give way, cannot but remain a matter of dispute. At the commencement of the battle Mendoza drove him to the

side of the rail, and while his body was suspended, aimed a blow at the bottom of his ribs, which undoubtedly would have decided the battle, had not Johnson caught it. Mendoza's friends immediately exclaimed, "foul, foul;" but the umpires decided, Johnson was perfectly justified in acting as he had done, for that Humphries must be considered as being knocked down.

From the wetness of the day, the stage was extremely slippery, and this was particularly unfavorable to Humphries, he therefore took off his shoes, but silk stockings were ill calculated to remedy the inconvenience, and he afterwards put on a pair of worsted stockings, in which he stood more firm, and began to manifest great superiority; having very much recovered himself, he stood up to his antagonist, and with great dexterity threw Mendoza, pitching him on the face, which cut his forehead above the right eye, and very much bruised his nose: from this moment odds changed again in favour of Humphries; he threw in a blow near the loins of his antagonist, and the next round planted a most severe one in the neck; in this round Mendoza also struck him in the face, but slipping, he fell with his leg under him, sprained his foot, and immediately gave in; he shortly after fainted, and was carried off the stage.

The contest lasted 29 minutes, and it was acknowledged, there never was more skill and science displayed in any boxing match in this kingdom.

Mr. Bradyl, Humphries's patron, not being on the ground, he immediately forwarded to him the result, in the following laconic style:

Sir,

"Sir,

"I have DONE the Jew, and am in good health.

"Richard Humphries."

January 14, 1788, a boxing match was fought between William Love and Dennis Ketcher, an Irishman, for 10 guineas a side; Love was seconded by Savage, and Ketcher by his brother. At this combat there were not less than 10,000 spectators, all of whom were highly gratified, and surprised with the dexterity of Ketcher. In point of strength and size Love had greatly the advantage, but after a contest of three quarters of an hour, he was obliged to yield the laurel to the superior adroitness of his antagonist.

After this another battle was contested between Dan and Jones, in which the latter conquered.

January 22, Love fought George King, the Bath baker, in the Long-fields, Bloomsbury, for five guineas, and after a severely contested battle of 37 minutes, triumphantly conquered.

February 13, 1788, a match having been made by the gentlemen of Derby and Leicester, for the sum of 200 guineas, between two champions who had given repeated proofs of their athletic abilities, Blunt and Godfrey, a most desperate battle was fought at Derby, in which, after various changes in the odds, the palm was yielded to Blunt.

March 6, 1788, a severe battle was fought on Wimbledon-common, between Savage and Dunn, for 50 guineas, which after one hour's contention, was won by the latter.

March 10, a hard contested battle was fought between Newton, a husbandman of Hounslow, and Golder,

der, a bricklayer of Brentford, on Hounslow-heath; the former was seconded by Johnson, and the latter by Ward. Newton was a man advanced in years for a pugilist, but possessing astonishing strength and length of arm; Golder was of much inferior bulk, more active, and in prime age. The combat commenced at a quarter past four, and lasted with alternate success until after five; Golder shifted and broke ground with astonishing adroitness, and in the end forced his antagonist to give in. Newton seemed to be a much better man, and it was acknowledged by all the amateurs present, that a more severely contested battle had never been seen, both the eyes of Newton being closed, and his face in one continued wound, before he yielded. They fought more than 20 rounds, no falling, but all HARD BOXING.

April 17, 1788, a boxing match was fought between Elisha Crabbe, a Jew, and Stephen Oliver, the well-known Death, on the Turf, at Blackheath. It was observed in the course of the contest, that Death had the advantage in fair boxing, and Crabbe in closing, when he was generally successful in flinging his adversary to cause him to fall uppermost, and sometimes on his head. Although Crabbe had received many very smart blows, he did not appear much hurt, but Death was wounded in the face, and had a large gash above his right eyebrow, which, by discharging its blood into his eye, obstructed his sight, and very much contributed to the unfavorable decision of the battle; the contest lasted 35 minutes, when Death received a knock-down blow, and the Jew was declared the conqueror.

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The Prince of Wales, Col. Hanger, and most of the first pugilists and amateurs, were present.

On the same day there was a bye battle fought between Doyle and a sawyer at Deptford, which lasted 20 minutes, and terminated in favour of the latter.

May 31, 1788, Golder, the bricklayer of Brentford, and Fry, of Kingston, fought a battle for 50 guineas, at Richmond-green, which was won by Golder.

June 9, 1788, there were decided three boxing matches which had long been expected and great bets were depending on: the first was between Jackson and Fewterel, a Birmingham man, who had ever proved victorious and won 18 battles; Johnson was Jackson's second, and Ward, Fewterel's; Humphries and Dunn were bottle-holders; Captain Hamilton and Mr. Smith the chosen umpires. Fewterel was a man of extremely great bulk, so much so, that at first setting to it was doubted whether Jackson would be able to knock him down, but this he never failed to do, whenever he could make good his blows. The contest lasted an hour and seven minutes, its decision being very much procrastinated by Fewterel's frequently falling without a blow, and when down, remaining so long on the floor, as often to require the interposition of the umpires, to remind the seconds of time; Fewterel, however, gave up the contest, and Major Hanger, by command of the Prince of Wales, who was present, made Jackson a present of a bank note.

The second boxing match was between Watson, a Bristol man, and Elisha Crabbe, the Jew who beat Death. This was the best battle of the three, and lasted

lasted three quarters of an hour. Ward was the second of Watson, and Ryan, Crabbe. In the course of the fight Watson displayed great science as a boxer and amazing activity; he also in the end proved victorious.

The third battle was between a butcher and a watch-movement-maker, in which the latter got beat, until he had absolutely no MOVEMENT in him.

July 1, 1788, a boxing match for 50 guineas was decided between Jones and Tyne, at Croydon; the former was seconded by Joe Ward, and the latter by Johnson. Tyne evidently possessed the advantage of science, independent of his great superiority arising from the old shy mode of shifting and dropping; Jones on the contrary stood manfully up to his man, and made many dexterous efforts, which, however, were frustrated by the illusive and debasive system of his antagonist, who always fell whenever he received or put in a blow. Jones had in point of beating the worst of the battle, but still the best prospect of ultimate success from his superior strength and bottom; until by following up a blow too far, he struck his antagonist unfairly, somewhere about the waistband of the breeches, when Tyne was immediately declared the conqueror.

August 6, 1788, the stand on the race-ground at Brighton was covered with nobility and gentry, to see the decision of three boxing matches on a stage erected for that purpose. The first heroes who appeared were Jones and Watson. For 18 minutes they both fought with astonishingly great spirit, and the blows were principally aimed at the head; at the expiration of even this

this short time, Jones feeling himself too weak to contend with any very sanguine hopes of success, yielded the palm to his opponent.

The second battle was between Joe Ward and Reynolds. Ward evidently possessed superiority of strength and fought manfully; Reynolds was extremely shy, shifted, shewed but little sport, and on the first fair hit on the face, gave in.

The third battle, which unfortunately proved a fatal one, was between Tyne and Earl; the latter was much the tallest and strongest man, and was becoming triumphant very fast, when Tyne struck him a blow on the side of the head, drove him against the rail of the stage, when he fell, and instantly expired. The Prince of Wales, greatly to the honour of his heart, immediately settled an annuity on the wife and family of Earl, and took the positive determination never to be present at another pugilistic contest.

December 31, 1788, a stage of 25 feet square was erected in front of a public-house at Knavestock, in Essex, whereon were to be decided three boxing matches. Notwithstanding the unfavorable time of the year, and the dreadful inclemency of the weather, a considerable number of spectators assembled to witness the contention. At one o'clock the stage was mounted by the first combatants, Will Ward, of Bristol, the unsuccessful opponent of Johnson, and William Wood, coachman to Captain Robinson; the former was seconded by Joe Ward, and the latter by Johnson. After the usual salutation, the conflict commenced, and although it snowed incessantly from the beginning

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to the end, the ardour of the combatants was not chilled, nor even the curiosity of the spectators damped. The snow, however, did not fail to have its effects on the battle, for the boards being rendered extremely slippery, the pugilists were unable to keep their feet, and each in his turn, as well in giving as in receiving blows, was brought to the ground. Ward fought in his usual style, with much shifting, but displayed great agility and science. Considering this Wood's first essay, and that against one possessing great experience in the pugilistic art, he shewed an infinite deal of courage and prowess, but fought with too much impetuosity, and by this means exposed himself to the more deliberate skill of his opponent. For the first 20 minutes the battle was admirably sustained on both sides, in five minutes after the right eye of Wood was perfectly closed, but he continued the fight to the end of the half hour with most astonishing firmness, when being blind, he was forced to yield the victory.

The second battle was between Bryan, usually called Big Ben, and one Corbally, an Irish chairman, for 50 guineas; Jackson seconded Ben, and Dunn the Hibernian. The former proved the conqueror.

The third contest was of inferior cast, being between James, a waterman, and one Smith, both young in the gymnic art of pugilism; Jackson and Dunn were the seconds also on this occasion. After the conflict had lasted a quarter of an hour, Smith unfortunately in falling broke his arm, and thus hastily terminated the combat.

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On February 11, 1789, the second and long expected battle between Johnson and Ryan, was fought on a stage in the Rabbit-dell, in Cashioberry-park, near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, for 300 guineas a side; Johnson's second was Humphries, and Jackson his bottle-holder; Ryan had Rolfe, a baker, for his second, and Nowlan for his bottle-holder.

Among the amateurs present were the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Bradyl, Colonel Tarleton, Mr. Hervey Aston, Mr. Hollingsworth, and almost the whole of the noted bruisers.

About three o'clock the combatants mounted the stage. Johnson received the first knock-down blow, but amply revenged himself by several times knocking down his antagonist, stopping his blows with the greatest dexterity, and hitting over his guard upon the eyes. After 33 minutes hard and severe fighting, Ryan, whose eyes and head were dreadfully cut and swelled, gave in. Johnson was immediately crowned with a hat ornamented with blue ribbands, and the pigeons were instantly let loose.

By this battle Johnson was a most considerable gainer, for besides the 300 guineas stakes, the door money amounting to £512, was equally divided between the combatants, and Mr. Hollingsworth, a corn-factor, and former master of Johnson's, settled £20 a year on him for life, in consideration of the money he had won by backing him.

Soon after this, a match was made between Johnson and Bryan, Big Ben, for £1000, but Ben falling ill, forfeited his deposit of £100.

Two inferior battles were likewise fought on the same stage, on the 11th; the first between Solomon, also called Soley Sodicky, a Jew, and Wilson, in which the former beat; the second between a tinman and a Welchman, the latter was beaten.

On March the 12, 1789, a boxing match was decided in the Swan-yard, at Ingatestone, in Essex, between Jackson and George the Brewer, for 50 guineas a side; Big Ben seconded Jackson, and Tring the Brewer. At first setting to betting was even; Jackson gave the first knock-down blow, and before the fourth round odds changed to seven to four in his favour, when, from the stage being wetted by rain, Jackson slipped down, dislocated his ancle, and broke the small bone of his leg; in consequence of this unfortunate accident he was obliged to give in, and the Brewer was declared victorious.

George Ingleston, commonly called the Brewer, was upwards of six feet high, fought slowly but struck very hard; he was first instructed in the pugilistic art by Johnson, who also brought him into notice; notwithstanding which, he knew little of the theory of boxing; his attitude was generally low, somewhat resembling his tutor's, he never shifted, but resolutely bore the severest blows.

On April 25, 1789, Watson, the Bristol man, fought Anderson, at Hangley Broom, beyond Colnbrook; the battle lasted only two minutes, in which time the latter was beaten, but was suspected to have played CROSS.

A battle was also fought between Joe Ward and

Townsend

Townsend. At the expiration of 20 minutes the former was acknowledged conqueror, Townsend having by a fall broke his arm.

On May the 5th, 1789, as William Ward and Watson were going down to Stilton, to be present at the battle between Mendoza and Humphries, a man of the name of Swaine, a smith, who was an outside passenger by the same coach, having had some words with Ward about the merits of Mendoza, challenged Will to fight; accordingly at the Bell-inn, Enfield, they turned out, when Ward struck him an unlucky blow in the BREAD BASKET, he fell, and instantly expired. Ward was taken into custody, and the following sessions, at the Old Bailey, was convicted of manslaughter.

On May the 6th, the battle which had so long and with so much anxiety been expected by all the amateurs of pugilism, between Humphries and Mendoza, took place in Mr. Thornton's park, at Stilton. A spacious amphitheatre was purposely erected, consisting of seats around a space of 48 feet in circumference, raised one above another, and capable of holding between 2000 and 3000 spectators; the highest seat was 18 feet from the ground, and every man present could distinctly and clearly see the contest.

Between one and two o'clock Humphries made his appearanee, accompanied by Johnson as his second, Butcher as his bottle-holder, and the present Alderman Harvey Christian Coombe, as his umpire; shortly afterwards Mendoza entered with his second Captain Brown, Ryan his bottle-holder, and Sir Thomas Appreece

preece as his chosen umpire. They immediately strip ped, and before setting to, the seconds, according t previous agreement, retired to separate corners of th inclosure.

The first blow was struck by Humphries at the fac of his antagonist, which Mendoza stopping with grea adroitness, returned and knocked him down; the se cond and third rounds terminated precisely in the sam manner. After the contest had lasted about 40 mi nutes, in which mendoza by his generally catchin his apponent's blows on his arm, and bringing hi down, or throwing him, had indisputably a most su perior advantage, the combat was stopped by a cir cumstance which created the greatest confusion on al sides—In the 22d round Mendoza having struck Hum phries, the latter dropped—The articles of agree ment particularly specified, that whichever combatan fell without a blow, he should lose the battle, conse quently, a general cry of "foul, foul," took place, and it was declared by Mendoza's friends, that he had won the battle. Humphries, Johnson, and the spectator interested on that side of the question, contended i was fair, asserting that Humphries had stopped th blow before he fell; the partizans on the opposite side as vehemently insisted on the contrary, and the whole was a scene of uproar and confusion. Sir Thomas Appreece, as the umpire of Mendoza, declared it foul but Alderman Coombe refused giving an opinion; during this affray, Captain Brown called Johnson a liar and a blackguard, which was answered by the approach of Johnson in a stern and menacing manner; this led to

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the expectation of a bye battle between the seconds. Humphries came several times to his adversary, calling on him to fight out the battle, but Mendoza's friends would not permit him; Humphries then threw up his hat, and challenged him again to the combat; however, numbers present said, that this went no way to the decision of the point in dispute, and the battle most likely would have been a drawn one, had not Mendoza, by the advise of his friends, or perhaps irritated by his adversary's continually taunting him for not continuing the fight, consented to resume the contest. They again set to, and the first two rounds terminated by Mendoza's knocking down his adversary; they fought for about half an hour, Mendoza all the time evidently holding the advantage, and at last gained the victory, by Humphries again violating the articles of agreement. In the last round, after some blows had passed, Humphries had given way, Mendoza followed him up, and was preparing to strike, when his opponent fell, obviously without receiving any blow; Mendoza was immediately declared the conqueror.

Mendoza in this battle, with regard to skill displayed great superiority. Humphries allowed his antagonist to gain ground upon him during the whole of the combat, and when he was preparing to strike, he always flinched. Mendoza on the contrary stood up to his opponent manfully, and followed him with a coolness and resolution, which added additional lustre to his courage, and proved much more serviceable than the impetuosity of spirit he displayed during his last contest with Humphries, at Odiham. Several times when

when Humphries was in the action of setting to, he walked up to him, viewing him with a look of contempt, instead of standing on his guard. When Humphries closed, he several times said to Mendoza, "Very well indeed, very well," on which Mendoza, when he threw him, repeated his words with an ironical air of mockery. During the whole of the contest the bets continued in favour of Humphries.

The only blows of consequence Mendoza received was one on the cheek, and several on the back at the time of closing. Towards the close of the contest Humphries aimed some very severe darts at the pit of the stomach, which were admirably stopped by Mendoza, otherwise had they taken place, must inevitably have proved fatal.

Humphries was much beaten about the face, one eye closed, and his forehead cut above the other; his lip was also cut, and he frequently spit blood, but most likely the hemorrhage was from the last-mentioned wound.

August 19, 1789, a boxing match for 100 guineas a side was fought between Soley Sodicky, the Jew, and Jack Lee, a butcher, at Chinkford-hatch, near Epping-forest, in Essex; Johnson seconded the Jew, and Joe Ward the butcher. The concourse of spectators present on this occasion exceeded all credibility; not a chaise, coach, cart, or hack, in short not any thing of a vehicular description that could be got within many miles of Whitechapel, but what was called into action; and most considerable bets were depending on the issue. Odds did not appear in favour of either combatant

batants until after several very severe rounds, when the butcher brought down the Jew at every stroke, like an ox! At length Johnson accused him of giving a foul blow, a dispute arose, and the battle terminated; the partizans of each claiming the victory.

September 5, 1789, Hooper, the tinman, and Cotterel, the shoemaker, fought a battle on Barnet-common, for 10 guineas a side; Johnson seconded the former, and Bill Ward the latter. The contest lasted 35 minutes, when the tinman proved the conqueror.

Much about this time, all the principal bruisers of Birmingham sent challenges to the best and noted London pugilists: Isaac Perrins challenged Johnson; Jacombs, Bryan (Big Ben); Pickard, George Ingleston (the brewer); Tom Faulkener (the cricketer), Watson; and Thornhill, Hooper (the tinman). The challenges of the three first heroes being accepted, and the terms proposed agreed to, the two first competitors, Johnson and Perrins determined on having an engagement at Newmarket, during the October meeting, in a fair and manly way, on the turf, for 250 guineas a side, and agreed that two thirds of the door money should be the property of the winner, the other third going to the unsuccessful combatant.

Perrins was an uncommonly strong man, nearly gigantic in height and weight, with force adapted to his form, and possessing astonishing activity. He stood six feet two inches high without his shoes, and weighed three stone heavier than Johnson. Perrins had been only victorious in the country where he had lived, never having been matched in London; he was, however,

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universally allowed to possess much skill and excellent bottom; he had won many battles with ease, beat every competitor in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and undoubtedly thought himself superior to every other man in the ATHLETE, as he evidently shewed by his advertisement, challenging to fight any man in England for 500 guineas. His Birmingham friends were very confident of his success in this contest, and backed him to the amount of many thousands; their bets were even three to two and two to one against Johnson.

These combatants, however, were not permitted to fight at Newmarket, and Banbury, in Oxfordshire, was then fixed upon, where they accordingly met on the 22d of October, 1789. The battle was fought on a turf stage raised five feet from the ground, 24 feet square, and railed in. Johnson's second was Will Ward, and his bottle-holder Joe Ward; Pickard seconded Perrins, and his brother was his bottle-holder; Colonel Tarleton was umpire for Johnson, and Mr. Meadows, of Birmingham, for Perrins. At a little before one the combatants set to, and Johnson's friends, who before had flattered themselves with certain success, when they viewed the wonderful difference of nerve between the bruisers, began to tremble for the event. For five minutes all was anxious expectation; Perrins then with great force aimed a blow, which Johnson very dexterously eluded, and gave the first blow, by which Perrins fell; the three next rounds terminated also in Johnson's favour, who confused his antagonist by dancing round him, and occasionally planting

ing an unexpected hit; Perrins becoming irritated at this conduct, threw off the caution he had shewn in the beginning, followed him with vast resolution, and appearing to treat his manœuvres with contempt, at last put in a successful knock-down blow, which success he kept up for several rounds, in one of which he brought blood in Johnson's face; Johnson at length exerted himself, and putting in a blow over Perrins's left eye, completely closed it up. This blow and the failure of Perrins's wind, which began now to be visible, raised the bets amazingly in Johnson's favour; the odds, however, again changed by Perrins closing one of his antagonist's eyes; after this Johnson began to fight with more cunning, and having skilfully parried a violent attack of Perrins's, struck him a severe blow in the face, which laid his nose entirely open; odds now rose 100 to 10 in favour of Johnson; Perrins, however, regaining his breath, fought with great vigour, and put in a blow over Johnson's right eye; this considerably again affected the odds, but did not bring them even. In the following round Johnson fell without a blow, and Perrins claimed the victory, but the umpires decided it was allowable, as the articles did not specify to the contrary. Perrins, in his turn, lost much of his strength, and attempted to imitate his antagonist's mode of fighting, with which he was totally unacquainted; he fought low, and had recourse to chopping and back-handed strokes, which at first disconcerted Johnson, but against which he soon guarded himself very collectedly. Johnson now seemed to gain new strength, and Perrins in aiming several blows fell

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from weakness, and his adversary falling at the same time, struck him in the face, and afterwards hit him whenever he tried. At the end of an hour and a quarter Johnson aimed a blow, which took effect directly in the centre of the face, and concluded as severe a contest as stands recorded in the annals of pugilism; the combatants having fought 62 rounds of fair hard boxing.

Mr. Bullock won £20,000 by the battle; he backed Johnson with very high odds, and afterwards made him a present of £1000; the door money also amounted to £800, two thirds of which Johnson received.

On the following day, October 23, the two second competitors, Big Ben and Jacombs, the Warwickshire man, fought a most desperate battle, which lasted one hour and 26 minutes; Will Ward was Ben's second, and Joe his bottle-holder; Jacombs had Sargeant for his second, and Price for his bottle-holder. At setting to Jacombs advanced boldly, and with a manly air; Big Ben on the contrary retreated, shifted, and at an attempt of Jacombs to strike, artfully fell; Jacombs bore firmly his antagonist's blows, but Ben continually fell untouched: this very much enraged the friends of the Warwickshire man, who were becoming extremely tumultuous, but at length he was made to stand up to his man and fight in earnest, when the first blow he put in, brought his adversary to the ground; Jacombs stood well for several rounds after this, but at last yielded.

Immediately on the cessation of this contest, George the Brewer and Pickard took possession of the stage; the

the first having the two Wards for his second and bottle-holder, and the latter Sargeant and Richards. These two bruisers, neither of them understanding the art and manœuvres of pugilism, firmly stood up and fought in a most courageous style; here, there was no shifting, or falling back to avoid a hit, and nothing but a real knock-down blow could bring either of the combatants upon the floor. After having displayed the most unduanted manhood for 34 minutes, George the Brewer carried off the laurel of the day.

On December 3, 1789, a boxing match was decided at Wargrave, in Berkshire, between Hooper, the tinman, who was backed by Lord Barrymore, and Wright, the well known carpenter of Bimfield-heath, backed by Lord Faulkland. Hooper particularly aimed at the head and face, and in 20 minutes so severely bruised the carpenter, that he was forced to give in.

January 1, 1790, a boxing match, which had long occupied the attention of the sporting world, was decided at Newmarket, between Dick Goodison, rider to the Duke of Queensbury, and Sam Chiffney, rider to the Duke of Bedford. The former possessing most superior strength, and a great advantage in the length of his arm. Chiffney after fighting for an hour with great courage, and a good display of art, was obliged to acknowledge Dick the conqueror.

On the 4th of the same month, a long depending battle was fought on Wargrave-green, in Berkshire, near the seat of Lord Barrymore, who backed Anderson, a tinman, against Tom Tight, an Oxford bargeman.

man. The contest lasted six minutes, when Tom found himself TIGHT UP.

Feb. 17, 1790, a severe battle was fought at Langley-close, near Salt-hill, between Watson and Hooper, the tinman; Will Ward was second, and Joe the bottle holder to the former, and Johnson and Butcher acted for Hooper; Major Churchill and Mr. Aston were the umpires on this occasion, but were forced to call in a third, from the continual altercations throughout the contest. In the third round the tinman gave his antagonist the first knock-down blow, which success he supported for three rounds: about the eighth round odds were considerably in favour of Hooper, and continued to increase to the end of the battle. They fought exactly 100 rounds in 150 minutes, and it was not until Watson had been seven times generally accused of striking unfair blows, that Hooper was acknowledged the victor.

March 10, 1790, a desperate combat was fought at Stoke Golding, near Coventry, between Jacombs, the Warwickshire man, and Payne, of Coventry. At setting to Jacombs was the favorite, but after a most severe conflict of two hours, in which the combatants contested 95 rounds, during which both were several times thrown from the stage, Payne was declared victorious. The conduct of Payne was cool, but admirably courageous, whilst that of his antagonist approached nearer to brutalily; he seemed to depend much more on driving his opponent against the railing, and other unmanly shifts, than fair and open fighting.

March 24, a battle was fought in a field adjoining to Horton-

Horton-moor, between Elisha Crabbe, the Jew, and Tom Tyne, the taylor; Lee was second to the Jew, and Joe Ward his bottle-holder; Tyne had Johnson for his second, and James, the waterman, for his bottle-holder. At about half past two, the contending bruisers appeared, amidst at least 2000 spectators, and on stripping, six to four was betted in favour of the taylor.

The 1st round—there was some extremely good sparring; they both closed and Crabbe fell, but gave his adversary a severe blow on the nose, which produced a great effusion of blood.

8th—the Jew gave his opponent a real knock-down blow, and fell upon him.

14th—Tyne again fell by his antagonist's blow.

16th—Tyne received another knock-down blow, but gave the Jew a most severe cut on the left eye, and another on the mouth.

18th—Tyne dropped, and it was generally considered by design; great cry of "foul, foul," and the odds sunk five to four on the taylor.

22d—was the best round during the contest, and in which science was most admirably displayed by both combatants; it lasted above a minute, and afforded some most skilful blows.

32d—Crabbe fell by a severe blow on the eye.

33d—Tyne most adroitly fell, and his antagonist making a severe blow, flew over him, and falling on the stage, cut his face dreadfully.

39th—This was the last round; Tyne again fell by a slight blow, and Crabbe was so exhausted that he fell on his belly, being utterly incapable of standing

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the contest any longer. In the intermediate round there was good sparring, but no blows of consequence.

The battle lasted 35 minutes. Crabbe sparred the best, but Tyne never failed to make his blows TELL, notwithstanding he frequently fell himself. The Jew several times attempted to chop, but in this failed. Johnson on this occasion displayed most excellent qualities for a second, and the event of the contest depended much on his excellent conduct.

On August 30, 1790, a battle which had long been anxiously anticipated, was fought at Chapel-row-revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, between Bryan (Big Ben), and Hooper, the tinman; when after fighting 180 rounds in three hours and a half, both combatants were exhausted, and it was declared a drawn battle.

September the 29th, 1790, was rendered memorable in the annals of pugilism by the well-contested and last battle between those celebrated champions, Humphries and Mendoza. An inn yard, at Doncaster, was pitched upon as the spot for the decision of this contest; it was bounded on one side by the backs of the houses, and on the other by a strong paling, behind which ran the river Don. Upwards of 500 tickets at half a guinea each were sold, and the persons admitted; the pressure arising from numbers soon demolished the paling, and a ferryman very dexterously rowed some hundreds over for the small gratuity of sixpence each person; the crowd became immense, but those spectators seated round the stage sufficiently

prevented

prevented interruption, and about half past ten Humphries made his appearance, immediately followed by Mendoza; the former mounted the stage, which was about four feet high, and 24 square, with astonishing agility, evidently in high spirits; Mendoza also seemed equally alert and devoid of apprehension. Ward seconded Humphries, and Jackson was his bottle-holder; Colonel Hamilton being chosen by him as his umpire. Johnson was second to Mendoza, and his bottle-holder Butcher; Sir Thomas Appreece, who was umpire for Mendoza on his last battle with Humphries, at Stilton, was also chosen on this occasion, and Mr. Harvey Aston was mutually agreed upon as the third umpire, should any altercation arise during the combat, and a difference of opinion exist between the Colonel and Sir Thomas with respect to its decision.

Every thing being thus previously arranged, the combatants began to strip; odds were laid five to four in favour of Mendoza, and equally as readily accepted by Humphries's friends, who considered that although perhaps it might be impossible for him to beat the Jew by carrying on the fight regular and in a scientific style, yet, by his impetuous exertions at the commencement, he would be able to overcome his antagonist, and bear away the palm.

1st round—The onset of Humphries was bold and astonishingly vigorous, but was repelled by Mendoza with equal force; they mutually closed, struggled, and both fell.

2d—The same vigorous spirit was manifested on both sides, but Humphries struck the most blows, though apparently without over powering Mendoza.

3d—This round was fought with much caution on both sides, each being equally careful of giving or receiving a blow; what passed, however, were in Medoza's favour, and it terminated by his giving Humphries a knock-down blow.

4th—They engaged, but only for a few moments.

5th—Humphries aimed a severe blow at Mendoza's stomach, which he dexterously stopped and struck him in the face; this blow, however, Humphries returned, but at the same time fell.

A number of rounds after this took place, but in every one of them Mendoza evidently had the advantage, and odds had risen 40 to 5, and 10 to 1 in his favour; Humphries continually fell, sometimes by in consequence of blows, but more frequently from a policy often used in boxing, and perhaps may be considered fair; several times he sunk without a blow, which conduct, although contrary to the articles of agreement, was passed unnoticed, as his general manners placed him above the suspicion of cowardice, for although he had undoubtedly the worst throughout the battle, he fought with great resolution, and even when his friends, perceiving him conquered, and one eye perfectly closed, persuaded him to yield, he solicited to fight a little longer; but notwithstanding all this display of excellent bottom, he was again obliged to acknowledge the ascendancy of the Israelite.

Mendoza was very much cut about the left side of his head, his left eye and ear being much mutilated, and he had received a severe cut in the ribs on the right side by a projectile left-handed blow of his antagonist.

Humphries

Humphries had several hits which drew blood under his left arm, his right eye was closed somewhat early in the battle, and he had a severe cut over his left, the left side of his nose was cut, as if with a razor, by a straight-forward springing blow of Mendoza's; the same hit also split his top lip, through which incision the water issued whenever he washed his mouth. He was carried through the crowd on the shoulders of his friends, who conveyed him in a post-chaise out of the town. Mendoza walked on the race-ground for some time after the combat.

Money was collected from the spectators and amateurs present, as a prize to be fought for between Aaron Mendoza, a cousin of the successful champion, and Packer, a West-country boxer; the former was seconded by Johnson, and the latter by Ward. It was a most severe contest; they fought for an hour with the greatest violence, when on closing, they fell, and Aaron being uppermost, Packer suddenly raised his knee, and threw him a perfect somerset against the railing. This decided the battle, and Packer was declared the conqueror.

Monday, January 10, 1791, a long depending battle between Watson, the bruiser, and one Davies, a butcher from Bristol, was fought at Coal-harbour, in Gloucestershire; Ward was second to Watson, and a friend performed that office for Davies. Before the combat began, odds were five to four in favour of Watson. The combatants set to, and during the first round the favorite seemed to have the best, but in the second round the superiority of strength as well as judgment was so

evidently displayed by Davis, that the odds changed immediately to two to one in his favour. This superiority Davies supported, and continued the favorite during the remainder of the battle, which lasted three quarters of an hour; Watson, however, fought with astonishing spirit and resolution, contesting the victory with the greatest obstinacy, and did not yield the palm to his antagonist until he fell perfectly exhausted. From the courage he displayed, every amateur upon the ground felt as equally satisfied with the vanquished as the victor.

About the end of the year 1790, the Duke of Hamilton, who was the patron and firm supporter of Big Ben, was extremely anxious to back him against the celebrated and as yet invincible Johnson, and a challenge was accordingly sent, the Duke pitting Ben for 500 guineas.

Johnson, who the year before possessed property to the amount of £5000, acquired by his astonishing success in the various battles he had fought, by an unlucky LETCH of shaking the elbow, now found himself obliged, in order to recruit himself, to accept Big Ben's offer. The terms were agreed upon, and the day fixed for January the 17th, 1791.

Public expectation never was raised to a higher pitch by any pugilistic contest; great bets were laid, and it is supposed £20,000 was sported on the occasion.

A stage 20 feet square being erected at Wrotham, in Kent, the parties punctually met, and at one o'clock Johnson mounted the seat of combat, accompanied by his

his second Joe Ward, and Mendoza as his bottle-holder; Big Ben immediately followed, with Will Ward as his second, and Humphries his bottle-holder; both appearing equally alert and cheerful. Bets from the first anticipation of the match were seven to four in favour of Johnson.

The combatants being prepared, set to, and in the first round, which was much more violent and quickly terminated than usual, Johnson fell upon the forehead, by a violent blow on the nose. This blow determined the fate of the battle, for Johnson never was capable of recovering himself.

In the second round he also fell by a severe blow; bets became even.

Third round he knocked Ben down, and odds again increased in his favour.

After this Ben resumed his advantage, and kept it to the end, but now both combatants seemed to lay aside their skill, and totally depend on their strength and courage. At the expiration of 20 minutes, Johnson having aimed a desperate blow at Ben, struck the rail of the stage, and broke the metacarpal bone of his middle finger; at first this accident did not seem at all to affect his spirits, but two blows afterwards from Ben, decided the contest; one struck his antagonist in the ribs, and the other dreadfully cut his lip.

Johnson, in this battle, did not preserve that coolness and regularity of temper, which hitherto had caused him to be considered so admirably pre-eminent as a boxer; his wind was good, but the first knock-down blow had so much disconcerted him, that he frequently

frequently was obliged to shift; Ben, however, seldom advanced, and when he did, Johnson had not room to manœuvre.

Ben was very little hurt, and on the succeeding Monday, displayed great agility in sparring, at the Lyceum, in the Strand.

This was the last battle these two celebrated combatants ever contested.

On March the 1st, 1791, a boxing match was fought at Stockbridge, in Hampshire, between a father and son. The contest lasted 46 minutes, and was very obstinately contended. Fate decided it on the side to which superiority was due—the parent proving the conqueror, for whom the spectators made a very handsome collection.

On the 21st of the same month, a battle, which had long been expected, was fought at Studley, between Tom Faulkener, the cricketer, and Thornhill, both Warwickshire bruisers; Tom's second was Ryan, and Williams his bottle-holder; Jack Lee was second to Thornhill, and Biggs his bottle-holder. At two o'clock the combatants set to, and throughout the battle Tom's superiority in judgment and activity was manifestly evident. Thornhill was by much the strongest man and only fell by one knock-down blow during the contest, except the last, which Tom struck in the neck TOO FORCIBLY TO BE WITHSTOOD, and Thornhill gave in.

The conflict was extremely severe, and lasted 50 minutes. The door money amounted to upwards of £80 two thirds of which became the property of the winner, and the remainder, the unsuccessful combatant's.

On April 7, 1791, the Bath butcher, Martin, and Bligh, a Coventry ribband-weaver, fought a boxing match at Ensham, in Oxfordshire, for £50 a side. George Ring, the Bath baker, seconded Martin, and Brooks, Bligh. Odds at setting to were six to four in favour of the weaver, but after a severe contest, Martin proved victorious.

On the 28th of the same month, two West-country bruisers, Snailum and Hailes, fought a severe battle for one hour and 40 minutes, on Marsh-field-downs, near Bristol; the latter proved the favorite of Fortune.

On June 13, 1791, a pitched match was contested in a field near Mary-le-bone, between an excellent African pugilist, and Treadaway; Peter Bath seconded the Black, and Hooper, the tinman, his antagonist. The battle lasted 35 minutes, when Treadaway was carried senseless off the field. During the combat the African actually shewed great agility, excellent bottom, and a good knowledge of the art, not to be exceeded by even the most skilful among the amateurs.

A match having been made between Will Ward and Daniel Mendoza, the 22d of June was the day fixed upon, and Stoken-church, in Oxfordshire, appointed RENDEZVOUS; as, however, the parties were journeying on they road, they received intimation that the magistrates intended to interfere, and were determined to prevent the battle, upon this they stopped at Uxbridge, and agreed to fight on a stage in Fennex's-cricket-ground; orders were accordingly given for its erection, but after many objections had been started on both sides, the Duke of Hamilton, on the part of Ward,

Ward, and Alderman Macauley, of Mendoza, agreed that the battle should be fought at Doncaster in the following September. The bets accordingly stood over.

After this was settled and determined, two matches were made and fought on the turf; the first between two followers, which was well contested for near an hour; the second between Symonds, the Ruffian, and Gowlett, a countryman; when several rounds had been fought, Symonds struck, and fell without being struck in return, and Gowlett being irritated, kicked him as he lay; this decided the battle immediately in favour of Symonds, and many bets were paid, but after a consultation, the amateurs deciding it to be a drawn battle, the bets were refunded.

September 25, 1791, a second and long expected battle was fought between George the Brewer and Pickard, near Shipston-upon-Stour. The contest was very short, and victory was declared in favour of George.

The battle which was settled for this month between Mendoza and Ward, was mutually postponed to May 14, 1792;

When, accordingly the celebrated champions met in Smitham-bottom, beyond Croydon; Johnson was second to Mendoza, Jack Butcher his bottle-holder, and Mr. Harvey Aston umpire; Joe Ward seconded Ward, Jackson was his bottle-holder, and Mr. Watson his chosen umpire. There were many thousands of spectators present, among whom were the Duke of Hamilton, Alderman Macauley, and most of the

DASHING

DASHING DOGS from town, On setting to bets were greatly in favour of Ward, but during the whole of the contest Mendoza displayed the highest superiority. In the fourteenth round Ward put in a most tremendous blow on the jaw of his antagonist, which brought him down with astonishing violence; Mendoza recovered, and the following round knocked down Ward, and continued to terminate every round by a knock-down blow up to the twentieth, when they closed, and after several severe blows, both fell, Mendoza falling upon Ward, who in the twenty-third round was so truly exhausted, that he gave up the contest.

September 4, 1792. The Chelmsford paper having announced that on this day two pugilistic contests were to take place at Colchester, the grand jury, who happened to be sitting at the quarter sessions, addressed the mayor, recorder, and other magistrates of the district, expressing their wish that it might not be suffered in the corporation; the mayor according issued a proclamation by the public cryer, that he would by no means allow the erection of any stage, or suffer any prize-fighting within the limits of his jurisdiction.

The combatants having received this information, gave orders for the erection of a stage 18 feet square, at Bentley, about nine miles from Colchester.

On Thursday, according to the prior agreement, the champions met, and at four o'clock the two first contending heroes, Hooper, the tinman, and Bunner, of Colchester, mounted the stage; Johnson seconded Hooper, and Sharp was his bottle-holder; Bunner's second was Williams, and his bottle-holder Ryan.

 The

The contest was for 50 guineas. Bunner's success for the first two rounds had laid the odds in his favour, in the last of which he dexterously threw his antagonist; Hooper exasperated at being so adroitly thrown by so unscientific an adversary, began to display the superiority of his art in great style, but in the sixth round Bunner fell and broke his arm, thus giving Hooper an easy conquest.

On the following day, September 5, the stage having been enlarged to 21 feet square, a boxing match was fought between Stanyard, a pugilist from Birmingham, and Gamble, an Irishman; the first seconded by Joe Ward, and bottle-holder, Hooper; the latter seconded by Williams, bottle-holder Ryan.

At first setting to odds were greatly in favour of Gamble, till after some few rounds, when they became even, but Gamble's superiority gained the bets in his favour five to four, and they again changed to the same height in favour of Stanyard, during the last six rounds, who then unfortunately made a foul blow at his adversary, which every one considered would have terminated the battle; Gamble's friends, however, advising him to continue the contest, they fought another round, at the end of which Stanyard fell, and Gamble retired, declaring himself victorious. Stanyard remained on the ground until his friends triumphantly carried him away. The umpires, seconds, &c. had many meetings, and it was at length declared a drawn battle. The contest was extremely well supported, the combatants having met 19 times in 25 minutes.

To make amends for the disappointment, a bye-battle was fought, and very well contested.

Sep-

September 15, a boxing match, was fought at Lansdown, near Bristol, between Spaniard Harris and Cox, for 40 guineas a side. Watson seconded the former and Joe Ward the latter.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the parties mounted the stage, and being prepared, in a few minutes, after the usual salutation, they set to. Cox being the most powerful man, for a considerable time, appeared to have the advantage, and bets ran three to one in his favour. After having fought about three quarters of an hour, he began to shift and avoid his adversary's blows, and before the end of the hour, victory was declared in favour of Harris, who had most dreadfully cut his antagonist about the face.

On Saturday, October 27, 1792, a battle which had for some time occupied the attention of the amateurs, and which also was to have been fought at Langleybroom, but interrupted by the interference of the Magistrates, took place at Colnbrook, between Stanyard, the Birmingham man, and Will Ward, for 100 guineas.

A stage having been erected at half past two, Stanyard ascended, accompanied by Johnson as his second, and Butcher his bottle-holder; shortly afterwards Ward made his appearance with Watson for his second, and Joe Ward bottle-holder; Capt. Halliday and little Sharp the butcher were the chosen umpires. Mr. Harvey Aston, Lord Say and Sele, Mr. Dashwood, Sir Thomas Appreece, Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Bedingfield, and many other amateurs were present.

At 46 minutes after two, the combatants being prepared, set to.

1st round—Ward acted on the defensive; some minutes were lost in sparring, when Stanyard put in a body blow, but without much effect, they then exchanged several blows, and Ward was knocked down.

2d—Stanyard displayed superiority, and Ward fell.

3d—Ward gave his adversary a severe blow on the right cheek, which broke his jaw at the angle. It was generally allowed to be the severest blow ever thrown in.

4th—Notwithstanding this misfortune Stanyard stood, and never even complained to his second. In this round Ward was knocked down.

5th—Ward was again knocked down, and at the conclusion held up his OPEN hand to protect his face.

6th—In this round Stanyard displayed most astonishing strength, for he fairly held Ward up, struck him most severely, and threw him down on the stage with astonishing violence.

7th and 8th—Both these rounds Stanyard terminated by giving his antagonist a knock-down blow.

9th—Stanyard gave Ward a severe blow under the right eye, and he again fell.

10th—This was the last and best round, being the only one of any continuance, and during which much hard fighting was displayed; Ward gave his opponent four severe blows on his broken jaw, and it finished by both coming down.

At the conclusion of this round, although they had only fought 13 minutes, Stanyard gave in; his appearance was in his favour, but no one had any idea of the injury

injury he had sustained; he was immediately conveyed to an inn at Colnbrook, and medical assistance procured, when his jaw was found dreadfully shattered, particularly about the articulation.

Ward appeared in very prime condition, but had displayed both greater skill and courage in former battles. After this contest, being flushed with success, he challenged Johnson to fight for a guinea; Tom, however, had lost too many to trouble himself for the winning of one, and left the stage.

As is usual, two bye battles were fought, and a more than general degree of science displayed.

On Saturday, December the 4th, 1792, a severe boxing match was contested between Symonds, the Ruffian, and Maddox, a well-known pugilist, at Datchet, in Berkshire. This battle was at first settled to have been fought at Langley-broom, in Buckinghamshire, but the magistrates interfered and prevented it taking place; they, however, immediately crossed the Thames, carrying their boards with them, and in a few minutes erected a stage. Without loss of time the two champions set to, and for two hours supported a most desperate conflict, when neither of them giving in, they were parted by desire of the spectators.

Maddox was two stone lighter than his antagonist, but he beat the Ruffian so severely, that notwithstanding his obstinacy in not giving in, he was carried off the stage perfectly blind. It is supposed he struck three blows to the Ruffian's one.

On Monday, December the 6th, a battle was fought in a field in the vicinity of Tamworth, near Bir-

Birmingham, between Hackel, a shoemaker, and Geary, a waggoner, for five guineas. At ten o'clock the combatants entered the ring, and after the usual salutation, set to. Bets were now about equal. In the first onset both pugilists displayed great skill and good science; in a few rounds the snob gained the odds in his favour, but about the middle of the contest JEHU had the WHIP HAND of his opponent, and put in some uncommonly well-directed blows, which were caught with great skill by CRISPIN.

After an hour and 20 minutes sound fighting, Hackel was declared the conqueror. The amateurs present acknowledged it one of the best supported battles they had ever seen.

On Friday, December 31, a battle was fought in Hyde-park, between a very promising pugilist of the name of Fairsby, late a waiter at the London-tavern, and Tyne; after a severe contest the former was acknowledged triumphant.

On Monday the 3d of February, 1793, a severe battle was fought between Thorney and James Alcock, both shoemakers, of Birmingham, upon the Lickey, near Bromgrove, for 100 guineas. At one o'clock the combatants set to, but in consequence of the ring being repeatedly broken, and the frequent interruptions of the spectators, the contest was not decided until after five. The first seven rounds were severe hard fighting, and bets were even, but towards the end Alcock displayed great superiority of strength, odds increased ten to one in his favour, and Thorney was at length obliged to give in.

On

On Thursday, February 13, a boxing match was fought at Hornchurch, in Essex, between George Ingleston, the brewer, and Wood, the coachman, and unsuccessful opponent of Will Ward, for 100 guineas; George was seconded by Mendoza, and Wood by Joe Ward.

A stage having been erected 24 feet square, at one o'clock the combatants appeared, and immediately set to. In the first round Wood knocked down his antagonist with great violence; George immediately rose again, and attacking his opponent with more spirit than caution, gave him an opportunity of throwing in a most tremendous blow on the jaw, which instantly broke it; every spectator heard the crash, and immediately perceived the fracture. The battle was supposed to be at an end, but George with his usual bottom renewed the attack, and gave Wood a blow upon the head which almost stunned him; odds now rose two to one in favour of George; however, after the contest had lasted for 25 minutes, George having received many dreadful blows on his head, and being almost senseless, gave in.

Wood was much hurt, but every one expected George would pay the forfeit with his life.

After this, on the same stage, Soley Sodicky, the Jew, and James, the waterman, fought, but Soley soon sung out he had had ENOUGH, but not without being strongly suspected of playing CROSS.

On March 23, 1793, a pugilistic contest took place between Fewterel the bruiser, and a Highland chairman, on the Leith-ground, Edinburgh; the former

was

was seconded by an English gentleman, and the latter by one of his own countrymen. There was no inclosure, nor were they inconvenienced by a mob, the greatest secrecy having been observed to prevent interference from the magistrates.

Fewterel when stripped shewed much corpulency, and was not in equal condition as at the time he fought Jackson; the Highlander was by far the finest made and strongest man, and possessed no inconsiderable degree of science. They set to about eight o'clock in the morning, and the first knock down blow was given by Fewterel, who sent his antagonist to an astonishing distance. The next round also brought down the Scot by a severe blow in the chest; in the following round Fewterel received a well hit stroke on the face which cut him under the right eye; he, however, stood firm, and extremely cool, as though conscious of his inferiority in strength. The next blow of any consequence Fewterel gave his antagonist with such severity, that he again brought him down; this so much enraged the Highlander, that during the remainder of the contest he never recovered his temper; this gave Fewterel a most decided advantage, and although he afterwards received many severe blows, he at length put in a hit at full length under the Highlander's ear, and laid him senseless on the grass; this terminated the contest which had lasted 35 minutes. The Scot soon recovered, but was unable to walk home.

The match was 50 guineas to 30, the odds being given to Fewterel, who very generously gave the vanquished 10 guineas, the sum he was to have received had he won the battle.

April

April, 1793. A match was in this month made between Mendoza and Will Ward, and settled to take place on the first of May, but the former through indisposition was obliged to lose his deposit—50 guineas.

On Wednesday, June 8, 1793, a battle was fought at Chatteris, between a butcher and a farmer, for 50 guineas. The farmer being very thin and consumptive, displayed great judgment in shifting, and occasionally throwing in an unexpected hit at his adversary. The butcher was a stout athletic fellow, and although accustomed to spill the blood of the brute creation, felt somewhat QUALMISH at the sight of his own, and after a few rounds, and tolerably severe blows in the face, gave in.

August, 1793, a pitched battle was fought at Elmstead, near Chelmsford, Essex, by two LADIES of pugilistic spirit. Being stripped, without caps, and their hair closely tied up, they set to, and for 45 minutes supported a most desperate conflict; when, although one of them was so dreadfully beat as to excite apprehension for her life, her husband possessed brutality enough still to prompt her to the fight; but, through the interference of the spectators they were separated.

Notwithstanding the author so strongly advocates the cause of pugilism, he by no means feels desirous to see such conflicts displayed by the softer sex. It is the gentleness of their manners, and their acknowledged inability of defending themselves, that frequently excite us to acts of the greatest bravery and gallantry!

Monday, Nov. 18, 1793, a battle was most desperately contested between one Hall, an ass driver, and

 a brewer's

a brewer's servant, in Harley-fields, near Portland-place. The cause was an old grudge, but they however staked a guinea a side. The conflict was truly shocking; they fought one hour and five minutes, all straight-forward hard fighting, no shifting or closing. The brewer had an eye cut out, when he thought it time to give in.

January, 1794, a new match having been made between Mendoza and Will Ward, they met at Hounslow for the purpose of determining the contest; the magistrates, however, immediately calling out the military to their aid, dispersed the mob, and prevented the battle taking place.

A match was this month made between Bryan, Big Ben, and Will Wood, to be fought on the 24th of next month. Odds in favour of Ben.

On Thursday, January 30, a boxing match was very desperately contested, near Brompton, Chatham, between an excellent bruiser, Darling, a shipwright, and a young man, a caulker, for four guineas a side. Bets ran very high, and a great deal of money was sported on the event. The battle lasted upwards of two hours, when Darling was declared the conqueror, and carried off in triumph by his friends.

Monday, February 10, 1794, a battle was fought between Hooper, the tinman, and George Maddox, the bruiser, in a ring on Sydenham-common, Kent, for £25 a side; the former was seconded by Tom Johnson, and Jack Butcher his bottle-holder; Joe Ward seconded Maddox, and Bill Gibbons was his bottle-holder.

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That staunch patron of pugilism, the Duke of Hamilton, was present, and many other celebrated amateurs. At setting to bets were five to four in favour of Maddox. During the first part of the battle Maddox evidently displayed great advantage, and certainly had the best of it, but after many hard rounds, in which some good fighting was displayed, Fortune favoured the tinman, who, at the expiration of an hour, had, according to our new dictionary, COMPLETELY DONE HIS MAN. Maddox tried very hard to prove the winner, and upon the whole it was a very fair fight.

On Tuesday morning, February the 18th, a battle was fought between Jack Holmes, a hackney-coachman, and a manufacturer of a-la-mode beef, in a field behind Gower-street, Bedford-square, for one guinea a side.

After four or five tolerably good rounds, the contest was put an end to, by the cry of a foul blow; the seconds chose an umpire, a Captain Hamilton, and certainly the only respectable person on the spot, who, greatly to the disappointment of the KIDDIES who LACKED more fun, decided it in favour of the beefeater; this very much discomfited the son of JEHU, who certainly had held the WHIP-HAND over his antagonist the whole time, and he voluntarily offered to renew the battle for another guinea, but his opponent declined.

March, 1794. In the beginning of this month a match was made between Mendoza and Hooper, the tinman, to be fought on a 24-feet stage, in the following month, for 50 guineas. Mendoza, however, forfeited his deposit of £20, not choosing to enter the list with Hooper.

The match which was made in January for Big Ben and Will Wood, never took place from the indisposition of the former, and on the 8th of April following he died, at his apartments, in Gray's-inn-lane. Upon examination of his body, his liver was found in a state of SCIRRHUS, supposed to have arisen from repeated blows received in the many severe battles he had contested.

On Friday, the 11th, his remains were interred in St. Sepulchre's-church-yard. His funeral, which was conducted with all the solemnity such occasions demand, was attended by his old friends and professional brothers, Johnson, Ward, Wood, Symonds, and several others of inferior note.

A pugilist designed the following epitaph for his tomb-stone, which appeared in a periodical journal of of the day;

" Farewell, ye honours of my brow,
" Victorious wreaths farewell!
" One trip from Death has laid me low,
" By whom such numbers fell.

" Yet bravely I'll dispute the prize,
" Nor yield tho' out of breath!
" 'Tis not a fall—I yet shall rise,
" And conquer even Death!

Saturday, April 19, 1794, a battle was fought on a common, near Battle-bridge, Essex, between Blyth and Moss, for five guineas a side. A rope ring was formed, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the combatants set to; after having fought about 20 minutes, a dispute arose on account of Blyth's falling, when after much wrangling, it was decided a drawn battle.

July

July 22, 1794, a boxing match was fought at South Moulton, in Devonshire, between John Greenway, a smith, and William Snokell, the bruiser of Dartmouth, for 10 guineas a side; the former was seconded by Sidaway, and the latter by Crowedir. Odds were seven to four in favour of Snokell at first setting to. Greenway gave the first knock-down blow, which terminated the first round; the second was finished in the same style; in the third they both fell; and the fourth round Snokell caught his antagonist by the hair, and struck him several very severe but unfair blows; at length Greenway extricated himself, and put in so tremendous a hit on the left side, followed by another on the head, that he laid Snokell senseless at his feet. He was carried off, and Greenway declared victorious.

On Wednesday, November 12, 1794, the long expected battle between the celebrated champions Dan Mendoza and Will Ward, was fought on Bexley-common. At half past one o'clock they set to, and for the several first rounds Ward seemed to possess the advantage, and his antagonist fell every time; Mendoza, however, now began seriously to shew which side really had the superiority, he caught the blows of his opponent with such skill, that they were rendered perfectly useless, and at the same time put in his own most effectually. In a quarter of an hour Ward gave in, acknowledging himself beaten. He appeared from the commencement to be conscious of his inferiority, and fought towards the end very shy, endeavouring to avoid instead of being eager for the contest; Mendoza in the contrary gained confidence and vigour as he went on, and thus by superior courage proved successful.

On

On Wednesday, April the 15th, 1795, a battle which had much occupied the attention of the amateurs was fought at Hornchurch, in Essex, between Jackson and Mendoza, for 200 guineas a side. A 24-feet stage was erected in a most advantageous hollow, which occommodated upwards of 3000 spectators, and so excellently adapted, that no one could claim a superiority of situation. All the eminent patrons and amateurs were present: the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Delaval, Sir John Phillipson, Mr. Clark, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Lee, Mr. Fawcett, &c. and among the pugilists of note, were Jackling, Will and Joe Ward, George the Brewer, Tom Tyne, Fairsby the waiter, Firby the Young Ruffian, &c.

At one o'clock Mendoza mounted the seat of combat, accompanied by his second Harry Lee, and Symonds, the Old Ruffian, as his bottle-holder. Jackson immediately followed with Tom Johnson his second, and Wood, the coachman, for his bottle-holder. The chosen umpires were Mr. Alexander and Mr. Allen.

They each politely bowed to the populace, and were received with general acclamations. About five minutes after one, they as usual saluted each other by shaking hands, and immediately set to. Bets five to four in favour of Mendoza.

1st round—Both having assumed their attitude, displayed the greatest caution; full a minute expired before a blow was struck, when Jackson made a hit and his antagonist fell.

2d—Mendoza guarded with great science, avoided the blows of his opponent, and put in several severe ones

3d—In this round there was much hard fighting. Odds rose two to one in favour of Mendoza, but the round terminated by Mendoza's falling.

4th—This was the most severely contested round throughout the battle. Jackson seemed to hold his opponent's manœuvres in contempt, followed him up with great resolution, and put in some dreadfully severe blows, by the last of which Mendoza fell, and his right eye was much cut; Jackson now evidently had the advantage.

5th—In this round Jackson caught his opponent by the hair, and holding him down, gave him several severe blows, which brought him to the ground; Mendoza's friends called out "foul," but the umpires decided on the contrary. Odds had now changed two to one on Jackson.

6th, 7th, and 8th—Throughout these three rounds Jackson supported his superiority. Mendoza acted entirely on the defensive.

9th—This was the last round—Jackson manifestly displayed astonishing advantage; he several times struck his adversary, when he fell quite exhausted, and gave in.

The battle only lasted 10 minutes and a half, and was acknowledged by every amateur to be the hardest contested that ever was fought in so short a time. Jackson was very little hurt, leaping from the stage with great agility, but Mendoza was quite CUT UP.

A subscription purse was made and fought for between a Jew, called Black Baruck, who was seconded by Symonds, the Ruffian, and Bark, a glass-blower, seconded

seconded by James, the waterman. It was very well contested for half an hour, when a dispute arose about a foul blow, and it was terminated by sharing the money between them.

On Monday, April 27, a boxing match was fought in Hyde-park, between Treadaway, the bruiser, and one Conway, a wheelwright, for five guineas a side. Joe Ward was second to Treadaway, and Nowlan to Conway.

For the first three rounds Treadaway displayed great superiority, but in the forth Conway gave him a prime knock-down blow, and supported the same success for five following rounds, when Treadaway gave in.

On Friday, June 5, 1795, a well-fought pugilistic contest took place in a field near the New-road, between two heroic females, for two guineas a side—Mary Ann Fielding, of Whitechapel, who was seconded by Jackson, and a noted Jewess, of Wentworth-street, seconded by Mendoza, two of their own sex, being bottle-holders. Every thing having been properly arranged, the combatants set to, and for some time each displayed great intrepidity and astonishingly well-concerted manœuvres in the art of boxing. Fielding fought with great coolness and singularity of temper, and by well-directed hits knocked down her adversary upwards of 70 times. After the battle had lasted one hour and 20 minutes, with much alternate dexterity, Fielding was declared the conqueror.

On Monday, June 8, a battle was fought on Hounslow-heath, between the Young Ruffian and Jack Bartholomew, of Brentford, for five guineas. It was extremely

tremely well contested, and lasted 50 minutes, when Bartholomew was acknowledged victorious.

In the course of this month that great sportsman and celebrated patron of pugilism, Sir Thomas Appreece, who so frequently adorns the list of visitors on those occasions, had a pugilistic contest with a bruising ruffian in the street, a fellow who went about threatening to strike a woman who accompanied him, in order to excite the interference of the passengers, who generally got well thrashed, and eased of their watch, &c. in the bargain. Sir Thomas, very much to his honour, proved a match for him, and after a severe contest came off victorious, though without much covering.

On Monday, June 22, a truly desperate battle was fought upon Hounslow-heath, near the Powder-mills, between Hooper, the tinman, and Wood, the coachman. A stage having been erected about two o'clock, the combatants set to. Throughout the whole of the contest, which lasted 48 minutes, the bets alternately were in favour of each, but Hooper gained the victory by giving his opponent a most terrible blow under the left ear, which Wood never recovered, although he fought several rounds afterwards.

The Duke of Hamilton, Colonel Hamilton, and many other amateurs were present.

On August the 12th, 1795, a battle was fought in a field at Islington, between Carey, a green-grocer, and a taylor, well known by the title of Bishop Blaze. The contest lasted 40 minutes, when the taylor was QUITE DONE OVER.

November the 8th, 1795, a boxing match was fought

 at

at Great Thornage, near Holt, in Norfolk, between Benjamin Pile, who had acquired the appellation of Young Big Ben, and James Harmer, the fighting carpenter. The contest lasted three quarters of an hour, during which more valour than skill was displayed. CHIP beat.

On March the 9th, 1796, a battle was fought in a field at Islington, between Jack Carey, the green grocer, and Tom Hodge, a noted dog-finder, commonly known by the appellation of Old Bloody Head. The contest was for the purpose of deciding a quarrel arising from a dispute on the most eligible method of cooking a pennyworth of sprats. Tom's wife seconded him, and Black Fanny, a fish-woman, the coster-monger.

They supported the battle with great courage for 35 minutes, during which Tom's cheek was laid open, and Carey had very dexterously got three teeth extracted; in the last round Tom in attempting to guard a blow aimed at his right side, received it on his eye, when "Old Hodge," say he, "I've had enough."

On Wednesday, April the 6th, 1796, a battle was contested on Wimbledon-common, for 100 guineas, between Cordy, the Irishman, and Haines, a West-country pugilist, in a hollow near the foot of Abbershaw's gibbet. At a little after two o'clock the combatants set to, but Haines's want of bottom produced great disappointment, for after weakly withstanding four rounds, he gave in. The Hibernian was immediately crowned with shamrock, and the memory of Big Ben drank in Liptrap.

Very few amateurs were present. Among those of

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DISTINCTION were noticed Mr. J——e, of Thespian fame, Symonds, the Ruffian, and the sandman of Dyot-street.

September the 22d, 1796, a battle was fought at Braden-well, near Erith, in Kent, between Chapman, a young man born without arms, and Knight, a blacksmith of Woolwich; a well-known bruiser. The contest lasted near an hour, when Chapman had acted so well with his head and heels, that his antagonist was carried off the field with two broken ribs.

Monday, November 14, 1796, a battle was fought near Harrow, between Hooper, the tinman, and Owen, a publican, but in pugilism a mere novice. The contest lasted rather more than an hour, during which time they fought 50 rounds of hard fighting, but for the most part of which, Owen constantly kept a straight guard, of such prodigious strength, that Hooper could never beat it down, and very seldom put in a hit. Hooper in striking a blow dislocated his shoulder, and being dreadfully bruised, gave in. Owen was so little hurt that he leisurely put on his clothes and walked away.

January 27, 1797, a battle was fought in the fields behind Montague-house, between Copper Harry, the dustman, and an Irish lad, for five guineas. The latter was attended by near 200 tight lads of whiskey; he proved victorious, but was carried home with hardly any hopes of recovery.

January 30, a boxing match was fought by Wood, the coachman, and Jack Bartholomew, between Ealing and Harrow. A stage having been erected, at

two o'clock the combatants set to, but Jack having struck two foul blows, at the end of a quarter of an hour the battle was decided in favour of Wood. The Duke of Hamilton was present, and the conqueror promised him he would fight Jack again in a fortnight for £500, if his Grace would back him.

In this month, the 21st, Thomas Johnson, the celebrated pugilist, received his last knock-down blow from the conqueror of all—Death. The last time of Johnson's fighting was with Big Ben, when they appeared reciprocally doomed to fight no more. Shortly after this contest he took the Grapes public-house, in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, which being a rendezvous for notorious characters, he was soon disturbed by the police. For a subsistence he then became proprietor of an E O table at race-grounds, fairs, &c. but this not proving so profitable as he had anticipated, he gave it up, quitted England, and went to the sister kingdom; at Dublin he kept a public-house in Cooper-alley, but from this he was routed by the magistrates; after which he went to Cork, and supported himself by teaching the art of pugilism, until he died.

On Wednesday, June 28, 1797, a boxing match was very severely contested near Willow, about five miles from Bath, between an Irish gentleman of the name of O'Conner, and John White, a butcher, who had often distinguished himself as a pugilist. A dispute having taken place between the parties at Mills fair, they agreed to meet at this place; the gentleman posting five guineas to four. White was a native of Willow, and considered a great boxer, and a favorite among the

the amateurs of those parts; numbers attended him to the place of combat; when, in a short time after they had arrived, Mr. O'Conner appeared on horseback, followed by his servant. Mr. C. wishing to avoid making himself a public spectacle, offered to decline fighting, but White with a contemptuous and insulting sneer, refused unless he forfeited the five guineas. Upon this Mr. C. entered the ring, which was already formed, and requested from among the spectators a second; a young farmer immediately offered, and Mr. C. after having changed his boots for a pair of shoes, was prepared to commence the battle; they then set to, and the first round was most desperately supported and fought in excellent style, but White evidently had the best of it. In the second round the fight was stopped in consequence of a foul blow from Mr. C. but so confident was White of success, that he laid by all claim of victory on that account, and they set to for the third round. In about ten minutes Mr. O'Conner shewed such skill and dexterity, that the odds changed in his favour, and he put in his blows with such violence, that White's face appeared as though cut with some sharp metalic instrument. In 20 minutes the battle ended, White being dreadfully beaten, and Mr. O'Conner as active and strong as at the commencement.

On Tuesday, August 22, 1797, Jack Bartholomew contested a battle with Owen, the successful opponent of Hooper, the tinman, on Sunbury-common, for 25 guineas. Odds were five and six to four in favour of Owen. The battle lasted 30 minutes, and was acknowledged

knowledged by all the amateurs present one of the hardest fought battles seen for some years. Jack, however, proved victorious.

Monday, September 18, 1797, a pitched battle was fought between Burke, a cooper, and Christian, a shoemaker, in Hyde-park. The contest lasted 55 minutes, during which the combatants fought 22 rounds of hard boxing. The friends of Crispin wanted to prove a foul blow, but the majority declared Burke the conqueror.

December 15, 1797, at Ball's-pond, Islington, a battle was fought between Hugh Lacy, a butcher, and William Stanford, a brewer's servant. After several severe rounds Lacy fell, and unfortunately broke his leg; thus ended the battle in favour of his opponent, notwithstanding he had hitherto the best of it.

March 6, 1798, a boxing match was severely contested at Plumstead, near Holt, in Norfolk, between Crisp Bishop, a jobber, and Charles Daniels, of Edgefield. After displaying excellent science for an hour, Bishop was declared the victorious champion.

Monday, September 8, 1798, a battle was fought in a field between Newton and Saltford, near Bath, which for duration and fury displayed by the combatants, stands unrivalled on the records of boxing. The heroes were Charles Williams, a locksmith, of Bath, and a turner of Bristol, whose name was Robert Hunt, but more generally known by the appellation of the Little Bull Dog. The contest was for 20 guineas. For height and size they were uncommonly well matched; Williams possessed most science, but Hunt greatest bottom; the Bristol people had great confidence in the latter,

latter, and backed him very high before the commencement of the battle, and during the greatest part of it, but after a most desperate conflict for two hours and 20 minutes, in which they fought four score severe rounds, each took a determined effort to decide the day, when Hunt received so tremendous a blow, that he fell perfectly senseless, leaving Williams to claim the palm of victory.

Hunt had a finger and his jaw fractured, and Williams was not expected to recover.

September 25, a boxing match was fought near Winchelsea, which had raised the expectation of the surrounding neighbourhood very high, between Richard Hodson, a brass founder, and Bill Bramble, the bruiser. During the combat Hodson closed both the eyes and fractured the jaw of his opponent, who at the end of an hour's stiff fighting, gave in.

The former was seconded by Tom Timbling, and the latter by Matthias Fleming. After the decision of the battle these heroes fought for two guineas, and Tom gained the laurel.

As it is our intention to notice every circumstance connected with pugilism, we cannot pass over the death of its first supporters, without paying the last tribute due to their heroic virtues; and it cannot fail to inspire us with a still greater admiration of the science, when we find that generosity, horoism, and humanity, are the most prominent features of their souls.

In May, 1799, an account arrived from the East Indies, of the decease of Colonel Harvey Aston, well known as a firm supporter of the art of boxing, in a duel

duel with Major Allan; and as a relation of the particulars cannot but redound immortal honour to the name of Aston, it is hoped they will not be unfavorably received.

Colonel Aston, being for a short time absent from his regiment, a misunderstanding occurred between Major Picton and Major Allan, with a Lieutenant. Immediately on the return of the Colonel, he was made acquainted with the affair, and wrote his opinion in a private letter, that the two Majors had acted somewhat "illiberal" to the inferior officer. This letter was shewn, and Majors P. and A. demanded a court of enquiry, which was refused by the Commander in Chief, under the impression that it might destroy that harmony which is so essential to be supported in all regiments on foreign duty. Major Picton now called on Colonel Harvey Aston, to demand an explanation of the term "illiberal"—Colonel A. said he did not consider himself bound to account for his conduct in the discharge of his duty as Colonel of his regiment to any inferior officer; but if Major Picton had any thing to reproach him with, as a private gentleman, he was prepared to give every satisfaction that laid in his power. It was now put on the footing of a private quarrel, and the next day they met, accompanied by their seconds. Major Picton had the first fire; his pistol snapped, but was considered equal to a fire by the seconds; Colonel Aston immediately fired in the air, declaring he had no quarrel with the Major. They now mutually explained and shook hands.

Notwithstanding the kindly manner in which this affair

fair had been settled, reciprocally to each others honour, Major Allan the next day demanded satisfaction for the private opinion given by the Colonel of his conduct: a similar answer was returned, that the Colonel denied his right to call on him for any act of his official duty; that he at all times was ready to vindicate his private conduct, but at the same time was unconscious of having offended Major A. The latter, however, assumed a tone of vehemence and authority, which rendered the meeting on the part of the Colonel unavoidable. Major Allan fired the first shot—the seconds did not perceive the ball had taken effect. The Colonel having received the fire, appeared unhurt, stood erect, and with the greatest composure levelled his pistol with a steady hand, shewing he had power to fire on his antagonist; he then leisurely drew it back, and laying it across his breast, said, " I am shot through the body; I believe the wound is mortal, and therefore decline returning the fire; for it never shall be said that the last act of my life was dictated by a spirit of revenge." He sat down on the ground, was carried home, where he languished in excessive agony for several days, and without a murmur expired.

Colonel Harvey Aston was brother to the pretty Mrs. Hodges, well known in the sporting world. He married Miss Ingram, the daughter of Lady Irwine, and sister to the Marchioness of Hertford, Lady William Gordon, Lady Ramsden, and Mrs. Meynell, whom he left with a young family to deplore this melancholy occurrence.

In the same year we have also to record the demise

of the Duke of Hamilton, the celebrated patron of pugilism. He died the latter end of July, at Hamilton-place, near Edinburgh, in the forty-second year of his age. The titles of his Grace were Duke of Hamilton and Brandon in England, and Chattelherault in France; Marquis of Hamilton, Clydesdale, and Douglas; Earl of Angus, Arran, and Lanark; Lord Macanshire, Polmont, Abernethy, and Aberbolrick, in Scotland, and Baron Dutton, in England; Lord Lieutenant of the county of Lanark, and hereditary keeper of the palaces of Holyrood-house and Linlithgow. He was son to James Duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth late Duchess of Argyle.

On April 5, 1788, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Purrell, Esq. and sister to the Duchess of Northumberland and Lord Gwydir, who was afterwards divorced by sentence according to the laws of Scotland, in consequence of his illicit connection with Mrs. Esten, the celebrated heroine of Thespis.

His Grace dying without issue, Lord Archibald Hamilton, his uncle, succeeded to his titles and estates.

On Monday, the 2d of September, 1799, a battle was fought on Enfield race-ground, between Howser, an Israelite, and Owen, the bruiser, for 10 guineas a side; the former was seconded by Jack Bartholomew, and the latter by Joe Ward. The contest lasted 40 minutes, when Owen was so much beat as to be obliged to be carried to the hospital.

Wednesday, February 26, 1800, James Stevens, the old nailer and noted pugilist, fought a taylor of the name of Miller, and was severely beat.

On

On Thursday, May 15, 1800, a boxing match which had long excited the attention of the sporting world, was fought for 300 guineas, on Finchley-common, near Barnet, between Jack Bartholomew, the noted bruiser, now about 37 years of age, and James Belcher, a Bristol youth, aged 20, who had long been under the tuition of the scientific Ward, and was by the amateurs considered a great favorite.

A stage having been erected, about half past one the combatants mounted, and immediately set to with the greatest vehemence and ferocity. In the first round Belcher evidently displayed advantage, and the odds were greatly in his favour. In the second round Bartholomew gave his antagonist a most severe knock-down blow, and his friends considering fortune was about to favour him, flew a pigeon to London with intelligence. In the fourth round Belcher with great adroitness threw Jack on his head with such violence that his eye-sight became injured, and he appeared much confused; Jack, however, with great courage persevered, and put in several tremendous blows; but, at the end of the seventeenth round, having began to vomit blood, in consequence of a violent blow his adversary had put in in the pit of the stomach, he gave in.

The contest lasted 20 minutes, and was more obstinately contest than any battle that had been seen for some years past.

Immediately after the fight Bartholomew was taken into custody under the authority of a Judge's warrant, for breaking the peace before the expiration of the

bonds of security; was brought to town in a hackney-coach, and directly bailed.

On Tuesday, July 1, 1800, a boxing match which had long been expected was fought in a hollow near the foot of Abbershaw's gibbet, on Wimbledon-common, for 100 guineas, and bets to the amount of £5000, between Andrew Gamble, the Irish pugilist, and Noah James, formerly belonging to the horse-guards; Ben Stanyard was Gamble's second, and Jack Bartholomew his bottle-holder; Joe Ward seconded James, and Hall was his bottle-holder.

About ten o'clock the combatants set to, when odds were six to four in favour of James; they fought with astonishing fierceness and displayed great science. In the twelfth round Gamble put in a very severe blow in the face of his antagonist, and cut his nose dreadfully; in the twentieth he broke his collar bone, and in the twenty-first his jaw bone; but notwithstanding such a dreadful state of circumstantial inferiority, James fought four rounds afterwards with determined courage, when he fell almost lifeless on the stage.

James was a Cheshire man, and had fought 17 battles; he was allowed to display more bottom than any other man. After this battle, being given over by his medical attendants, and considering himself at the last extremity, he sent for Gamble, and generously exchanged forgiveness with the successful champion. Gamble equally open hearted, gave Mrs. James a very handsome present for the more comfortable support of the unfortunate bruiser.

Gamble was born in the year 1771, was apprenticed to

to a stone-mason in Dublin, and very early displayed a propensity for the pugilistic art. He was about six feet in height, had contested many battles, particularly the one with Stanyard, in 1792, detailed at page 106, since the adjustment of which those two heroes ever entertained for each other the highest esteem, and on this occasion Stanyard offered his services as second.

Gamble having fought with such astonishing success, and displayed great pugilistic science, the amateurs became desirous to match him with their greatest favorite, and the best English pugilist, in order to distinguish which of the sister kingdoms could boast of the champion; accordingly James Belcher, the young Bristol bruiser, was brought forward and backed as the opponent of Gamble, and a meeting agreed upon in the old hollow, seemingly in honour of Abbershaw, at the foot of the gibbet on Wimbledon-common, where they were to "argue the topic" for one hundred guineas.

By ten o clock on Monday morning, December the 22d, 1800, the road to Wimbledon was covered with vehicles of every description, incalculably numerous. Among the gentry might be discerned some distinguished amateurs, as Lord Say and Sele, Colonels Montgomery and Ogle, Captain Dermond, Squire Mountain, Cullington, Lee, Kelly, Aldridge, and of the gentlemen more active in the science, Jackson, Bark, Paddington Jones, Brown, Bell, Bill Gibbons, &c. with many second rate heroes of the fist.

The ring being made on the spot appointed, about twelve o'clock Belcher appeared, accompanied by his

second

second Joe Ward, his brother Thomas Belcher, and his bottle-holder, and Tom Tring, their deputy; some time afterwards Gamble came forward with Mendoza for his second, Coady his bottle-holder, and Crabbe as their deputy; Messrs. Mountain, Lee and Cullington were the chosen umpires; the latter was also stakeholder for the Combatants.

From the making of the match bets had run seven to five in favour of Belcher, and before they stripped, Ward offered 25 guineas to 20. When they stripped Gamble had the appearance of so much the heavier man, that his friends began to back him three to two, but the general opinion was still against him. At 12 minutes before one o'clock they set to.

1st round—Gamble put in the first blow, which Belcher very dexterously parried, and struck with the rapidity of lightening three severe hits in different parts of his antagonist's face; they closed, and Belcher conscious of Gamble's superior strength, dropped. The friends of Gamble now betted with the greatest eagerness five to four on his head, not considering Belcher was quite unhurt, while Gamble had received three not altogether gentle touches.

2d—Belcher advanced with great spirit; his antagonist retreated. Belcher made a feint with his right hand, Gamble guarded that side opposite, when Belcher put in so severe a blow with his left hand, over the right eye of his adversary, that he perfectly closed it, and brought him down with astonishing violence. Bets now rose two to one in favour of Belcher.

3d

3d—Gamble again retreated, and put in several well aimed blows in the body; Belcher, however, UNCORKED him, by a severe blow; they closed, and Gamble threw his adversary with much violence, and fell on him cross-ways. Bets again rose four to one in favour of Belcher.

4th—In this round Belcher displayed great coolness and excellent science; he put in several blows, the last of which he so well planted in the neck, that Gamble fell. Odds on Belcher twenty to one.

5th—This decided the contest. Belcher put in so severe a blow in the pit of the stomach that Gamble fell almost breathless, and gave in.

These five rounds were fought in nine minutes and three quarters. Belcher appeared quite lively, and was triumphantly carried round the ring on the shoulders of his friends. During the whole of the contest Belcher laughed at his antagonist, and endeavoured to irritate him by gesture, &c.

Gamble, generally a slow hitter, fought very badly, and after the first round was evidently afraid of his opponent. Belcher all along had been the favorite of the knowing ones, and not less than £20,000 were sported on the occasion.

A battle was also fought between Caleb Baldwin, a dealer in greens, and Kelly, an Irishman, for 20 guineas a side; Joe Ward, Crabbe, and Tring, seconded Caleb, and Coady and Burke, the Irish shoemaker. They severely contested 12 rounds in 15 minutes, when Paddy yielded to a hearty drubbing.

December, 1800, died, aged 50, Mr. Isaac Perrins, engine-

engine-worker, at Manchester. This pugilistic hero will ever be remembered for the well-contested battle he fought with the celebrated Johnson, in the month of October, 1789, (vide page 89). Perrins possessed most astonishing muscular power, which rendered him well calculated for a bruiser, to which was united a disposition the most placid and amiable. His death was occasioned by too violently exerting himself in assisting at a fire in Manchester. He was sincerely lamented by every one who knew him.

June, 1801, at the Pewter Platter, in St. John's-street, Jackling, alias Ginger, Johnson's brother, and Caleb Baldwin, the pugilist, having quarrelled while enjoying themselves, turned out and fought a most severe battle, in which the pungency of Ginger was entirely overcome by the acrimony of his antagonist's fist.

Monday, July 13, 1801, a boxing match was fought on Wimbledon-common, between Elias, a Jew, and Tom Jones. For the first 20 minutes Tom evidently had the advantage, and during this time great sport had been afforded to the amateurs by the excellent science that was displayed; Elias, however, put in a hit so forcibly behind Tom's ear, that he immediately fell, and gave up the contest. While the prior combatants were contesting the palm, a man of the name of Bourke, a bruising butcher, had ill used several persons about the ring, and generally challenged any one present; finding no one present disposed to fight, he called on Belcher, our Bristol champion, who on enquiring what he wanted, received a blow in answer; a desperate

rate contest ensued, and the hero of the cleaver, notwithstanding he possessed superiority of strength, was in 20 minutes carried out of the ring perfectly senseless.

Lord Camelford backed Bourke, and proposed to Belcher a second combat, which was accepted.

On Saturday, the 12th of September, 1801, Belcher and Bourke met at the Cock, Sun-street, Spital-fields, where a formal challenge was accepted, and each backed by their friends for £100.

On Saturday the 19th, these heroes met at the same public-house, in order to proceed to some spot to decide the contest, but through the interference of the police, who had received information, it was postponed to Monday, the 12th of the next month.

In this month two barbers of Bath having quarrelled, agreed to turn out and manfully decide the difference by the fist; one was of the Quixotic cast, tall and lank; the other would not altogether have disgraced a picture of Sancho. After having fought for some time, he whose fat rendered him unfit for bruising, scarcely found breath to whisper "I'll fight no more;" the other anxiously catching the gentle breeze that waft the half-formed sound, cried, "What does he say?"—"Say," exclaimed the second, "Why that he'll fight another hour,"—"The devil he does," rejoins Quixote, "then damn me if I will any longer." Squabby was immediately borne in triumph round the ring as conqueror.

Monday, 12th October, 1801, as had been agreed upon, the long expected battle between James Belcher and Joseph Bourke, was to have taken place at Enfield,

 but

but much to the chagrin of the amateurs and lovers of the pugilistic art, it was prevented by the interposition of Mr. Ford, the magistrate of Bow-street, who, having received information of the intended combat, issued a warrant against Belcher, and on the Sunday night previous Townsend took him into LIMBO. Many circumstances combined to excite a most extraordinary degree of expectation, and produced a multitudinous attendance on this attractive occasion. The late ratification of peace had tended to annihilate fighting; conversation, which had so lively been supported by the race of two famous horses, Sir Solomon and Cockfighter, had now become exhausted in the sporting circle; the combatants being of the highest renown in the science, could not fail to animate every amateur; and, to add still greater numbers to the assembly, a violent thunder-storm on the Saturday night had kept the heroes, who on that evening enjoy themselves, altogether inactive. All the loose cash, all the turbulence that had been amassed that night, now prompted by curiosity, broke forth with increased avidity. The "fight" was the very goal of attraction, it consolidated every vagrant wish, every undecided mind, and every idle hope. This match first became the subject of contemplation from an accidental skirmish, as mentioned in page 136, during the fight between Elias and Tom Jones, at Wimbledon; in which, although Bourke seemingly had the worst of it, the amateurs considered it as a matter of surprise, and no previous training having taken place on either side, much consequence was not attached to the defeat, nor was it considered

decisive

decisive of the merits of the rival heroes. Many knowing-ones, indeed, conceived that Bourke got thrashed in this contest, only through his own rashness, and entertaining flattering hopes of his powers, took him into private nursing—Raw eggs to improve his wind, and raw beef to make him savage, were the glorious non-naturals that composed his regimen, and in all his exercises he topped even expectation's self. All this was done in the anxious trust that Belcher would be backed with great odds, as he was thought to be the favorite with all, excepting those in the secret; they, however, did not manage with all that address which experience proves so requisite to gull the world; it soon spread that Bourke had been in training, and had considerably improved in his sparring; odds then took a contrary direction, but when the amateurs who con o'er these sublime subjects, began to consider that Belcher, although not in training, had lived temperate, was in good condition, and full of stiff meat, he again became the favorite, and on the ground six to four were the standing odds.

The hours appointed in the articles for the decision of the contest were between twelve and two. At about one o'clock Bourke appeared on the stage, stripped, and began to shew play for the amusement of his friends, who did not fail to make the welkin ring with plaudits; however, Belcher not ascending the stage as expected, he dressed himself again, amidst cries of "Where is Belcher?" Bourke immediately assumed the attitude, not of a fighter, but an orator, and in the following eloquent manner addressed the multitude:

"GEMMEN! I COM'D here, d'ye see? to fight JIM Belcher. I'm here and he is'nt. I wish he had; for on the word of a BUTCHER, I'd have CLEAVED his CALF'S HEAD, and given him such a CHOP in the KIDNIES, as would soon have brought him on his MARROW BONES!"

The cry of "Where is Belcher?" still continued, when Gamble, the Irish bruiser, came forward, "Where is he? why at Bow-street, to be sure; he was grabbled on the road." This was not the fact, but something near it. The suspense, however, was not of long duration, two friends of Jemmy's arrived with the sad and melancholy tidings of the QUEER TIP he had met with the last night.

Bill Ward, Gamble, Lee, Jackson, many amateurs, sporting characters, and pick pockets, were present.

Wednesday, November 25, 1801, this frequently BALKED battle between Belcher and Bourke was decided. The greatest secrecy having been observed with respect to the fight, it was not until Tuesday afternoon that the field of battle was precisely determined. A stage was erected at Hurley-bottom, a valley situated about 32 miles from Hyde-park-corner, and about four miles and a half from Maidenhead, between the Henley and Reading roads.

About ten minutes after twelve Belcher mounted the stage, accompanied by his second Joe Ward, and a Bristol youth, unknown in the bruising circles, as his bottle-holder. He immediately began to strip, and when prepared, took the precaution of particularly examining the stage, lest any nail might do him an even-

tual

tual injury. Shortly after Bourke appeared, attended by Harry Lee as his second, and George Rhodes his bottle-holder.

The combatants shook hands and immediately set to. Bets seven to four and two to one on Belcher.

1st round—Several severe blows were exchanged. Bourke put in a well directed hit under his antagonist's right eye, who staggered, closed, and both fell.

2d, 3d, and 4th—During these rounds neither combatants displayed any science, notwithstanding some good blows were reciprocally given and received.

5th—Belcher made a feint with his left hand, and with his right put in so good a hit on the nose of his opponent, that he laid it quite open, and brought him down with great violence. Bets ten to one offered, but refused.

6th—Much shy fighting. Belcher at length struck Bourke over his forehead, and cut him again severely; the blood now issued so freely from his wounds, that Lee could scarcely find handkerchiefs sufficient to keep him clean.

9th—Bourke being the strongest man, threw his antagonist with great violence.

13th—This was the best contested round throughout the battle, and was truly desperate fighting.

16th—At the conclusion of this round Bourke was quite exhausted, and it is but justice to his gallantry and courage to record, that, although in so dreadful a state, he refused to give in, and the yielding word was uttered by his second.

The battle, which undoubtedly was the most desperately

rately contested of any since that of Big Ben and Johnson in the year 1791, lasted 25 minutes, but although it displayed the height of courage on both sides, it was by no means so gratifying to the scientific amateur as many battles of the old school; very few strait blows were struck, but both the combatants fought round, and made a hugging fight of it.

Bourke was much cut and dreadfully bruised in the body; during the fight he displayed wonderful activity and bottom, but not an equal portion of skill. At the conclusion he was immediately put into a post-chaise, but very cruelly left there until after the decision of another battle, and then conveyed to town. This hero was born of Irish Parents, at Wem, in Shropshire, was greatly superior in stature to Belcher, standing above five feet eleven inches in height, and weighed 13 stone; he was very well made, and extremely muscular.

Belcher appeared not the least hurt, and declared he never felt a blow during the whole of the battle; he was very highly elated by having gained the laurel, and still more perhaps the stake. In the insolence of victory he challenged Mendoza, who was present, and offered to fight him in a month for 300 to 200 guineas; to this bravado, Mendoza, greatly to his commendation, calmly answered, that he had given up the pugilistic profession; that he supported by his exertions, as landlord of the Lord Nelson, in Whitechapel, a family of six childern; there was only one man he would fight, which was Jackson; his unhandsome and unfair conduct in a prior contest having excited his

greatest

greatest indignation. He then declared himself ready to fight Jackson for 100 guineas, in proviso, that he should stand up and fight manfully, not availing himself of that sinister, base, and cowardly advantage of pulling or holding the hair of his antagonist.

Belcher was a dashing, genteel young fellow, extremely placid in his demeanor, and without any appearance of superior bodily strength, stripped remarkably well, and displayed much muscle; considering him as a bruiser, he was not a man of science according to the rules of the pugilistic art; he possessed a style peculiar to himself, capable of baffling all regular science, which appeared more intuitive, than gained by practice; he was remarkably quick, sprung backwards and forwards with the rapidity of lightning; you heard his blows, but never saw them; at the conclusion of a round his antagonist was struck and bloody, but he threw in his hits with such adroitness that you could not discern them. This style was perfectly original, and extremely difficult to devise means of withstanding it.

At 20 minutes after one, two second-rate pugilists, Caleb Baldwin and Lee, a butcher, mounted the stage on which Belcher had gained such accumulated laurels, and proved himself the most staunch bruiser of his day.

These combatants immediately set to; for the first 12 rounds no considerable advantage appeared to be gained by either party.

13th—Caleb put in two well directed hits, and brought down the butcher.

14th—Lee put in the first blow, but Caleb threw him.

15th

15th—Caleb gave his adversary a clean cross buttock.

16th—Lee had the advantage; struck his opponent three severe blows, and brought him down.

17th—In this round Caleb displayed most excellent skill, strength, and activity. At the commencement six hard blows were struck, after which Caleb fastening on his antagonist, threw him compleatly over his head; Lee's back rebounded from the stage with great violence.

18th—Caleb slipped and fell.

19th—Caleb gave his antagonist a knock-down blow.

20th—Lee fought this round with determined courage and great skill, but still Caleb had the best of it.

21st—Caleb gave another knock-down blow, and Lee gave in.

The contest lasted 23 minutes, and afforded more amusement and a greater display of science than the preceding between Belcher and Bourke.

Lord Say and Sele, Berkeley Craven, Sir Thomas Appreece, Colonel Montgomery, Captain Taylor, and many other distinguished amateurs were present.

The public challenge which Mendoza gave Jackson, after the fight between Belcher and Bourke, could not fail attracting the notice of the public prints, and Jackson, as a renowned pugilist, could not consistently with his fame, leave such a subject neglected; accordingly in the Oracle, or Daily Advertiser, of Wednesday, December 1, 1801, the following letter appeared:

To the Editor.

Sir, I was somewhat astonished on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a challenge was inserted in your

your paper of Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza. Should I be right in my conclusion, by believing that it comes from that celebrated pugilist, I beg you will inform the public, through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct, by the happiness which I enjoy in private, among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship; goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered as too much arrogance on my part, simply to observe that, after waiting for more than three years to accept the challenge of any pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a silence of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him for his insolence; but Mr. Mendoza derived one great good from the issue of that contest, he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, and more slow in carrying them into effect.

This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years, to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which during that time, he seems to have acquired) to force me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years carefully avoided.

Reluctant, however, as I am, to attract again even

 for

for a moment, the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character, by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza, when and where he pleases, PROVIDED he'll promise to fight, and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the magistrates of Bow-street, or elsewhere.

Flattering myself that your readers, and the public, will pardon this intrusion on their more precious time, I am, Sir, your's and their's most respectfully,

Monday, Nov. 20, 1801. John Jackson.

In a few days after appeared in the same paper the following answer from Mendoza:

Mr. Editor,

It was with inexpressible concern that, in your paper of Wednesday last, I observed a letter signed "John Jackson," purporting to be an answer to a supposed challenge from me, inserted in your detailed account of the recent pugilistic contest at Maidenhead. Mistake me not, Sir, I was not concerned at the contents of Mr. Jackson's elegant effusion, nor in the least affected or surprised at the opprobrious falsity, brazen impudence, or malignant calumny of his assertions, which I deny IN TOTO; but felt particularly hurt at the idea that I was compelled either to sit down tamely under injury, or incur the risque of offending my best friends, and particularly the respectable magistrates of this division, by resuming a profession which, both from principle and conviction, I had wholly relinquished.

In order satisfactorily to refute Mr. Jackson's allegations, it is only necessary to observe, that a month after

our

our battle at Hornchurch, (related at page 118), I waited on him, upbraided him with his unmanly conduct, by laying hold of my hair, and offered to fight him for 200 guineas; Jackson proposed to fight for 100 guineas; and upon that sum being procured, declined fighting under 500 guineas!! Here was courage! Here was consistency! Here was bottom! And yet Mr. Jackson is a man of honour, AND OF HIS WORD!!!

Mr. Editor, after this I left London for five years, which may easily account to Mr. Jackson for the interval of silence. I have fought 32 pitched battles—four with Humphries, (three of which I won), and two with Will Ward, in both of which I was victorious. These two men were both game and good fighters; and of course having received so many blows, my only motive for wishing again to fight Mr. Jackson, must be that spirit of honour and retaliation ever inherent in the breast of man.

Mr. Editor, I again repeat, that I am delicately situated; that I wish to fight Mr. Jackson, and intend it; but that, from a dread of injuring my family, by offending the magistrates as a challenger in a newspaper, (which would be indecorous in a publican), I can only observe, that I should be very happy to see, as soon as possible, either Mr. Jackson, or his friends, at my house, where they shall receive every attention from me, as I wish most earnestly to convince the world what a deep and just sense I entertain of all Mr. Jackson's favours conferred upon

Daniel Mendoza.

Admiral Nelson, Whitechapel-road.

 P. S.

P. S. Allow me to thank you for your liberal impartiality; and through the medium of your valuable paper, to return my acknowledgments to the public, for the many flattering marks I have experienced of their partiality.

Lord Radnor, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Berks, soon after the fight, issued warrants for the apprehension of James Belcher and Joseph Bourke, as combatants, and Harry Lee and Joe Ward, the seconds, "for unlawfully assembling and publicly fighting at Hurley, in the county of Berkshire." They were taken into custody, and on Friday, January 29, 1802, Belcher, Lee, and Ward, appeared at Bow-street, before Mr. Bond, and Mr. Reed of Chelsea, with their bail, (a Mr. Brown, proprietor of CERTAIN houses in Whitcombe-street, and a Mr. Evans, an oyster-merchant, in Hungerford-market), where they entered into sureties for their appearance to answer this charge of the county of Berks, themselves in £200, and their bail in £100 each. Poor Bourke was most shamefully deserted and neglected by all his friends, in this hour of need, and not being able to procure bail, remained "in durance vile" at the common goal of Reading.

Tuesday night, April 6, 1802, Belcher had a display of the art of self-defence, at a public-house called the Pea Hen, in Gray's-inn-lane; Gamble, Belcher, and several pugilists of fame set to, and highly diverted an immense concourse of persons until about ten o'clock, when, Mr. Bond having received information, dispatched officers, who very kindly paid them a visit, and took into custody not only the principals but the whole

whole of the company, and safely lodged them for the night—the gentry of the PEA HEN being all conveyed to the POULTRY.

May, 1802. On the last day of the quarter sessions at Newbury, Bourke, Belcher, Joe Ward, and Harry Lee, appeared with their bail, when Mr. Dundas, the chairman of the sessions, addressed them—He said the prosecution was at the instance of the county, but had been moved by CERTIORARI into the Court of King's Bench. He admonished them to leave off the pugilistic profession, and particularly directed his observations to Belcher, of whose generally peaceable conduct he had heard so favorable a report. The court were very highly pleased at the respectful manner in which they all surrendered themselves to the laws of their country; and it was understood, that unless they were again sufficiently ATROCIOUS to VIOLATE them, they would not be called upon to answer for their misconduct.

At the latter end of this month, May, notwithstanding the preceding advice, the following paragraph appeared in the public prints: "Belcher and Bourke have been matched at Newmarket, by Captain Fletcher and Fletcher Reid, Esq. for 200 guineas a side. Belcher has already set off to Yorkshire, to put himself in training, accompanied by Joe Ward, and Bourke remains in the neighbourhood of Newmarket for the same purpose. The battle is agreed to take place within six weeks, but where or when will be kept as much a secret as possible."

The best accounts of the disappointments these gymnastic

nastic heroes met with in their several attempts to decide this contest, may be collected from the various periodical publications of the day.

YORK HERALD.

BELCHER AND BOURKE.—The boxing match made some time since, at Newmarket, to be fought by the above named persons, it was agreed by the parties, should be decided on Thursday, June 17, between the hours of twelve and two, at the village of Grewelthorpe, about six miles from Ripon. The above village is in the West Riding; the division of that part of the county and the North Riding taking place there. Accordingly in the morning of Thursday, a stage was erected at the bottom of a close adjoining the house of Mr. Pickersgill; the money amounting to £1450 a side, deposited by the parties, and every necessary preparation made. In consequence of information having been previously sent to the magistrates, of the business that was to take place, the very Reverend the Deans of Ripon and Middleham, with several of the justices for the North and West Ridings, attended at Grewelthorpe, and signified their determination to put a stop to all such outrageous proceedings, but finding that the business was likely to be proceeded with, and that a number of people were assembling, they ordered the Riot Act to be read, which was accordingly done about 12 o'clock, by Mr. Taylors, the town clerk. However, between one and two o'clock, Belcher, with his second, &c. went upon the stage, and was followed by Bourke, upon which Mr. Trapps went down to inform them, that if they did not instantly quit the stage, and the neighbour-

neighbourhood, they and their parties would be apprehended. They immediately obeyed, and left Grewelthorpe soon after.

MORNING POST.

Boxing Match.—It appears that on Thursday, June 17, a stage, on which it was intended that Belcher and Bourke should exhibit a fresh trial of their skill and strength, was erected in a bye place about 20 miles distance from Middleham, in Yorkshire, and so conveniently situated for the purpose, that no persons present could have been deprived of a full view of the fight. At one o'clock, Fletcher Reid, Esq. on the part of Belcher, and Captain Fletcher, on behalf of Bourke, met on the appointed spot, to make good the stake of 1450 guineas a side, being the sum for which Belcher and Bourke were matched to fight. The conditions having been fulfilled, Belcher appeared on the stage at a quarter before two o'clock, attended by Joe Ward as his second, and Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder; and shortly after Bourke joined them, with Crabbe, as his bottle-holder, but no second. The two bruisers shook hands, and Bourke observed, "that it would now be determined which was the best man;" to which Belcher replied "he was surprised he did not know that already." There were several hundred persons present on the tiptoe of expectation to see the conflict commence; but the combatants could not set to, as Harry Lee had not ascended the stage, who was Bourke's promised second. On his name being called out among the crowd, he answered to it; but when asked why he did not appear in his place, he gave no other

other explanation than that he would have nothing to do with the fight. This circumstance produced general dissatisfaction, as it was declared, that this determination on the part of Lee, could have only been occasioned by a previous understanding between him and Bourke's friends, who now began to think of the large sums they had betted, and the little chance they had of success. No bets could be procured on the ground without staking considerable odds. As Bourke refused to accept any other second in the room of Lee, all hopes of a contest now vanished, and the champions retired from the stage. Belcher, however, unwilling to disappoint the company, offered to have a few rounds with Bourke for pure LOVE, but he declined, and immediately set off in a post chaise.

Mr. Fletcher Reid, who backed Belcher, made him a present of £50 for his trouble, and £5 to bear his expences to London. He also made a present to Ward his second, and to the bottle-holder, with money to bear their expences to town.

The Yorkshire people, it appears, did not encourage the idea of prize-fighters coming among them, any more than the magistrates of Berkshire, for about one o'clock they were visited by two magistrates and the Dean of York, who desired that no fight might take place, but having no POSSE COMITATUS to enforce their orders, the battle would have proceeded, had it not been for the circumstance we have stated.

July, 1802. In the beginning of this month the following letter from Bourke appeared in the Oracle, or Daily Advertiser:

To

To the Editor.

Sir, The wager for which I was to have fought with Belcher, at Grewelthorpe, in Yorkshire, was 1450 guineas a side; Captain Fletcher betting upon me, and Mr. Fletcher Reid upon Belcher; the match was to be fought between twelve and two.

Captain Fletcher was on the stage half an hour before Mr. Fletcher Reid could make up the sum betted. Belcher did not come upon the stage, until half past one, and then appeared in boots; consequently not very likely with an intention to fight. Immediately on his coming on the stage, Captain Fletcher came to me at the house, and desired me to put on my fighting dress, and be ready immediately, which I directly did. I was then asked by Fletcher Reid, "Where is your second?" I answered, "Let us fight without seconds, for Harry Lee has refused to be one, on account of the magistrates."

I had wished to fight before the hour named, to prevent the interposition of the magistrates; for though no man can more respect their authority, which I would not attempt to resist, I thought it would be fair enough to get the start of them.

Mr. Bolton of York held the bets, to the amount of 2900 guineas.

I had been in training seven weeks at Middleham, and was never in better condition. I ran and leaped with many people and always beat them. I was exceedingly well treated by the people there, and must say that Captain Fletcher behaved amazingly well, and like a gentleman to me. I told him it was not for

the sake of money, but of my honour, that I wanted to fight.

Belcher had not been ten minutes on the stage, when two or three gentlemen came and told him to get off, for that the magistrates had issued their warrants.

Belcher on this was directly going off, when I said "Belcher, stop, and fight at all risques, and we shall see who is the best man." I must say it is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that Belcher made a reply, that "he thought I knew already," for he made no answer, but acted the part of Orator Mum.

It appears odd to me that Joe Ward was at Grewelthorpe the day before, but did not appear the day appointed for the fight at all. I do not wish to impute any thing wrong to him, but think it very strange.

The above is a true statement, which nobody will deny, and which Belcher, if he has a regard for truth, dares not contradict. I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

London, July 1. Joseph Bourke.

August 19, 1802. It being Camberwell fair, these two disappointed and hitherto considered equal champions accidentally met, never having seen each other since their proposed match in Yorkshire. Belcher first espied his pugilistic rival entertaining a number of people with the manner in which he would serve out Belcher the first time he met him; but this seeming to have happened unexpectedly, their first salute was at least civil; Belcher, however, could not help expressing his regret that Bourke should boast every where of his superior prowess, and that he could beat Belcher with ease, that Belcher was afraid to fight, &c. Bourke did

not

not deny these accusations, and they agreed to fight immediately. They then adjourned to the bowling-green belonging to the house where they met, and Bourke attacked Belcher before he could get his shirt off; however, when they fairly met, Belcher put in a well-directed hit, knocked out one of Bourke's front teeth, and following it up with a blow under the ear, brought him down. Bourke not being quite sober, and Belcher indisposed, their friends agreed that they should meet next day at Oxendon-street, Leicester-square; this being settled, they separated.

August 20. The following day they met according to agreement, and after some negociation respecting the order of proceeding, they went, each in a separate hackney coach, accompanied by their friends.

At a little before one o'clock the parties arrived at Tyburn-turnpike, where they immediately fixed on the first open space, a large field directly behind St. George's chapel, which faces Hyde-park. The combat having been so suddenly determined on, very few amateurs were present, excepting Mr. Fletcher Reid and Mr. Crook. There not being time to build a stage, an extensive ring was immediately formed, and the multitude, which was immense, placed around it; the first row almost laying, the second sitting, the third kneeling, and the remainder standing; those behind thinking themselves well favoured if they now and then got a peep.

After walking about for a few minutes they began to strip, and when prepared, Bourke asked Mr. Fletcher Reid, "Whether it should be a fair stand-up fight,"

 "Certainly

"Certainly in any way whatever," said Mr. R. and immediately called Belcher to acquaint him with what Bourke had asked, when he directly said, "Certainly, I can do no otherwise:" Bourke then requested that the pauses between each round might be three quarters of a minute, but Belcher's friends insisted on the old established interval of half a minute.

A purse of thirty guineas was subscribed for the winner, and five for the looser, by the amateurs present. A few minutes after one they entered the ring; Belcher accompanied by Joe Ward as his second, and Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder; and Bourke by Owen as second, and Yokel, a Jew, for his bottle-holder; after the accustomed salutation they set to.

1st round—Bourke shewed in this round that his hope of gaining the battle rested upon his superior strength. He ran in, closed upon Belcher, and tried to throw him, failed, when Belcher dexterously accomplished what his antagonist was so desirous of doing. Some blows were struck, but no blood drawn.

2d—Bourke followed the plan he had commenced with, ran in, and received a well hit blow from Belcher in the throat, which drew blood. They closed, and Belcher again threw his opponent.

3d—Bourke again ran in with great spirit, and with great adroitness planted a sharp blow on the right cheek bone with his left hand; he then put in a severe blow between the shoulder and the breast, which had it been lower, its force would have done some execution; while aiming another blow with his left hand, Belcher rallied, closed, and a third time brought Bourke down.

4th

4th—Bourke rushed upon his adversary, missed his blow, and fell. Here some groaned, calling out "Bourke's at his old tricks," supposing him to be shifting, but his subsequent conduct shewed the fallacy of such a charge.

5th—Bourke ran in with great force, caught Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and threw him in the stile of a cross buttock; Belcher pitched on his head with such force it was feared his neck was broken. A cry of "foul, foul," ran round, but Belcher rose as sprightly as ever, said he was not hurt, and in answer to the cries of "foul," said "No, never mind."

6th—This was one of the most severe rounds that had been fought. Bourke ran in as usual; several severe blows struck on each side. Belcher tremendously struck Bourke on the side of the head, a second on the neck, and a third on the throat, all truly severe; they closed, struggled, changed legs, and each displayed his utmost skill and strength in wrestling; at last both fell, neither being able to claim any advantage.

7th—Bourke lost his gaiety, seemed less eager, and his strength evidently began to fail; when put to the test, he still, however, shewed great spirit. They closed, and Bourke was a fourth time thrown.

8th—Bourke during this round fought on the defensive, but at that he had no chance. Belcher put in several good blows, and terminated the round by bring Bourke down the fifth time.

9th—Bets at this time were twenty to one in favour of Belcher, who did not appear the least exhausted.

While

While sparring, he was nodding and talking to his antagonist, at the same time putting in some most severe and unexpected blows. Bourke was again brought down.

10th—Bourke set to with spirit, and came up to close quarters; Belcher put in some awful hits, and struck unusually sharp; he cut Bourke under the left eye, then under the right, and thirdly, planted a most dreadful blow between the throat and chin, so severe, that it lifted Bourke off his feet, and his head first came to the ground. Belcher fell from the force of his blow, and as they both lay, the blood gushing up Bourke's throat, he collected it in his mouth, and squirted it over Belcher, this he did not relish, and swore he would pay him for it in the next round; Bourke, however, said he did not do it intentionally.

11th—Although Bourke was evidently beaten, and his face one mass of blood, he still showed fight. Some blows were struck, they closed, and Belcher threw Bourke, at the same time falling on his own hands, not wishing to hurt Bourke more by falling on him, which practice is customary, and considered fair in fighting.

12th—Bourke now showed considerable weakness, sat longer on the floor, and required greater assistance from his second than before. This round ended by Belcher's throwing him.

13th—Bourke again came up; Belcher struck five or six blows, closed, and again threw him. Bourke was now heard to express a wish to give in, but his second desiring him to persevere, put a handkerchief to his mouth, and stopped his utterance.

14th

14th—Bourke shewed SPUNK, but his strength was gone; in short he only stood up to be beat; every one manifestly saw he had no chance of success. After a few sharpish blows, Belcher closed and threw him on the chest, where he laid for some seconds, and then yielded the palm.

He was several times asked by Joe Ward if he had given in, and distinctly answered, yes! He could scarcely see or stand, and was so shockingly cut about the face, that it was impossible to distinguish a feature. His friends placed him in a hackney coach, and carried him to a house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

Belcher carried no marks of the battle, excepting the bruise on his cheek bone, and his left shoulder. After the battle was over he leaped with great agility, and having walked three times round the field, left it on foot. His style of fighting in this contest was his own peculiarly, putting in with astonishing rapidity his three successive blows, and knowing Bourke's superiority of strength, avoided closing whenever he was able.

The whole of the bets depending on the intended Yorkshire battle, was decided by this contest.

Tuesday, August 24, Mr. Fletcher Reid, the pugilistic amateur, gave a dinner at the One Tun public house, in St. James Market, to a number of the professors of boxing. Bourke was there, and in the evening Belcher called in, when Mr. Reid addressed Bourke, telling him he must now be convinced it was impossible for him to beat Belcher, and asked him to give him his hand, which he immediately consented to do,

do, and the two champions set down at the same table, and spent the remainder of the day in good humour. Bourke was astonishingly recovered, and said he felt no inconvenience now from the fight, but being a little stiff. In the course of the evening a wager was made between him and Jack Ward, Bill's son, to run 100 yards, for two guineas, which they immediately decided, and Bourke won by five yards.

Friday, October 8, 1802, James Belcher was carried before Nicholas Bond, Esq. and Sir William Parsons, at the Public-office, Bow-street, being taken into custody on a warrant of Lord Ellenborough's, dated the 22d of July, 1802, in order to give bail for his appearance next term in the Court of King's Bench, to answer an indictment found against him for certain riots and misdemeanors; alluding to the battle he fought with Bourke at Hurley-bottom, in Berkshire, (vide page 140), and which had been removed from the quarter-sessions to that court, where it would have rested, as before understood, had he not lately fought another battle.

The recognizance was himself in £200, and two sureties in £100 each.

Thursday, October 14, a battle was fought in the Cottagers-piece, near Nuneaton, between Tom Cart and James Sidwell. At twelve o'clock the combatants set to. In the first four rounds, in which there was much good and hard fighting, Cart had the best of it. The odds, which before the battle were greatly in favour of Sidwell, now changed to 100 guineas to 10 in favour of Cart. They fought 59 rounds in an hour and five minutes, when Sidwell gave in.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, October 26, a boxing match was fought at Wormwood-scrubbs, through which the Paddington-canal runs, about four miles from Hyde-park-corner, between John O'Donnel and Pardo Wilson, Belcher's brother-in-law, two well-tried pugilists, and both had hitherto always proved successful in their attempts. The contest was for 20 guineas a side.

Wilson was about 30 years of age, and O'Donnel not more than 18, but had slightly the advantage in height and weight.

About one o'clock, a ring was attempted to be formed, but such numbers of people had assembled, that it was not without the greatest trouble it was accomplished by two, when the combatants immediately entered; O'Donnel accompanied by two of his own countrymen, and Wilson by Belcher for his second, and Tom Jones bottle-holder; they began to strip immediately, both appeared in very high spirits, and eyed each other minutely. When ready the seconds proposed that they should toss up for the side of the ring, each being desirous to avoid the sun; this was agreed to, and the advantage gained by Wilson, in whose favour bets appeared to be.

At five minutes past two o'clock, after the usual ceremony, the heroes set to.

1st round—Both displayed great stile and kept a strong guard for some time. O'Donnel put in the first blow, which Wilson parried and returned; both fell; O'Donnel having received a blow on the lip, bled a little.

2d—Wilson made a feint, but his opponent struck him at the same time; a few sharp blows passed, when O'Donnel gave Wilson a cross buttock.

3d—In this round O'Donnel displayed great strength. Wilson fell back, and with great success chopped at his adversary as he came up to him. Some hard fighting ensued, and O'Donnel knocked down his antagonist. Bets now changed in favour of the Irishman.

4th—This round began with some good straight-forward fighting. O'Donnel aimed several blows at the body, which Wilson dexterously stopped and returned. O'Donnel, however, followed him up until he fell. Wilson's strength appeared to be failing.

5th—Wilson seemed afraid of his opponent, and manœuvred a great deal round the ring; O'Donnel, however, stuck close to him, and put in the first blow, and Wilson, though apparently not hurt, fell. Odds were now three to one in favour of O'Donnel.

6th—Wilson at the beginning put in a successful blow at O'Donnel's head; after which O'Donnel gave a body blow, and brought down his adversary. It now appeared settled, but Wilson's friends persisted he had not yet shewn any of his best play.

7th—Wilson now tried to alter his mode of fighting, by allowing O'Donnel to strike, stopping the blow, and returning it with the same arm; but in this he failed, his returns not being successful. O'Donnel followed up, and again brought down his opponent.

8th—Immediately they were up, they set to with great eagerness, and displayed some excellent straight-forward

ward fighting. Wilson now appeared to recruit his strength, but it soon failed again, and he fell.

9th—O'Donnel struck his adversary on the temple, Wilson reeled, and receiving another blow, fell again.

10th—This was a very short round; Wilson received a violent blow on the ribs, reeled, and fell against the people, when Belcher advised him to give in, to which he consented.

O'Donnel being now declared the conqueror, his countrymen, of whom there were numbers present, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him out in triumph.

On the same evening Belcher had engaged the theatre, Sadler's Wells, for a display of the art of self-defence, as his benefit. Thousands were on tiptoe to go, but before night the magistrates exerted their authority, and closed the house for the season, greatly to the disappointment of the lovers of pugilism.

Monday, November 15, 1802, a match having been made between O'Donnel, the successful combatant in the last related bottle, and one Smith, a boot-closer; they met at Wormwood-scrubbs, the seat of O'Donnel's triumph, to decide the contest, for 20 guineas. Lenox seconded O'Donnel, and Anderson, Smith.

After some trouble, and by the aid of Caleb Baldwin, the lad who beat Jack Lee at Hurley-bottom, (vide page 143), they formed a ring; the combatants entered, and five minutes after two o'clock set to.

1st round—Much sparring; O'Donnel put in the first blow, a straight-forward hit with his right hand, and struck his adversary under the left eye. Smith

 aimed

aimed a blow at his opponent's head, which O'Donnel caught with his hand, and returned it with a blow on the side of the head. They closed and fell, O'Donnel having the advantage by being uppermost.

2d—Much sparring; Smith put in two body blows, but weak, both closed and fell, Smith under again.

3d—Smith gave his antagonist a severe knock-down blow, by which he fell.

4th—Both shifted; O'Donnel displayed good science, when retreating and followed up by Smith, he put in several well planted body blows, and brought Smith down, but in falling, Smith struck a tremendous blow in the face of his opponent.

5th—Smith struck O'Donnel on the jaw; the round was well contested, several severe blows being exchanged, by one of which O'Donnel fell.

6th—Smith being off his guard, O'Donnel put in a most severe right-handed blow on the head, but Smith quickly recovered, they closed and fell. O'Donnel beginning to appear weak, odds were five to four in Smith's favour.

7th—This was a hard round; Smith threw in three uncommonly clean blows; O'Donnel closed and both fell; Smith under.

8th—A great deal of hard fighting, but O'Donnel shifted; they closed and fell; O'Donnel under. Bets still remained five to four on Smith.

9th—O'Donnel had the best of this round, put in most blows; Smith in striking, slipped and fell.

10th—O'Donnel seemed endeavouring to rally his courage and irritate his adversary, by pointing and smiling;

smiling; Smith, however, put in some severe blows; they closed, fell, and O'Donnel was again under. Bets now rose two to one in favour of Smith.

11th—It was some time before any blows were struck, both shifting; they closed and O'Donnel gave his antagonist a cross buttock, something in the Belcher style.

12th—O'Donnel evidently mended, both fought well; they closed and Smith fell under. Odds still were six to four in favour of Smith.

13th—Smith threw in two severe blows with great dexterity, one in the face, and the other in the pit of the stomach, by which O'Donnel fell; while going Smith tried to give him a cross buttock, but failed.

14th—Both put in some hard blows, but O'Donnel had the advantage; Smith fell.

15th—In O'Donnel's favour.

16th—Both shifted; much sparring; Smith fell, but still had the best of the round.

17th—Smith in retreating, fell; no blows struck.

18th—This round was very short, but in favour of O'Donnel; Smith fell by a blow.

19th—After a few tolerably hard blows were exchanged, Smith struck O'Donnel with great force on the left side of the head; they then closed and Smith fell under.

20th—At the end of this round Smith had a most tremendous fall; O'Donnel also fell on him with great violence.

21st—Both fought hard, but O'Donnel brought down his adversary. Bets now became even.

22d

22d—O'Donnel put in a severe blow on the side of the head, Smith slipped and fell. After fighting these twenty-two rounds, neither displayed external injury, excepting the black eye Smith got in the first round.

23d—After much sparring and shifting, O'Donnel brought his opponent down. Odds now had changed in favour of O'Donnel.

24th—Smith had the best of this round; after several hard blows had been exchanged, O'Donnel in making a hit, slipped, fell forwards, and pitched upon his head.

25th—In this round O'Donnel displayed great activity, and by a well-directed blow brought down his opponent.

26th—Smith put in some good body blows and O'Donnel fell.

27th—In this round the greatest science was displayed by both parties; some blows were well struck, in which Smith had the advantage; they closed and fell; Smith under.

28th—This round was equal if not superior to the last in scientific display; Smith aimed all his blows at the head, and O'Donnel at the body, by which Smith had the advantage; they closed and fell; Smith being under again.

29th—Here O'Donnel manifestly evinced great advantage; Smith fell. Odds now rose five to four in favour of O'Donnel.

33d—In this round O'Donnel shewed still greater superiority; he put in several very severe blows about the

the ribs, and his antagonist was retreating, he struck him in the face, and brought him down.

34th, 35th, 36th, and 37th—In every round Smith fell. Odds rose to six to four on O'Donnel.

38th—O'Donnel struck Smith in the pit of the stomach, and he fell; this blow thoroughly winded him, and it was supposed the battle would have been finished, but Smith by his proper time appeared again.

39th to 43d—All these rounds were very short, and O'Donnel evidently had the advantage.

44th—O'Donnel from having continually throughout the combat used his right hand, had severely strained it, and it was expected that this circumstance would have obliged him to give in, but dexterously putting in a blow with the left hand, he brought down his adversary.

45th—O'Donnel in this round repeated his winding dose in the stomach, which undoubtedly decided the battle, for Smith never afterwards struck any blow of consequence.

The 48th—decided the contest in favour of the Hibernian; Smith being almost too much exhausted to support his guard, O'Donnel by a dreadful blow brought him down, when he immediately gave in, after a contest of one hour and 20 minutes. O'Donnel throughout the battle had constantly struck his antagonist on the left ribs, which part when the battle ceased was perfectly raw.

Coady, Gamble, Bourke, Belcher, Wood, and many professors of the art were present.

O'Donnel's countrymen carried him home in triumph, exulting in his glory.

On

On Monday, December 13, 1802, a boxing match was fought between Pittoon, the Jew, and George Maddox, both good pugilists, for 20 guineas a side. The parties first repaired to Wormwood-scrubbs, the seat of so much bruising renown, where, greatly to their disappointment, and highly vexatious to the attending multitude, they found several Bow-street officers, attended by a large routine of constables, had taken possession of the ground. In this unpleasant situation the fighting gentry held a council of war, when it was determined that each party should separate and meet again at the five mile-stone on the Edgeware-road, thus eluding the vigilance of their intruders. When George Maddox and his friends had arrived at the appointed RENDEZVOUS, no Jew was there, and after waiting for two hours in anxious expectation, all hopes of a battle was given up, and they were preparing to return to town, but just as they were starting, a courier arrived with the information that Pittoon was waiting for his opponent on Wimbledon-common; with encreased spirits they immediately set off by way of Putney, again to contest the palm at the shrine of the noted Abbershaw. At a quarter before three o'clock they arrived, the two combatants directly began to strip, a ring having been formed, and at precisely five minutes before three they set to; Pittoon was seconded by Lyons, and Maddox by Joe Ward.

For the first three rounds the Jew evidently had the advantage, having three successive times brought down his opponent, and receiving himself but the slightest injury. The combatants now seemed to lay aside science for

for a display of main strength, and for several following rounds the odds changed seven to four in favour of Maddox. From the sixty-eighth to the seventy-third round Pittoon exerted his utmost strength, and had recovered and well supported the superiority.

In the seventy-fourth round Pittoon most conclusively was the favorite, and Maddox, who was most dreadfully beat both about the face and body, undoubtedly must have yielded, had not his brother and friends broke into the ring and stopped the battle, under pretence of its being dark. A general engagement now took place, in which sticks and fists were unusually dexterous in producing contusions and bloodshed; at length, however, it was settled that the combatants should not that night resume the battle, as they had been engaged for one hour and ten minutes, during which time they had severely contested 74 rounds, and displayed bottom unprecedented in the annals of pugilism.

Tuesday, the 18th of January, 1803, was the day determined upon for the decision of a pugilistic contest between O'Donnel, who was now considered by the Irish as their champion, and the restorer of their fame in the noble science of pugilism, and one Henigan, a new candidate of bruising celebrity, brought forward and matched by Jackling, the brother of the well-known and lamented Tom Johnson. On the night before, however, both these heroes, notwithstanding they each boasted strength in the fore paw, felt somewhat confused by a visit from Armstrong, who without much ceremony conveyed them to Worship-street, and bound

 them

them in sureties of £400 to keep the peace for six months. O'Donnel on hearing this considered the fight at an end, but Henigan fearing lest such a restriction might blast his rising genius, determined to run all risques, and accordingly repaired to Dulwich, the appointed campus martius; his opponent, however, was not there, and the whole returned with great chagrin depicted in the countenance.

A second battle was to be fought on the same ground, but these heroes, Smith, a boot-maker, and David, a heel-maker, with great policy retired to some more unmolested spot; to the old field of the renowned battle between Belcher and Bourke, in the Edgeware-road. In point of stature, Smith was a perfect Goliath to David, but the annointed having great science, was still the favorite. For the first five rounds, which were very severe fighting, David evidently had the advantage, but then he began to fail, and the strength of his opponent preponderated; he, however, had not the mortification of being conquered, as Smith in the thirty-fifth round put in a foul blow, and struck him when down. His friends immediately carried him off in triumph, and declared him the victor.

Another fight took place between Cogan and Wallam, in which the former was victorious.

Monday, February 14, 1803, a match was fought on Wimbledon-common, between Smith, the boot-closer, and the late unsuccessful opponent of O'Donnel, and Curry, some years since considered a decent bruiser, for 20 guineas a side. At one o'clock the parties set to, and for the first and second rounds, Smith

Smith, who was by much the strongest man, had the advantage. The third round was admirably contested by both parties, but Curry brought down his antagonist by a severe blow on the temple. Bets remained even from this time to the tenth, when odds were laid in favour of Curry, but unfortunately in the thirteenth round he sprained his hand, and rendered it totally useless; Curry, however, still fought on with great spirit, notwithstanding his inferiority, until the nineteenth round, when he gave in, and Smith was declared the victor.

After his accident he was frequently urged to give give in, but refused, as he said, for two reasons; first, he must shew his bottom, and again he must let his friends be assured he had made the best of a bad business.

Lord Milsington, Captain Mills, Belcher, Bourke, Jackling, Pittoon, George Maddox, and some few others of less note, were on the ground.

John Firby, the pugilist, otherwise known by the appellation of the Young Ruffian, having acquired great fame by his various contests, was about this time considered the only bruiser capable of coping with our Bristol hero, James Belcher; a match was accordingly made by the Dons of the Newmarket race-course, and a purse of 100 guineas collected as the prize. The day fixed for the battle was Tuesday, April 12, 1803. The magistrates both of Suffolk and Cambridge hearing of this intended meeting between these two champions of the fist, exerted their greatest influence and authority in order to prevent it, and on the Monday

evening previous sent notice to them not to fight; a secret meeting was however immediately held by all the amateurs of pugilism, and it was finally determined that they should repair to the nearest spot of ground in the county of Essex, where they might fight unmolested by those rigid magistrates; accordingly by six o'clock the next morning, every one in the secret was on fire, all in bustle, procuring vehicles and horses for their conveyance. At seven o'clock Belcher started in a post-chaise, seated between the two Wards; Joe for his second, and Bill his bottle-holder; they pursued the London-road, followed by an immense retinue, until they arrived at Bone-bridge, when they turned to the left, passed through Linton, instilling awe into the astonished inhabitants, who could conceive nothing else but that the French were come. When they had got to the distance of half a mile beyond Linton, and about 15 from Newmarket, being in the appointed county, they immediately turned out of the road on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved to decide the contest. To prevent a possibility of any interruption, it was judged expedient to be as active as possible; they immediately commenced the formation of a ring, which was accomplished without much difficulty, there not being many pedestrians; this being executed, the combatants were called, and informed that the collection was 100 guineas, but with regard to the terms on which they contested, they must themselves decide; they immediately agreed 90 guineas for the winner, and 10 for the loser.

The combatants without loss of time began to strip, and

and after the usual ceremony, set to at a quarter past nine.

1st round—Every countenance expressed the greatest anxiety, while each stood on his guard, in expectation of his opponent's blow. The combatants remained inactive for some seconds, when Firby put in a blow at the head, which Belcher avoided, and immediately returned by two blows left and right, but without much effect; they closed, and both fell; Belcher underneath. Many offers to take two to one that the Ruffian would win, but few betters.

2d—Belcher immediately struck Firby in the mouth, from which blood most copiously flew, and following it up by a right handed blow on the side, brought his antagonist down. Odds were now three to one in favour of Belcher.

3d—No harm on either side; this round Firby at the commencement aimed a blow at his opponent's head, which he caught, and gave a returning blow, which Firby likewise parried with much dexterity; Belcher again made a blow which was also stopped, he, however, followed up his opponent fighting half armed, and Firby fell.

4th—Both combatants rallied, and both put in some severe blows. They closed, Belcher fell, and while on his knee Firby struck him. A cry of "foul, foul," resounded from all sides, Belcher appealed for a decision of the point, but wished to go on rather than take advantage of such a circumstance. At this time a parson and a constable arrived from Linton, and endeavoured to prevent the further progress

gress of the battle, but the combatants not paying much attention to the sacred cloth, or the legal staff, commenced the

5th round—Firby, who now had a black eye, and vomited a great deal of blood, shifted, and seemed afraid to approach his antagonist; Belcher facetiously beckoned to him, when he came up and struck, but so slowly, that Belcher avoided it by a jerk of the head, and while he was making a violent hit at Firby's side, he fell. Belcher smiled, but his opponent was evidently distressed.

6th—In this round, which undoubtedly was the best contested throughout the battle, it became apparent that Belcher's strength increased, whilst that of his adversary was very much exhausted. Firby, with much irritability, made some severe hits at Belcher, which he, however, either parried or avoided, so that not one of them told. Belcher smiled and looked about him with the greatest composure, even in the heat of the round, and carefully watching, put in a well-directed blow in the stomach, at the same time closing, he gave his antagonist a cross buttock with great violence.

7th—Much hard straight-forward fighting on both sides, but Firby had the worst of it. Odds ten to one on Belcher.

8th—Firby rallied, made a hit which Belcher stopped with great adroitness, and immediately struck Firby over the mouth, cutting his lips severely; Firby, however, returned it by a sharp hit, but did not draw blood. Odds in this round sunk from ten to five to one.

9th

9th—At the first onset Belcher put in a severe blow over his antagonist's right eye, and immediately resuming a defensive attitude, very cheerfully said, "How do you like that Johnny?" Firby made a desperate blow, but over-reached himself, and fell; Belcher smiled, and while he was down pointed at him with great irony.

11th—Belcher followed his opponent round the ring, and put in some severe blows, which Firby stopped, but not effectually; Belcher at length gave him a knock-down blow, when his friends insisted he should give in.

The contest lasted 20 minutes, during which time Firby never had any chance of success. He had ever been considered a first-rate pugilist, and consequently the amateurs expected one of the best displays of science that ever had been witnessed, but whether Belcher's name overawed him, or he really had fallen off in his style of fighting, in this contest fell much short of what was anticipated. Belcher after the battle had not the mark of a blow perceivable.

Thursday, May 12, 1803. Mr. Garrow this day moved for the judgment of the court on four defendants, James Belcher; Joseph, but in the indictment erroneously called Edmund Bourke; Joe Ward, called also erroneously James, and Henry Lee, who were described to be labourers.

These defendants had allowed judgment to go by default.

The indictment charged, that being persons of evil and malicious dispositions, and fighters, duellers, rioters, &c.

&c. had, on the 25th of November, (vide page 140), in the county of Berks, conspired and combined together, that James Belcher and Edmund Bourke should fight a duel, and that the other two defendants should be aiding and assisting in the said fight and duel: and that in pursuance of that conspiracy, Belcher and Bourke unlawfully and riotously assembled together, with 50 others, to the disturbance of the public peace; and that Belcher and Bourke fought a duel, and the other two were present, aiding and assisting together with 50 other persons.

Mr. Garrow, the learned counsel for the prosecution, said, it was his duty to address a few observations to the court on this case. This was a prosecution which had been instituted by the noble lord (Lord Radnor) who was at the head of the magistracy of the county of Berks, in order to check an offence, which had grown to an enormous extent. The object of this prosecution was to bring these defendants before this court, that having their Lordships' opinion expressed on the subject of this intolerable grievance, if this offence was to go on, and to be repeated, those who were at the bottom of this proceeding, for their own base and scandalous purposes, might be indicted as principals, to answer for their own offences. He should not abuse the time of the court by making any general observations on the practice of prize-fighting, or on the dangerous consequences which the records of the country shewed too frequently proceeded from such exhibitions; but he should confine himself to the present complaint, and the great danger to the public peace, from the

the practice being carried on in the manner it was done in this case. One would suppose it impossible to find such scenes acted in a country where there was any thing like a police, and a number of justices of the peace in every county. It was difficult to suppose that 20, 30, or 40 miles distant from the metropolis, without the least suspicion of the magistrates residing in the neighbourhood, of any such thing, that there should be almost a countless number of thousands, he was sorry to say, of all descriptions, some of the highest orders of the county, and immense numbers of the dregs of the people, to see one of these brutal exhibitions, between two unhappy creatures, who were ready for the perpetration of any mischief. The magistrates felt that, without the countenance of that court, it was impossible for them to repress this mischief. There was one circumstance to which he wished to draw their Lordships' attention. He had reason to think that, as attention had been lately paid to the amelioration of the people, by a wish to amend their laws, he had reason to think that it had not escaped his Lordship's notice to make provision whenever such an exhibition of this kind should again take place. The place fixed on for such battles was always on the extremity of a county; so that, if by any accident the magistrates of the county having been informed of it, should put an end to it, they might go into the next adjoining county, where they could not be pursued. It would therefore be an improvement of our law, if the magistrates of that county where the original riot was occasioned, being qualified to act in county A. might be able to

 pursue

pursue them and act in county B. This was a subject worthy of deep and mature consideration. The truth of the matter was, that he rather wished to disarm their Lordships' of their vengeance against these defendants. The object of this prosecution was prospective and not to punish. The disorder and mischief did not originate in the minds of these unhappy persons now standing before the court for judgment; but this, like many other vices, had become a trade; and it was one of the most lamentable circumstances of this very battle, that one of these unhappy creatures, who had been confined in the King's Bench for months, and who had not been in training for that battle, was brought out of that gaol by those people who were to bet against him. That was the case with respect to Bourke. He said he could mention the names of those who had brought that man out of prison, in order that they might bet on his head, careless if he should fall in the battle. After the battle they put him into a post-chaise for half an hour, speechless and senseless, while they looked on another battle; so that they had in one corner of the field an E O table, in another the elegant amusement of a man running against a sow, and in a different quarter this battle. When this indictment was found, the defendants shewed the most ready obedience to the law. When the defendant that was brought out of gaol found himself in gaol again, in consequence of this battle, no good Samaritan was found to come to his relief, but he had suffered a considerable length of imprisonment. What he was instructed to say was this, and he certainly did it with a con-

a considerable degree of diffidence, and he hoped the court would forgive it, if it was not strictly proper. The object of this prosecution was for the purpose of prospective operation, and the persons whose names appeared as the patrons of this art, would learn to day, that they too were liable to be indicted for conspiring against the public peace. The magistrates would know their power, and he trusted they would exert it with success, if this offence should happen to be repeated in that county. If the court should think the public might be protected by what he was instructed to suggest, he should be perfectly satisfied that the defendants instead of being called upon for judgment up to the extent of this offence, which is a most serious one, and which, under all the circumstances, it was not, perhaps, fit for him to ask, as they had made their submission; if they would enter into a recognisance of a very considerable size, undertaking to attend to receive the judgment of the court, when called upon for that purpose; and, in the mean time, to keep the peace and conduct themselves with propriety; but he submitted that the recognisance should be of considerable size, so that if it were forfeited, one of these amateurs who wished to bet, might find it extremely inconvenient to buy any of the defendants out of gaol.

Mr. Erskine observed, he was counsel for the defendants, and after the lenity that had been expressed on the part of the prosecution, it was unnecessary for him to make any observations. He should have found it extremely difficult to have suggested any argument in such a case against the severity of punishment.

Mr. Const said, he also was of counsel for the defendants, and should follow the example of Mr. Erskine.

Lord Ellenborough—" Are there any persons who are disposed to enter into a recognisance for them?

Mr. Garrow said, they had nobody to enter into recognisance for them, but they might become bound for each other.

Lord Ellenborough thought it might be too hard upon them to make each bound for the other. " This is, said his lordship, a practice certainly which must be repressed. It is infinitely mischievous in its immediate effect to the limbs and life of the combatants themselves. It draws industrious people away from the subject of their industry; and when great multitudes are so collected, they are likely enough to be engaged in broils. It affords an opportunity for people of the most mischievous description to assemble, under the colour of seeing this exhibition, and to do a great deal of mischief; in short, it is a practice that is extremely injurious in every respect and must be repressed. There is no affidavit giving us any particular account of this conspiracy to fight; it may, therefore, be enough at present, that each of the defendants enter into his own recognisance of £400. It is not likely there will be any subscription for that sum; but if there should, and the humane views of the prosecutor be defeated, the court will pass a judgment which nobody can prevent. Each of the defendants will enter into his own recognisance for £400, that he will, when called upon, attend to receive the judgment of the court, and in the mean time to keep the peace and be

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of good behaviour. Every person procuring this fighting, is implicated in a similar conspiracy with the persons who fight, and is liable to the same description of punishment."

The defendants accordingly entered in recognisance and were discharged.

July, 1803. The latter end of this month Jack Bartholomew, the well-known bruiser, who for some time past had enjoyed but very indifferent health, died in the Almonry, Westminster. He left a particular request that his body should be examined, which was complied with, and his liver found remarkably enlarged and scirrhus, also that he should be buried as near as possible to St. Margaret's watch-house.

On Friday, July 24, James Belcher, while playing at fives in the court in Little St. Martin's-lane, received a blow from a ball struck by the marker, with such astonishing violence, as literally to knock his eye almost from the socket.

From this accident, and his having been obliged to enter into recognisance for peaceable behaviour, he in compliance with the wishes of his friends, resolved to fight no more prize battles, and on this determination, and in order more effectually to prevent any necessity for his doing so, several amateurs made a very liberal subscription, and placed him in a public-house in Frith-street, Soho, called the Coach and Horses.

Bristol, which for many years had stood pre-eminent for the production of celebrated bruisers, about this time brought forward a hero that bid fair to rival Bourke, who since the retirement of Belcher considered himself

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the champion. This was Henry Pearce, better known afterwards by the appellation of the Game Chicken. This candidate for pugilistic fame having gained great reputation in the neighbourhood of Bristol, Belcher particularly invited to town, as he himself intended to retire from the busy scenes of fighting, and would exert himself to get him patronage; allured by such flattering promises he came to London, but Bourke being bound in recognisance of £400 for his good conduct, could not engage in any pitched battle; he, however, was determined on the first opportunity to irritate the Chicken, and if possible produce a combat.

Thursday, August 11, 1803, being a grand day for the sportsmen and amateurs of bull baiting, a large assemblage met in the neighbourhood of Shooter's-hill, to enjoy this glorious and fascinating amusement. The Chicken being a stranger to town, was of course with great assiduity and care ushered into all the busy scenes of LIFE and SPORT, consequently it could not be expected that he would be absent from the baiting of what was called a well-drilled bull. Bourke was also present; and on the road home, these two already considered rivals in bruising fame, eyed each other with minute attention, and not unfrequently threw a glance of envy. In the course of the evening, after their arrival in town, they met each other again, at the Fives-court, in St. Martin's-lane, and by this time stories had been very industriously circulated of the contempt each bore for the other's pugilistic powers; this produced a quarrel, and a battle was the result, for they immediately agreed to fight; a private room was or-

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dered to be lighted up, and notice sent round to all the amateurs, who by 12 o'clock had assembled to a great number. Some little arrangements now took place, bets were actively laid and accepted, the combatants went through the usual ceremony, and immediately set to.

The contest consisted of 15 rounds, and lasted 20 minutes; the whole straight-forward hard fighting, without either shifting, or any display of science. Bourke frequently endeavoured to parry his antagonist's blows, or to fall back and avoid them, but both efforts were in vain, as the Chicken, who would not allow a minute to be lost in sparring, put in his blows so straight, quick, and hard, that he rendered them totally irresistible. Bourke did not want spirit, but still shewed a manifest inferiority by his slow and round style of fighting; he was twice knocked down apparently dead, by such tremendous blows, that all present confessed they never before saw given.

After the battle, Bourke acknowledged, though hardly able to articulate, it was the soundest drubbing he ever had.

Monday morning, September 26, 1803, a boxing match having been determined on between Jemmy from Town, and Hopping Morgan, they each accompanied by their seconds and bottle-holders, Caleb Baldwin and George Maddox acting for Jemmy, and Seabrook, the dustman, and a bricklayer, who was but a mere amateur in the science, for Morgan, met at the Elephant and Castle, at the top of the Kent-road, intending to decide the contest in Lock's-fields, but it being

being suggested that they might be interrupted there be the police, they journeyed on to Kennington-common, where a ring was immediately formed, and a few minutes after eleven, the combatants set to.

At starting Hopping Morgan put in a successful hit over his antagonist's mouth, and cut his lip severely; they closed and Jemmy fell. This superiority Morgan supported throughout the following ten rounds, but here having sprained his hand, odds changed against him, and after 26 rounds Morgan gave in. Morgan after his accident, notwithstanding he was by far the most scientific boxer, evidently fought at great disadvantage, both from the sprain, and also the lameness in his foot preventing his retreating from a blow which he was unable to stop. In the last round he received so severe a blow in the stomach, that for some moments he was entirely deprived of all power of utterance.

A match having been made between Caleb Baldwin and John O'Donnel, the Irish pugilist, they agreed to fight for a purse of £50; but, as great apprehension was entertained that they would be prevented by the police, the utmost caution was observed to keep the business secret; Wimbledon-common was, however, the spot determined upon, and accordingly on Friday morning, October 21, 1803, in order more effectually to trick the officers, the combatants and amateurs started by different roads, appointing our old friend Abbershaw as their rendezvous. At twelve o'clock all had arrived; vehicles of all descriptions, and some thousands of pedestrians graced the valley before the gibbet; a ring was

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immediately formed, and at half past twelve O'Donnel entered, followed by the veteran Caleb; they immediately set to, odds being six to four, in favour of Baldwin.

1st round—O'Donnel put in the first blow in his adversary's side; Caleb returned very dexterously both right and left, then closing, threw his opponent.

2d—O'Donnel fought very shy, but Caleb stuck up, followed him round the ring, and put in several severe blows, which were well parried by his adversary. It was here thought O'Donnel was endeavouring to wind Caleb, however, he did not fall off in putting in his blows, and having got O'Donnel to the edge of the ring, put in a most severe body hit, and brought him down.

3d—At the commencement of this round O'Donnel appeared sick from the effects of the last blow, which Caleb perceiving, stuck to him closely, not allowing him even time for breath; O'Donnel tried to avoid him, but failed; they closed, and Caleb again threw him. Odds had now risen as high as four to one.

4th—This round was well contested by both combatants. O'Donnel had recovered, came up in better spirits, and fought more manfully; he put in several good blows, and cut his opponent over the right eye; they closed, and O'Donnel for the first time threw Caleb.

5th—The sun now was extremely troublesome, particularly to O'Donnel, who shifted and tried hard to get the shady side, but Caleb's dexterity was not to

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be out done. Some severe straight-forward blows were given on both sides, but O'Donnel's last brought down his opponent a second time. His friends now again began to hope for success, and odds triflingly changed.

6th—O'Donnel came up smiling; Caleb made several blows tell; a blow from O'Donnel made him stagger, on which he rushed in, and with great violence knocked down O'Donnel.

7th—This although not the last was the decisive round. O'Donnel set to with great spirits, and displayed great courage and excellent science. Caleb made several feints, which by many was considered weakness, and the odds fell back to even betting; Caleb, however, caught his opponent off his guard, and planted a most severe blow in his kidnies, which had a visible effect; they closed, and O'Donnel was thrown.

8th—The effects of the blow, so powerfully put in by Caleb in the last round, were so great, that O'Donne was scarcely able to stand. Caleb shewed as mu fight as ever, followed him up, put in several go blows, and concluded both the round and the batt by giving his opponent a violent cross buttock.

O'Donnel was immediately led off the ground great distressed both by the kidney blow and the last fa was placed in a hackney-coach, but his friends ne lected him even more than Bourke's did, they l him there without any assistance for near two hou while Caleb was carried in triumph round the grou and also to the termination of another battle, he after related, which consisted of 40 rounds.

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This match was extremely even with respect to person and skill of the combatants; both had fought numerous battles, but neither had been beaten. Caleb was about eight pounds heavier than his opponent, but being some years older, youth on the part of O'Donnel was considered equivalent.

Immediately after the conclusion of this combat, another was contested, which perhaps may be as extraordinary as any which stands recorded on the annals of pugilism. The combatants were Beckley, better known by the neat appellation of Blue Breeches, and Clarke, nick-named Bung, and although these heroes of the fist did not display all the science of Mendoza or Belcher, they undoubtedly evinced a degree of courage that has been rarely surpassed. A little after one they set to.

1st round—This round displayed more of the ludicrous than the serious, for Beckley without keeping any ground, run at his adversary, and Clarke by a slight hit brought him down. The style in which this was done by both parties was such as to excite a hearty laugh, but would be found somewhat difficult to describe, and must therefore be left to the happy conception of the amateur.

d—In this round neither shewed science, both fought round, and put in several severe blows; they closed, and Blue Breeches was thrown.

d and 4th—No science; both terminated by the two combatants coming down.

h—Here there was some good straight-forward fighting; Beckley put in a severe blow over his opponent's

nent's nose, drew his claret, and brought him down.

6th—Bung put in a well-directed blow upon the mouth, which Beckley, however, dexterously returned. It was now generally considered that skill was out of the question, as neither combatant stopped any blow but by the head or the body, and each seemed to rely on his strength and bottom.

7th—Beckley rallied and brought down his adversary.

8th—Each combatant put in a good blow alternately, really as though by agreement; at the end neither could see for blood. Bung had displayed advantage for several last rounds.

9th—Both now began to be shy and more on their guard, and each made some attempts to stop his antagonist's blow; Beckley received a blow which almost closed his eye, and he fell.

10th, 11th, and 12th—These three rounds were most desperately contested, so much so, that it was impossible to decide which had the advantage.

13th—Both in this round shewed uncommon staunch bottom, fighting straight forward as long as they could, when both fell.

14th—Beckley was sick and appeared very weak, but kept on; Clarke was in good spirits, and seeming sure of victory, laughed and pointed at his antagonist.

15th—Beckley setting to slipped and was falling, but sprung up and knocked down his opponent.

From this to the 21st—There was a continuation of hard fighting, in which Bung evidently had the advantage.

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From the 21st to the 27th—Beckley recovered and shewed more strength, for whenever he struck his opponent, his blows did execution, never failing to bring him down as though struck with a sledge hammer.

From the 27th to the 34th—The rounds were again pretty fair, and there was now a good deal of even betting. Both were now so dreadfully cut, in not being able to parry each other's blows, that it really was expected each would faint with the loss of blood, but, on the contrary, every round seemed to inspire new vigour.

From the 34th to the 40th—Both heroes fought with such determined resolution, that every amateur could not but feel astonished at the excellency of their bottom; the spectators, however, interfered and separated them, on which they both declared they would meet some morning early, and when unmolested, fight it out. The contest lasted 50 minutes.

Monday, November 7, 1803, a battle was fought at Chelsea-common, between two inferior pugilists, Smith and Hawkins, for five guineas a side. On stripping Smith appeared much the strongest and most powerful man, but Hawkins seemed to display a greater share of activity, and had somewhat the longest arm; it was not, however, considered altogether even, and odds were six to four in favour of Smith. At eleven o'clock exactly the combatants set to.

1st round—No advantage on either side; they closed and both fell, Hawkins underneath.

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2d—Hawkins fell by a severe knock-down blow.

3d—This round lasted two minutes and a half, during which both displayed excellent science; Hawkins gave Smith a sharp hit over the eye, which was returned by a well-directed blow in the mouth, which cut Hawkins's lip very much.

4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th—During these rounds great skill was shewn, but Smith's superior strength gave him great advantage, for at every round he threw his opponent a violent cross buttock. Bets now raised three to one in favour of Smith.

8th—Hawkins in this round put in some well timed body blows, and one so severe on his antagonist's eye, that he perfectly bunged up one day light.

9th—Smith now appeared very much distressed for wind, and Hawkins manifestly had the best of it.

10th—This was the best and most scientific round during the whole of the battle, and allowed by all the amateurs present, to be the best they had seen for some time contested. Hawkins had collected all his strength, and appeared to place much reliance on this plan; both stopped and received some very severe blows; Hawkins cut his antagonist dreadfully about the mouth, and by a well-directed blow in the neck, brought him down.

The following rounds were unimportant, they were fought with various success, but after the sixteenth, Smith's other eye being almost closed, he gave in.

The contest lasted 23 minutes; Smith had both eyes closed, was dreadfully cut about the mouth and face, and it was conceived that he was much hurt in the body,

body, as he was unable to stand upright. Hawkins's lips were much cut at the commencement of the battle, and it was apprehended his jaw was broken.

O'Donnel the late unsuccessful opponent of Caleb, was this month again matched to fight him for 100 guineas. The knowing ones said the last was only a sham fight, but the next was to be the REAL one.

Monday, November 28, a battle was fought at Wimbledon, between Hopping Ned Morgan, and A. Donnavan, a Kingston hero, for 20 guineas. At half past one a ring was formed, the two champions entered, and immediately began to strip. At a quarter before two they set to.

1st round—Hopping Ned made the first hit, and planted a severe blow in his opponent's side, which he followed up by a second on the forehead. Donnavan recovered and some sharp blows were reciprocally given; they closed and fell, Hopping Ned uppermost.

2d—In this round there was no display of science, no stopping, but a great deal of hard fighting. Donnavan at length began to fight shy, and endeavoured to avoid his opponent's blows, but whilst retreating Ned struck him a back-handed blow, with his left hand, on the back of his neck, and knocked him compleatly out of the ring. Odds were now two to one in Hoppy's favour.

3d—At the first onset, both closed, and Ned gave his opponent a cross buttock.

4th—Both hit round and received many hard blows, neither of the combatants having skill enough to stop,

stop, they closed, and both fell, Ned uppermost again.

5th—In this round there was some sharp hitting on both sides; Ned in rallying slipped, and could not recover himself; while falling, Donnavan struck him a severe blow. Bets now became even again.

6th, 7th, and 8th—During these rounds Ned evidently again displayed advantage, but both appeared weak, no harm done.

9th—This was the best contested round throughout the battle. Ned put in some straight-forward blows, but as Donnavan would not stand up, they did not tell; they closed, struggled hard, each endeavouring to give the other a cross buttock, which Ned at length succeeded in. Odds two to one on Ned.

For the three following rounds, the odds and mode of fighting remained stationary. Donnavan had began to stand up a little closer, but generally when he struck, fell from the force of his own blow.

13th—Very sharply fought by both combatants, and Ned displayed great strength. In rallying Ned struck his opponent over the left eye, which brought him down, and in falling Ned gave a second. Here there was a general cry of "foul, foul," but it was acknowledged fair, as he struck Donnavan before he came to the ground.

14th—At the first onset, Hopping Ned brought down his adversary by a violent knock-down blow.

16th and 17th—Donnavan threw Ned for the first time, at the termination of both these rounds. This brought betting even again.

20th—Ned now appeared very much winded and fatigued,

tigued, by having endured much hard work in following Donnavan round and round the ring. He attempted to put in some good blows, but failed by his opponent's shifting and retreating.

23d—Even betting; at the end of this round, each endeavouring to throw a cross buttock, both fell, and one rolled over the other.

24th—Some hard fighting; at length both at the same time made a good blow on the forehead, and with great violence reciprocally brought each other down.

27th—Donnavan now began to fight with more spirit, and apparently greater confidence of success; he put in a well-aimed blow, and cut Ned in the face severely. Odds were now for the first time betted in favour of Donnavan.

28th—Ned seemed now determined to regain the ground he had lost, put in several blows with great judgment, and threw his opponent.

For six rounds they fought with a tolerable display of bravery, particularly Ned, who always stood up manfully, but both appeared too weak to make any impression, and Donnavan frequently fell from his own blow, but whether through weakness or design, was matter of doubt.

35th—Ned a second time at setting to knocked down his opponent.

36th—Both heroes seemed now to have somewhat recruited their strength, and began to display staunch bottom. Donnavan put in a body blow, which Ned returned, and brought him down.

37th—Donnavan struck at his opponent's left side, and

 fell

fell without having received a blow. Ned's friends cried "foul," asserting it to be contrary to all the rules of pugilism to fall without a blow, but on the other side it was contended to have been accidently, and totally to have arisen from weakness, and Ned much against his will, was persuaded to renew the contest, as his friends thought he had the best of it.

38th—On the first onset both closed and fell together.

After this round Hopping Ned insisted he had gained the stakes for which they had contested, in consequence of the foul play Donnavan had so frequently shewn, and then said he considered it unnecessary any longer to maintain the combat. He immediately turned round, and on endeavouring to make his way out of the ring, Donnavan followed him, and demanded whether he had given in? Ned replied, No! when he immediately resumed a fighting attitude and attacked him, Ned opposed, and the thirty-ninth round was terminated by Ned's being brought down, and here the battle finished, for Ned would neither continue the contest, or acknowledge he had lost the money. He directly dressed him self, when being told that the reason he left off was a fear of being beat, he offered to fight again, but Donnavan's friends would not suffer a second engagement, being positive in their assertion that Ned had lost. They had fought one hour exactly.

A second fight immediately took place between two youths belonging to Kensington of the names of Lancaster and Ploughman. It being well known by many amateurs that these two lads possessed excellent skill in the art of pugilism, great pains were taken to bring them

them to a determination to fight, which being accomplished, they set to, and every amateur present could not but express his astonishment at their superior science; considering their age they possessed every requisite for boxing; their style and hitting was sharp and straight forward, and their excellency consisted in not only being able to strike well, but to bear blows well. These candidates for pugilistic fame fought 55 rounds in an hour and a quarter, when it was thought expedient to separate them; during the whole of this conflict they neither appeared to relax either in vigour or style of fighting. They were very little bruised excepting on the arms, arising from their dexterity in stopping.

A third battle was fought, but it being nearly dark, the old ring was broke up, however, they soon formed another, and the combatants Joe Cuff, of Putney, and Levy Cowan, a Linconshire fighting man, immediately set to. Cuff when stripped appeared much the larger man, as in fact he was, for he weighed two stone heavier than Cowan, but the latter felt so much confidence in his imaginary superior skill that he commenced treating his opponent's superior force with contempt; however, at the end of the thirteenth round he changed his opinion, and gave in. The contest was for the decision of an old dispute.

From the time the Game Chicken first came to town, the amateurs felt desirous to match him against Bourke, but for some time his recognisance proved an insurmountable obstacle, but time at length eradicated all fear of that process, and a meeting was agreed upon.

The sum staked was £100, and the combatants agreed to fight upon the old terms of £90 to the winner, and £10 to be appropriated to the unfortunate champion.

Accordingly on Monday, January 23, 1804, the heroes of the fist again graced the well-known spot on Wimbledon-common, and at eleven o'clock a ring was formed upon the highest part of the common, near Coombe-wood, but receiving information that they were in a parish wherein they were liable to be molested, they immediately gave the word to form another near the telegraph; a race immediately ensued of a most curious description, some thousands of pedestrians and equestrians, with lots of carriages and carts, all were set in commotion, trying who should obtain the best situation for seeing the fight.

A ring being formed, after the bustle had subsided, Bourke entered accompanied by Owen for his second, and Paddington Jones his bottle-holder; shortly afterwards Pearce appeared, attended by Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin; they immediately began to strip; Bourke seemed the tallest, and displaying much muscle appeared to possess uncommon strength; Pearce stood about five feet eight inches and three quarters; the conformation of his chest and limbs brought to recollection the athletic form of the noted Tom Johnson.

At precisely eleven minutes before twelve they set to. Odds seven to four in favour of Pearce.

1st round—Pearce shewed great caution in opposing himself indirectly to superior strength, and Bourke had learnt from the slight brushing he had got at St. Martin's-lane, not to rush in. Without any blows

blows being given, they closed, and both fell. Odds two to one in favour of Pearce.

2d—Bourke shewed great bravery in this round, and contested it sharply; towards the close Pearce put in a blow upon the forehead, which was bringing Bourke down, but in falling the chicken ran in and very dexterously threw him.

3d—Bourke bled profusely; some sharp hitting on both sides, and Pearce again threw his opponent.

6th—Pearce struck first, and Bourke returned very sharply, bringing down the Chicken on one knee.

7th to 11th—Pearce was every round obliged to attempt the first hit from the shyness of his opponent; however, he never failed to follow it up with some very severe blow. From this to the

15th—The odds increased four to one on the Chicken; arising from the disadvantageous mode in which Bourke fought and his frequently appearing distressed, more than from the severity of the blows he had received, but as he now and then was gently pricked by Pearce, he got intemperate and fought round.

15th to 20th—Bourke's strength now manifestly was becoming exhausted; his nose bled copiously, and being exasperated that all his endeavours to gain the ascendancy failed, he almost involuntarily, and undoubtedly much against his better judgment, ran in upon his opponent, and then to a certainty more effectually brought his head in contact with the Chicken's fist; when closing he was equally unfortunate. Twenty to one were now offered, and even betting he did not stand another round.

21st

21st—Bourke in his usual display of passion rushed in, and missing his blow, fell; Pearce holding up both his hands in triumph.

22d—Both rallied, and Pearce by a complete knock-down blow brought down his opponent.

From this to the twenty-fourth round, which was the last, Bourke, considering his situation, contested them with astonishing resolution; he was frequently for the last several rounds persuaded to give up the contest, but obstinately refused, and even when he yielded it was with the greatest reluctance, soliciting to fight another round. He was carried in a most helpless state to a hackney-coach, his face dreadfully cut and swelled, and from the beating he had received his body must have been much bruised. Pearce fought the last round as cheerfully as the first, and when done challenged Pittoon to fight for 200 guineas.

The contest lasted one hour and seventeen minutes.

Seabrook, the dustman, who had long been known as a second-rate pugilist, was persuaded by the lure of £4 to enter the ring with the veteran George Maddox. The dustman stood three rounds, and then exclaiming he had broke his arm, gave in; however, after he had "nibbed the gull," he roundly swore he was not the least hurt.

Maddox had another contest with George Richmond, a black, who had served his apprenticeship to a Cabinet-maker at York, but at this time was a servant of Lord Camelford's, and in three rounds completely "queered his ogle," when he gave in.

A more than usual number of amateurs being drawn together by this long desired fight of Pearce and Bourke,

Bourke, they were determined if possible to give encouragement to the noble art, and accordingly it was made known that in the course of a few days a purse of 20 guineas would be prepared as a prize to be contended for by two such heroes of pugilism as should be considered upon examination, and in the opinion of the knowing-ones, qualified to engage.

The candidates, principally second-rate, were numerous, and from them were selected two heroes who had been somewhat known in the fighting world and possessed bottom; these were Tom Blake, better known by the appellation of Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes, a son of Jehu, who in the year 1794 contested a battle in Harley-fields (vide page 115).

The cash being properly fixed and arranged, on Sunday evening, January 29, St. George's-row, near the Paddington-canal, the spot where Belcher and Bourke first contested, was determined for the battle. Early on the Monday morning, a great crowd having assembled, the owner of the field sent to give information at Bow-street; this the combatants heard, and immediately resolved to start for Wilsden-green, about four miles from Town. On their arrival a ring was directly formed, and at half past twelve the combatants entered, stripped, and set to. Odds six to four in favour of Tom Tough.

1st round—Holmes put in the first blow upon his opponent's left side, this rather staggered him, and following him up, put in a hit with his left hand and brought him down. Odds immediately changed six to four in favour of the coachman.

2d

2d to 11th—During the whole of the ten rounds neither of the combatants tried by any manœuvre to evade the blow of his opponent; at the commencement of each round there was no shifting, no attempts at closing, or endeavours to throw each other down, but immediately on setting to one put in a blow, which was returned and manfully supported both right and left, until a hit brought one or other down. This having been the coachman's luck for the last three rounds, odds changed much against him, as high as four to one.

12th to 17th—Tom for the two first of these rounds displayed great advantage; in both he brought down his opponent by the first blow; the four following rounds were, however, more fairly contested, neither shewed any signs of distress, and neither could claim any advantage.

19th—This round was contested with as much spirit as though the battle was really depending on the issue. Tom, however, had the advantage. Great applause.

20th to 26th—Both fought with unabated desperation. The odds incessantly varied, being, during these rounds, six to four in favour of both combatants. Every round brought down great applause from their astonishing exertions. Tom's side, by this time, exhibited marks of many well planted blows, being perfectly raw. Odds were, however, three to one in his favour.

28th—This round had nearly proved fatal to Tom Tough, as the Coachman nearly carried away his bow-

On the Monday night previous the knowing-ones determined that the scene of action should be Tothill-fields, and on the following day they accordingly met about two o'clock, attended by their friends. A ring was immediately formed, not exceeding 40 feet in diameter, by driving stakes and attaching to them the reins lent them by the various hackney coachmen. On stripping Ward appeared stouter than Belcher, but the latter was taller and longer in the reach. After the usual ceremonies they set to. Odds six to four in favour of Belcher.

Their set-to was in great style, both displayed excellent science. Ward put in the first blow and followed it up with a second, both of which took effect; no return. Had they taken place as aimed their violence would have settled the battle. Belcher rallied and some desperate hits were exchanged. At the conclusion of the round bets became even. From this to the eighth round both combatants fought desperately; it was a scene of thorough hard fighting, each endeavouring to make his hits tell without once shrinking from the blow of his opponent. Belcher evidently imitated his brother in his plan of fighting, putting in his blows with his left hand, straight, and with the avidity of a dart. Odds rose in favour of Belcher six to four again, but not from any advantage he had as yet gained in the battle. Ward stood up manfully, and never once gave way.

For the three following rounds Ward put in his blows so forcibly, and so well directed, that they were almost irresistible, and he undoubtedly had the advan-

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tage. It being conceived, however, that Belcher's bottom was good, betting did not go lower than par; he, however, at this time displayed great weakness, and evidently was greatly exhausted.

Ward supported the superiority to the sixteenth round and put in several desperate body blows. Belcher on the contrary fought all at the head, by which plan Ward's eyes became greatly affected.

The seventeenth round was most admirably contested. Belcher seemed to recruit his strength, changed his mode of fighting, and put in successfully several severe body blows. Ward persevered with undaunted fire throughout the round, they closed, and both fell.

On rising Ward appeared weak; however, the eighteenth round was another truly severe trial, both combatants being apparently determined to exert their greatest strength, and bring into action all their science; Ward stood his ground, and Belcher put in some severe blows over his eyes, which already much cut, were entirely closed at the end of the round.

Although in this state, Ward obstinately contested another round, in which he could not fail to be completely worsted; his friends now interfered, and insisted on his giving in, when he was immediately carried off the ground almost lifeless, every one complimenting him by calling him "A chip of the old block."

The 19 rounds were fought in 33 minutes.

A match having been made for some time between Pittoon, the Jew, and Wood, the Coachman, well known in the pugilistic circles, for a purse of 50 guineas,

neas, all the magis[illegible] st vigilance, and every officer most vigilance [illegible] to find the time and place of the contest, but the amateurs always ON GUARD did not determine these essential points until the Sunday evening previous, when Wilsden-green, the spot where so much courage had been displayed by Tom Tough and Jack Holmes, some few months ago, was settled as the campus martius; and to prevent interruption it was agreed the fight should take place at ten o'clock in the morning; accordingly

On Monday, July 16, 1804, all the admirers of pugilism were active, and the field was filled at an early hour; a ring being formed, at three quarters past ten the combatants entered; Wood immediately began to strip, and appeared in excellent condition; Pittoon followed in high spirits, and after the usual ceremonies they set to without any very sanguine opinion being entained on either side.

1st round—Wood beat down his antagonist's guard, and put in two blows without any impression; Pittoon returned with his right hand, and some hard hitting followed by both; Wood had greatly the advantage in strength, beat Pittoon against the ropes, by which he became entangled; here Wood put in some good blows, and Pittoon fell.

2d—Wood put in the first blow again, and Pittoon struck several good straight-forward blows, rallied, and a second time fell.

3d—This round was very short; Wood fell, Pittoon gaining advantage.

4th—Pittoon put in several good blows, but Wood rallied,

lied, [illegible] conceived, however [illegible]ove him to one side of the ring.

5th—Much sparring at setting to; both exchanged some severe hits; Wood bled freely, but rallied Pittoon again against the rope, and threw him. Odds were now six to four in favour of Pittoon, for, although he so often fell, his blows did not disappoint in execution.

6th—The sun being troublesome to Pittoon, he manœuvred to change sides, and had somewhat succeeded, when Wood ran in and threw him.

7th—Wood still kept the shady side, and with great exertion put in several blows which Pittoon vainly attempted to stop, and driving him again to the ropes, Pittoon fell. Odds remained, however, in favour of Pittoon, who was still in good strength while Wood displayed signs of fatigue.

8th—Wood immediately ran in, and closing, threw his opponent, who when down he patted on the head in triumph.

9th—Pittoon on rising appeared greatly exasperated, ran in upon Wood with much fury, who struck him with his left hand, and brought him down. Wood for this gained great applause.

10th—In this round Pittoon resumed his former temperance, rallied, and put in several good hits; Wood while making a blow slipped and turned round, during which his opponent took advantage of an opening, and threw in a severe body blow; Wood fell. Odds still six to four on Pittoon.

11th—Wood shewed somewhat fearful of encountering

Pittoon's

meeting and use their utmost vigilance to prevent the fight; accordingly a council was held, and Woodford-green, near Hornsey, agreed upon; to which place they all immediately started. On their arrival a ring was directly formed, but owing to the delay occasioned by their being obliged to change the scene of action, it was past one o'clock before the combatants entered. Caleb first made his appearance accompanied by George Maddox and Bill Gibbons; Dutch Sam following with Wood the coachman, and unsuccessful opponent of Pittoon, for his second, and Puss as his bottle-holder; they immediately stripped and set to. Odds two to one in favour of Caleb Baldwin.

1st round.—A little sparring; Sam put in the first blow with his left hand, but without effect; Caleb returned with his right, and following it up, put in a desperate left-handed hit over Sam's forehead, and brought him down. Odds rose three to one in favour of Caleb.

2d—Sam shifted, but Caleb stuck up to him manfully, put in two well-aimed blows right and left, and brought his opponent down the second time.

3d—In this round Sam displayed more resolution, both put in some good hits, and Caleb's eye being cut much, bled very freely. Sam undoubtedly had the best of the round. Odds fell two to one on Caleb.

8th—From the last related round to this, was one continued succession of severe hitting on both sides; every amateur allowed that better fighting never was displayed; both were cut and bled profusely, but no one could attribute to either any advantage. Betting now became even.

9th—Caleb put in a successful blow in Sam's temple, which completely knocked him down. Sam putting his hand to his face was considered ominous of great severity, and odds rose again on Caleb.

13th—Caleb supported the superiority he had gained in the last round until this time. Caleb thought Sam appeared weak, and followed him up, but Sam, however, put in several severe blows. At the end of this round Caleb shewed great irritability, but Sam appeared perfectly collected.

20th—Caleb through his exertion began to shew symptoms of exhaustion, and to avoid his antagonist's blows, frequently endeavoured to close, and while struggling for the fall, Sam by a peculiar mode struck his blows upwards, which told dreadfully in Caleb's face.

23d—For the last three rounds Caleb evinced great distress; after making a blow or two, he was so excessively weak, as scarcely to be able to keep his hands straight before him; he, however, still put in his blows, but devoid of any force; Sam on the contrary seemed to gain fresh vigour from his opponent's exhaustion, and gave no quarter.

26th—Sam now began to display imbecility, and both hit each other, blow after blow without making any impression, and so completely were both combatants served out, that neither came to their time; Sam, however, appeared the least bruised, and the odds were slightly betted in his favour. In this round Sam displayed all that heroism and manly conduct which so highly characterises a courageous pugilist. Having put

put in over his opponent's head a most severe left-handed blow, stunned him, and being prepared to follow it up by a right-handed hit, desisted, on seeing his antagonist was already falling. Every one present saw the generosity of the action, and applauded.

From this time to the thirty-seventh round, which concluded the contest, Caleb continued to fail in his strength, and in his great distress several times made a blow, but missing, lost his equilibrium, and fell; this by frequent repetition brought on sickness, and the poor champion of Westminster was at length carried off the ground almost lifeless. Sam towards the close by making such little play recruited, and in this unequal state it undoubtedly was highly incorrect to bring Caleb to face him, who, poor fellow, willingly stood up to the last, although unable to hold up his hands.

Just before Caleb was carried off, his friends broke the ring, and began to give interruption, but the umpires would not be imposed upon by so stale a trick, and Sam was declared the conqueror.

On Tuesday, August 14, a boxing match was contested between Jemmy from Town and James Rolfe, at a place called Sun in the Sands, at the bottom of Shooter's-hill, for a subscription purse of 20 guineas.

A ring being formed at precisely a quarter past eleven o'clock, the combatants entered, immediately stripped, and both appeared "eager for the fight."

1st round—Jemmy flew at his opponent with so much force, that he almost drove him out of the ring, and Rolfe fell; no harm done.

5th—Much hard fighting in every round; Jemmy, as in

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his last battle with Hopping Morgan, did not display any great science, but appeared not deficient in either courage or strength. He finished this round by putting in one of his round hits over his antagonist's eye, which he cut severely, and brought him on his marrow bones.

10th—Rolfe shifted, evidently preserving his wind for a protracted contest, but still he could not avoid all his opponent's blows; Jemmy rushed in most furiously, and put in several hits that the amateurs allowed had a most striking effect.

15th—During the intermediate rounds Rolfe seemed determined to oppose strength to strength, and never was witnessed a more manfully contested battle; the advantage, if any, was alternate until the end of this round, when Rolfe had put in some good blows with great judgment. Odds became three to one in his favour.

16th—Jemmy in this round regained the superiority by a most violent hit over the temple of his opponent, which perfectly turned him round, and he fell.

17th—Jemmy still kept up the advantage; brought down his opponent by a sharp hit in the wind.

18th—Rolfe began to fight very shy, putting in his hits very carefully, but Jemmy followed him up and gave no quarter; at length Jemmy struck a blow with great violence, which Rolfe by a sudden retreat avoided, gave a return, and brought Jemmy down.

19th—Jemmy got up with great resolution and apparent determination to regain his lost ground; perceived Rolfe appear faint, took advantage, put in some good blows, and brought him down.

23d

23d—Rolfe appeared greatly distressed, particularly in his wind; Jemmy put in some very successful hits, and cut his opponent dreadfully in the face; Rolfe bled profusely, and had evidently lost the battle.

24th—However, Rolfe this round excited great astonishment by the manner in which he stood up; several blows were exchanged, they closed, and both fell.

25th—When ready to meet this round, Rolfe, who appeared very much fatigued and exhausted, expressed a wish to give in, and Jemmy was immediately acknowledged the victor.

Caleb Baldwin, since his defeat on the 7th of August, had continually evinced a desire for a second attempt to exalt his pugilistic fame with Dutch Sam, assigning as a reason, that he was greatly indisposed at the last battle. In the beginning of September, he was accordingly matched to fight Sam for 20 guineas; however, greatly to the surprise of the amateurs, Sam forfeited his deposit and declined.

On Monday, the 5th of November, 1804, a battle was fought at Hurley-bottom, in Berkshire, the renowned spot where Belcher first gathered his pugilistic wreath, between Flowers, a gentleman's coachman, and Black Jemmy, for 25 guineas a side. At the commencement of the fight, Black Jemmy being a regular pugilist, his very name seemed to have appalled his opponent, and for the first ten rounds, Jemmy triumphed in superiority. In the eleventh round Jemmy touched his opponent fine in the pit of the stomach, which made the coachman vomit, and clear decks

decks for action, and now Flowhes began to throw in his blows with such dexterity, that in half an hour odds were five and six to one in his favour, and in 56 minutes the black was carried off almost lifeless from the loss of blood.

Wilsden-green, which had now become the favorite spot, was on Friday, November 31, the seat of combat between Tom Belcher, and Bill Ryan, the son of the celebrated Irish pugilist of that name. The fight was to have taken place on the Monday, but some squabbling arising concerning the purse, a meeting was convened on the Monday night, and after an amicable adjustment, this day was fixed on: at ten o'clock the combatants arrived, a ring was instantly formed, and Belcher in great spirits, and appearing confident of success, threw his hat in the ring, as an act of defiance to his antagonist; Ryan received the bravado with a smile, when they immediately entered the ring, Belcher attended by George Maddox and Joe Norton, and Ryan seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale. In a few minutes they set to. Odds six to four in favour of Belcher.

1st round—No sparring; several goods hits put in and well stopped on both sides, they closed, and both fell.

3d and 4th—Both rounds greatly in favour of Ryan.

6th—This round was fought with determined courage; Belcher threw in a severe blow on his opponent's temple, and brought him down; Ryan appeared a little distressed. Odds seven to four on Belcher.

18th—No great alteration up to this round, which was admirably contested on both sides. Belcher struck

his

his opponent very cleanly over the mouth; Ryan rallied, and put in a knock-down blow; Belcher fell, and evinced great weakness. From this to the

30th—Ryan supported the superiority, and the odds changed in his favour. Belcher's friends now began greatly to despair of success, but still he displayed great science.

34th—Every one of these rounds Ryan terminated by knocking down his opponent.

35th—James Belcher came and whispered to his brother, who seemed to profit by his advice, and contested the two following rounds with great determination; but at the end of the

37th—He fell, quite exhausted.

38th—Belcher was, however, brought up to stand another round, and Ryan immediately knocked him down. At this moment the ring was broken, and Belcher's friends declared the last blow was foul; Bob Watson challenged to fight any man who should dare to say the blow was not foul, but his bluster soon evaporated, on Joe Ward's displaying buff. The affair was left to the gentleman who held the purse, and he decided that Ryan had won it, as Belcher was beat full a quarter of an hour before. Many of the dons of the first class were there, as Bourke, Mendoza, Joe and Bill Ward, Belcher, Holmes, &c.

At the last Kingston Assizes, Bill Gibbons was indicted for aiding and abetting Bourke and Pearce, two bruisers, to fight a pitched battle on Putney-common, in January last, (vide page 196). He was found guilty, and sentenced to one month's "QUOD."

Extract

Extract of a letter published in an highly interesting periodical work:

"A long-expected contest between the celebrated Cornish man Cavallin, and Burkitt, the Cheshire blacksmith, was decided in the wild mountains of Wales, a few miles from Dynasmouthy, in Merionethshire. What brought the heroes of two such distant counties to a trial of their prowess, we cannot tell: the sum fought for was 20 guineas; the parties had been in training one month. On January 2 it was fixed that the parties should meet, and about two, a ring was formed, and the snow swept from the scene of action. At stripping odds were offered largely on Cavallin, who is a very fine made man, about five feet eleven inches. The Cheshire man was ill made, except in his arms and chest, which were prodigious; he is about five feet seven inches.

"In the first six rounds Cavallin appeared to have so completely the advantage, that many of the Cheshire and North Wales farmers trembled at the idea of losing their bets; but it was discovered that Burkitt put on an appearance of being beaten, intentionally, in order to induce the Cornish hero to put out his utmost strength, and to fatigue him. Burkitt fell every round at the beginning, but in the seventeenth round, when those who did not understand his meaning thought him quite exhausted, he rallied, struck a severe blow in the throat, and following it up, threw in his left so forcibly in his antagonist's ribs, as to take him nearly off the ground. In the eighteenth there was much wrestling, but in this Burkitt failed. From this to the twenty-

third

third round there was much hard hitting; but the twenty-fourth surpassed any thing we ever have seen: while Cavallin was running with a hard blow, Burkitt getting out of the way, struck him two severe hits, one of which fell on the kidnies; he then closed, and seizing him with both hands by his waist, dashed him on the ground, and fell on him. The succeeding rounds Burkitt knocked him down every time with ease, and the forty-second round he threw in such a powerful blow on his antagonist's ribs, that he was compelled to yield, finding that the pain of the blow entirely prevented every exertion. Burkitt was very little hurt, except in his face; and immediately after the battle offered to fight, for 50 guineas, any man of the six western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Gloucester, Monmouth, and Somerset, the inhabitants of Bath and Bristol excepted. Burkitt was capitally seconded by the Cheshire Williams, whom Burkitt owns his superior.

"Burkitt's challenge has been accepted by Evan Price, the big man of Monmouth, and the parties are to fight three months hence; bets seven to one on Burkitt."

On Monday, January 7, 1805, a boxing match was contested on Wood-green, about two miles north of Highgate, between the pugilistic veteran George Maddox, (at this time nearly 50), and Thomas Crib, a young man who had never entered the list before, and better known, particularly in the neighbourhood of Wapping, where he had been employed in the occupation of a coal-heaver, by the appellation of "The Black Diamond;" Maddox's second was Tom Jones, and Black Sam very sympathetically seconded Black Diamond.

 The

The contest was for an amateur subscription purse of 25 guineas; 20 for the winner, and five for the loser. A ring having been formed, at about twelve o'clock the combatants entered; on stripping appearances were greatly in favour of Crib; being a well-made man, standing five feet ten inches; about two inches higher than Maddox. After the usual ceremonies they set to.

1st round—This was little more than sparring; Diamond put in a blow, but no harm done.

4th—Well contested; Maddox shewed considerable advantage, and finished it by closing his opponent's eye. Odds two to one in favour of George. From this to the

30th—Nothing of consequence happened, both fought desperately, and endeavoured to out do his opponent. Maddox, about this time, finding his antagonist possessed good bottom, exerted his utmost to blind him, and hit always at the head.

40th—By this time they had fought exactly an hour, and Crib's eye was severely hurt. Odds four to one on Maddox. To the

52d—Was a continued series of hard fighting.

53d—Odds again rose in favour of Maddox, and he put in a most severe blow a little beneath his opponent's left eye, which perfectly closed it. The fight had now lasted one hour and a half; and from this to the

60th—Maddox continued to lose ground, becoming almost worn out; his friends perceived this, knocked up a row in another part of the ring, and his seconds led him off, declaring it was a drawn battle, on which Crib demanded the purse; this was refused,

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and a general engagement directly ensued, Caleb Baldwin, Tom Jones, Black Sam, Dutch Sam, and the whole of the amateurs, took a very active share, and during the scuffle some one both treacherously and rascally cut Crib over the head with a stick. Order, however, was, after some time, restored, and Crib insisted either on the purse, or that his antagonist should manfully return to the combat. This generous offer was to Maddox's friends a PERFECT POSER, but rather than lose the COLE, they brought George out of a hackney coach to renew the fight, and the combatants again set to. They supported the contest for 16 rounds, making in all 76, and the time two hours and twelve minutes, when George gave in. Crib having but just come forward, found but few friends, and consequently, was obliged to put up with much unfair play.

January 22. At the Surrey Sessions, Thomas Owen was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, in aiding and abetting Bourke and Pearce to fight a pitched battle, on Putney-common, in January last (vide page 196).

Mr. Morris, in stating the case against the defendant, remarked, that the principal object of this indictment was to convince the public of their misconception, in believing that boxing contests were legal. Law and humanity, he observed, forbid them, and the feeling mind naturally revolted at the conduct of those who, for the sake of betting, became the instruments of the cruelty and fatal consequences which too frequently occurred between the combatants. The parties, who fought from a false notion of honour, might have an excuse;

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what apology the seconds could make on such occasions, he was at a loss to determine. The learned Counsel then related the offence on the part of the defendant, which was disclosed in the following evidence:

Richard Lovett, a constable, belonging to the Public-office, Marlborough-street, stated, that in consequence of an information, he was sent by Mr. Conant, the Magistrate, to disperse a great number of persons who had assembled at Putney-common, at a fight; when witness arrived on the common, he saw Bourke, Pearce, Gibbons, the defendant Owen, Baldwin, and upwards of 1500 people. The defendant was second to Bourke, and Gibbons was second to Pearce. The fight had began, when witness broke into the ring with Jackson, another officer, and told the defendant and others, loudly, that he was an officer, sent by the Magistrates of Marlborough-street, to desire them to disperse, and go to their homes, or they would be prosecuted; the fight continued, notwithstanding such injunction, and lasted an hour, when Bourke was dreadfully bruised, and carried off the field.

Jackson, the other Police officer, attendant on this occasion, corroborated the testimony of the last witness.

Mr. Lawes, on the part of the defendant, contended, that his client was entitled to an acquittal, and no more guilty of a conspiracy than the Noblemen and others who remained after the police officers had warned them to depart. If Cicero, the Roman orator, or a herald with a trumpet, had endeavoured, at the commencement of the fight, to persuade the spectators to retire, he observed, their efforts would have proved unavail-

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ing; the contest had began, and during the confusion the defendant and others could not hear what the police officers imparted. Upon a clear view of the defendant's conduct, he trusted the jury would not entertain a belief of his guilt; and from the circumstance of his having served his Majesty in the impress service for a number of years, with the greatest respectability, they would, by their verdict, release him from the degrading situation in which he stood.

After some deliberation the jury found the defendant guilty; and the Chairman, with a suitable address, sentenced him to be imprisoned three months.

On Friday, February 15, 1805, a boxing match was fought at Blackheath for a subscription purse of 40 guineas, between Tom Blake, well known by the title of Tom Tough, and young Crib, Black Diamond, who, since his last contest, although it was also his first, in which he beat Maddox, at Wood-green, had been considered a formidable candidate for the championship of England.

Both parties had been a month in training. All the patrons and admirers of pugilism having gained information on the preceding evening of the seat of combat, early in the morning Blackheath was thronged; a ring was formed, and about eleven o'clock Crib entered, accompanied by Richmond, the black, and Joe Norton, as his seconds, and Blake soon followed, with Dick Hall and Webb, for his attendants; they stripped, and immediately set to. Bets even, but odds generally considered in favour of Crib, from his known agility and skill. Both combatants met each other with great avidity, and each put in some exceedingly

good

good blows. For a quarter of an hour bets remained stationary, and both champions in that time had displayed a degree of science and courage almost unprecedented. Crib, however, being longer in the reach than his opponent, it was very seldom Blake could effectually put in a blow. At the end of an hour Blake began to shew great symptoms of distress, and odds were now strongly betted in favour of Crib; but still Blake stood up manfully, and displayed a great deal of his usual dexterity. Until within the two last rounds of the battle Crib astonishingly supported his advantage; but here Blake brought his utmost, both in strength and skill, into action, he put in several excellent straight hits about his opponent's head; Crib rallied; Blake recovered, and returned the rally, but overreaching himself, Crib threw him a cross buttock.

The next round decided the contest; Blake found he was fighting at an evident disadvantage, and wisely gave in; Blake was extremely weak, could in short, hardly stand, and Crib did not stand without displaying some of his antagonist's agility.

Belcher, Ward, Mendoza, Pittoon, Bourke, Maddox, and Jack Holmes, were there. Several amateurs offered to back Crib against any pugilist going, but no one accepted the challenge.

From Crib's superior strength and skill in pugilism he now indisputably ranked as the champion. Notwithstanding the success of Crib, the amateurs did not overlook the high claims upon their attention of that excellent pugilist Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, who, if good sparring, clean stopping, and hitting hard,

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are the just qualifications of a bruiser, deserved to rank high. This hero was accordingly matched to fight a pitched battle with one Elias Spray, a boxer extremely well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he had gained great laurels, but never had fought in London.

Monday, March 11, 1805, was the day appointed for the decision of this contest, and, by appointment, all the amateurs and patrons of the art met at eleven o'clock in the morning, at an inn in Hampton-Court, not having settled the seat of battle, lest they might meet interruption. They shortly determined to cross the water, and fixed on Molesworth-meadow as the honoured spot; accordingly every vehicle was directly seized, as boats, tubs, planks, &c. to convey over the almost innumerable followers. During this aquatic excursion some were upset, some got a good ducking, and very narrowly escaped drowning. These momentary difficulties were soon got over, and as soon as the pedestrians had landed safe, a ring was formed of 20 feet square, with stakes and ropes, around which the pedestrians formed another. Pearce first entered the ring, attended by Maddox and Hall; he immediately threw up his hat in defiance, and Spray directly entered the ring, in answer to this challenge; he was seconded by Wood and Mountain.

The order of bets were seven to four on Pearce; even betting that the combat did not last 25 minutes, and ten to one Pearce was not beat in half an hour.

The combatants immediately stripped, and after the accustomed salutation, set to.

1st

1st round—A little sparring; Spray made a short hit; Pearce put in a severe blow, and brought down his opponent.

2d—Good blows exchanged; Spray put in a blow in his antagonist's breast; Pearce rallied, and again knocked Spray down. Odds nine to four in favour of Pearce.

3d—Spray shewed good courage, and fought well. They closed, and both fell.

4th—Spray too hastily made some hard blows, but they all failed. Pearce gave him a cross buttock.

5th—In this round Spray already appeared distressed. The Chicken shewed excellent science, and a third time completely knocked down his opponent; as he fell Pearce smiled.

6th—Both fought well, some sharp blows exchanged; Spray struck his opponent in the stomach; Pearce rallied, and threw him very cleanly.

7th—Pearce seemed much affected by Spray's last blow in the bread-basket; made a hit, but failed, and fell. Odds fell to two to one.

11th—No good blows, but Pearce again had the advantage the whole of these four rounds.

12th—Spray put in some good determined blows, but they mostly fell short; at length, by a successful blow on the nose, he brought down the Chicken.

13th—Pearce bled profusely; Spray evinced weakness, made a short blow, and fell.

14th—Pearce met his antagonist with determined resolution, and put in so severe a blow on the jaw, that every one feared lest he had broken it; Spray fell. Odds now rose ten to one on Pearce.

15th

15th—Both stood up, and Pearce directly knocked down his opponent SANS CEREMONIE.

16th—An excellent round; Spray exerted himself greatly, and aimed some well-directed blows; they closed, and Pearce threw him a cross buttock.

17th—Spray much distressed; attempted to rally. Pearce put in a severe blow in the temple; this stunned Spray, and he never after recovered. To the

23d—Every round was in favour of Pearce. Odds fifteen and twenty to one.

24th—Spray stood up, but gave very feeble opposition. Pearce laughed at the singular and imbecile efforts of his opponent; he, however, shewed great skill.

27th—No fighting; Spray fell the first hit every round.

28th—Spray could not keep his legs; he, however, summoned the best SPUNK he had, and faced his man. Pearce played with him, and then hit him clean off his legs.

29th—Spray stood up; Pearce pointed at him in ridicule, and then knocked him down again; when he yielded the palm. The contest had lasted 35 minutes. Pearce immediately sprung over the ropes, laid down on the ground for a few minutes, accepted a challenge from Cart, a Birmingham hero, for 50 guineas; the money was immediately staked, and agreed to be fought for within six weeks. The Chicken then started for town in a single-horse chaise, with great spirits.

In the course of last month, Jemmy from Town having made some illiberal remarks, tending to ridicule a man

 of

of the name of George Oliver, tolerably well known in the fighting world, a match was made between them, and Monday the 18th of March was determined to be the day for the decision of the contest. On the Saturday night previous they drew lots which should choose the seat of action; Oliver won, and directly fixed on Wilsden-green. Accordingly, on the Monday morning, about eleven o'clock, the amateurs, patrons, combatants, &c. arrived, a ring was directly formed, and Oliver and Jemmy soon entered, with their seconds and bottle-holders; Tom Jones and Blake, (Tom Tough), for the former, and Wood and Crib, (Black Diamond), for Jemmy from Town. The combatants immediately stripped, and Oliver being a much smaller man than his opponent, many novices thought he was unable to stand against him; the knowing ones, however, placed great reliance on his skill, and odds were somewhat in his favour.

After the pugilistic salutation, they set to; at first both appeared shy, Jemmy extended his long-reached left arm at full length, and kept his right on the defensive, ready to rally in his well-known right-handed style; Oliver kept his guard close. This caution and care was greatly increased by there being great bets depending on the first knock-down hit. After sparring about a minute and a half, or nearer two, Jemmy put in a hit; this Oliver stopped in great style, and throwing in a very severe blow on the temple, cut his opponent dreadfully, and brought him down. Odds now rose seven to four in favour of Oliver.

On the second round Jemmy stood up and faced his opponent

opponent boldly, without paying much attention to the blow he had so unexpectedly received in the last round. Both put in some very hard blows, and Oliver again brought down his opponent. Oliver now became acquainted with Jemmy's mode of fighting, and brought him down every round without fail. After the battle had lasted about 20 minutes, Jemmy began to evince some degree of distress, and fought very shy, his right side was much hurt, and Oliver never failed giving him a gentle touch every round in the old place. Still, however, Oliver's friends, were somewhat fearful that Jemmy's bottom would wear him out; but Oliver fought him very steadily, parried his opponent's blows with great dexterity, and put in some with very considerable force.

The twenty-eighth round was nearly decisive of the battle, in favour of Oliver; he put in several excellent blows, and concluded the round by bringing down his opponent by a dreadful blow on the ear. Jemmy again bled profusely; however, Jemmy fought with great resolution, but every round was brought down. The forty-fifth round was extremely well fought, Oliver again brought him down, and Jemmy laid quite exhausted, until time was expired, when he made several vain efforts to rise, but gave in. Jemmy was so completely beaten, that every one considered he never would again be able to contest another battle.

Monday, April 1, 1805, a battle was fought at Islington, between Mich Brady and Mich Ryan, for 20 guineas. At eleven o'clock the combatants entered the ring, the former accompanied by Tom Jones and Dick

Whale, and Ryan by Coady and Coly. At setting to bets were in favour of Brady, notwithstanding Ryan was by much the strongest man. Before they had fought five minutes, Brady completely left his opponent devoid of all hopes of success. In the fourth round Ryan brought down his opponent, by a severe blow in the stomach; Brady, however, soon recovered, and fought with redoubled fire, and in 20 minutes beat his opponent dreadfully.

They were not interrupted by spectators, as a report had gone abroad that the fight would take place at Kilburn, to which place the amateurs resorted, and were perfectly BALKED.

Tuesday, April 16, Warren and Allen having made a match for a pitched battle, were apprehended by the police of Whitechapel office, and bound over in recognisances to keep the peace for three months.

On Saturday, April 27, the battle which had been determined on between the Game Chicken, and Cart, the Birmingham man, at the Chicken's last triumph, on the 11th of March at Molesworth meadow (vide pape 225), was this day decided at Shepperton-common, near Chertsey, in the county of Surrey. It will be remembered the match was for 50 guineas. The contest lasted 35 minutes, during which the combatants fought 25 rounds; Cart evinced great ignorance of the art, and gave in when the Chicken did not even shew a scratch; Pearce fought with his usual science.

As soon as this battle was concluded, Tom Belcher and O'Donnel set to for a subscription purse of 20 guineas. Tom shewed his usual dexterity, and displayed

played great science; O'Donnel also fought extremely well at the commencement, but at the end of the fifteenth round PLAYED CROSS, and GAVE IN at a time when all the spectators considered he had the best of it.

Dutch Sam, (Samuels,) and Brittain, a Bristol hero, then set to, and contested a most gallant battle for 90 rounds, when Sam was acknowledged the victor.

On Tuesday, May 21, 1805, a battle was fought between Tom Crib, (Black Diamond), and a Jew, called Ikey Pig, a much stronger man than Crib, for a subscription purse of forty guineas, at Blackheath; Tom Jones seconded Crib, and Will Wood the Jew. Mr. Fletcher Reid, Belcher, Jackson, Mendoza, and many amateurs were present. Odds in favour of Crib.

For the first quarter of an hour Ikey stood up and displayed excellent courage; Crib was extremely cautious, continually active, and keeping his opponent, apparently in order to fatigue him, always on the alert; during this time, however, Crib had been brought down several times, but this appeared more FINESSE than exhaustion; superficial observers, however, thought that the frequency of these falls fatigued Crib, and evinced distress, and the bets became even. Both contested the eighth and ninth round very severely; and although Crib fell both rounds, Ikey's friends began to perceive that he had the worst of it, and was particularly distressed by two stiff hits Crib had thrown into his left side. They contested two more rounds, the last of which Crib again fell; but Ikey had had quite enough, and gave in, saying he had sprained his wrist very much, to the mortification of the Iraelites.

A Jew

A Jew of the name of Youssop, who appeared more ready than able, stepped forward to reclaim the valorous character of his fraternity, and a match was immediately made between him and George Richmond, the American black, for which a purse of 10 guineas was collected. The combatants directly stripped, shook hands, and set to.

This battle was extremely well contested; neither of the combatants fell without a knock-down blow, excepting Richmond, who once slipped.

For the first and second round Youssop had the advantage, and this superiority he particularly displayed in the third round, by beating Richmond nearly out of the ring; in the fourth round, however, Richmond improved, and following up his opponent boldly, put in some most desperate blows, much to the disfigurement of the Mosaic countenance. At the end of the sixth round Richmond was declared the conqueror.

Tuesday, June 4, 1805, a boxing match was fought at Leleham Burway, near Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, between Tom Belcher, seconded by Tom Blake, and backed by Fletcher Reid, and Bill Ryan, who before had been successful with the same opponent, (vide page 214), seconded by George Maddox, and patronized by the Hon. Berkeley Craven; for 25 guineas a side. Odds seven to four in favour of Ryan, and odds stripping two to one. At one o'clock the combatants set to.

1st—Both fought shyly; after some little sparring Ryan put in the first blow; Tom parried extremely well; they closed, and both fell, Ryan uppermost.

2d

d—Some good straight blows exchanged; Belcher struck, Ryan parried, and Belcher fell from the force of his own blow.

d—Excellent fighting; as many as ten blows passed, when Belcher cleanly knocked down his opponent.

th—Some sharp blows; Ryan threw Belcher a cross buttock with great violence.

th—A tightly contested round; Belcher fell.

th—No fighting; they closed and both came down.

7th—In this round Ryan displayed advantage, but closing he fell.

h—Very short; Ryan again fell.

th—Both having received some desperate blows, now began to be more cautious, sparred a good deal, and the round was terminated rather favorably for Ryan.

0th—Some sharp blows quickly plied; Belcher fell. Odds were now generally two to one on Ryan.

1th—Instantly closed, and Ryan fell.

th—In this round Ryan put in some good hits, and brought down his opponent.

th—Both closed, struggled, and fell, Belcher uppermost.

th—Ryan threw in a severe blow, which Belcher very scientifically stopped; he rallied, and both fell with great violence. When down, Belcher patted Ryan's cheek, and said, laughing, "Bill, you're done over."

5th—No fighting; closed and fell, Ryan uppermost.

th—Both shewed fight; Ryan came down.

7th—Ryan very adroitly threw his opponent, still Belcher appeared very gay.

18th

18th—Good fighting; Ryan brought down his opponent again.

19th—After some good hits exchanged, Ryan put in a severe blow in the kidnies, and threw Belcher.

20th—Ryan now appeared distressed in his wind, made a neat hit, but slipped and fell.

21st—Both fought with great resolution, and each shewed courage; Ryan had the superiority, and brought his opponent down again.

22d—Both appeared fatigued, no fighting, they closed, and both fell.

23d—Well contested; Belcher shewed good fight, and his friends began to have a better opinion of him; Ryan, however, threw him.

24th—Belcher recruited, stood up boldly, and by an excellent hit, brought down his opponent.

25th—Both very weak, closed, and fell.

26th—No fighting, at least no impression; Ryan fell.

27th—Both combatants seemed almost worn out; Belcher fell.

28th—Belcher at the end of this round fell, and laughing fairly pulled his antagonist after him.

29th—Belcher immediately on setting to put in a blow, and Ryan gave in, not without a supposition of CROSS PLAY. The fight lasted 50 minutes.

Lord Craven, Lord Albemarle, General Fitzpatrick, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Mr. Fletcher Reid, Mr. Mellish, Mendoza, Jackson, Bill Ward, Puss the Jew, and some others were present.

Monday, July 8, 1805, a boxing match was fought at Cricklewood-green, about five miles on the Kilburn road,

road, between Jack Holmes, the coachman, who so severely, but unsuccessfully contested with Tom Blake, (Tom Tough), at Wilsden-green, on the 30th of January, 1804, (see page 199), and George Richmond, the American black, who had considerably increased his fame as a pugilist by beating Youssop, the Jew, on the 21st of May, (see page 229).

Mr. Fletcher Reid, the firm supporter of pugilism, backed Richmond, and Mr. Peter Ward patronised Jack Holmes. Jones seconded the Black, and Tom Blake, the coachman. About twelve o'clock the combatants stripped and set to.

1st round—Holmes stood up well, and appeared in excellent condition; much sparring, no good hits.

2d—Both rallied, but no falling.

3d—Richmond put in a good hit, but fell. Odds two to one in favour of Holmes.

6th—Nothing interesting.

7th—An excellent round; Richmond was very gay and full of fight; some good blows exchanged.

8th—Holmes began to puff, and appeared distressed in his wind. Bets three to two on Holmes.

9th—Some sparring; Richmond put in a severe blow, and cut his opponent under the right eye, and Holmes fell.

10th—No fighting; they closed and both fell. Betting had now become even.

11th—The best round during the battle, both fought well and rallied; Richmond terminated it by bringing down his opponent.

15th—Very poorly contested; Holmes could hardly

 puff

puff wind enough to support himself, and he also appeared weak.

16th—No fighting; both closed and fell, Richmond uppermost. Odds had now changed three to one in favour of Richmond.

24th—All hugging rounds.

25th—Richmond appeared in high spirits, fought well, and evidently had the advantage.

26th—Decisive; Richmond immediately knocked Holmes down, and, although with great reluctance, he was obliged to give in.

The contest lasted 39 minutes.

Among the amateurs and professors there were Mr. Fletcher Reid, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Mr. T. Sheridan, Mr. Upton, Gully, Jem and Tom Belcher, Bill Ryan, Puss the Jew, Tom Crib, Jack Ward, and Mendoza.

Samuels (Dutch Sam) being in training at Thameditton, was in the course of this month coming to town; crossing over Wimbledon-common he met one James Brown, a butcher, of Wandsworth, and, prompted by ill fate, Sam must KICK UP a quarrel with him. After some altercation they set to, and Sam hoping to strike terror into his opponent, did not fail to let him know who he had the honour of contesting with; however, the butcher very calmly answered, "be you the Devil I will bang you now I am at it," and very nobly kept his word, for he brought Sam down by such forcible argument every round, that at the termination of about a dozen rounds he very candidly acknowledged he was beaten, for the first time in his life.

Henry

Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, by the unprecedented adroitness and success with which he had contested every combatant matched against him, in London, had acquired, with almost universal assent, the proud title of champion of England. It has ever been found, throughout the annals of pugilism, that whenever any hero had, however meritoriously, acquired such a flattering distinction, some person, prompted by jealousy and envy, has sprung up to dispute his claim, and it has generally happened that at last the hero has been obliged, notwithstanding all his accumulated honours, to acknowledge the triumph of a more successful rival. Pearce had at this time conquered three most formidable practisers of the gymnasium, Bourke, Spray, and Cart; and after a general challenge, no one coming forward to take up the gauntlet, he quietly set himself to rest, and enjoy the enviable honour which now no one dare dispute his title to. There was, however, yet to be produced, in order to keep up the spirit of pugilism, some one who possessed courage enough to enter the ring against this invincible hero; this was considered not easy to be accomplished; there happened, however, to be a man of the name of Gulley, a native of Bristol, and fellow townsman of the Chicken's, who for some time had followed the avocation of a butcher, but being unsuccessful, had taken country lodgings in the neighbourhood of St. George's, in a fine open situation, where he found room enough to exert his muscles in the active amusement of racquets. Here Pearce, through generosity and good-will, which ever were two prominent features of

 mind,

his mind, visited his acquaintance, to afford condolence; as every don fellow now does not consider his equipage complete, unless graced with the Broughtonian mufflers, Gulley had a set, and to fill up a chasm in the afternoon's amusement, the host and guest must have a set to; good humour, as it always should, prevailed, but Gulley did not fail to give the Chicken a few severe hits; in short Gulley became fired with his success, and immediately took it into his head that it was, perhaps, not impossible to beat the champion. Mr. Fletcher Reid, always actively alive, like a true sportsman, soon got scent; "Gulley," says he, "shall fight the Chicken;" his debts were accordingly discharged, and he was taken to Virginia Water, about two miles beyond Egham, on the western road, to be put in training. Gulley at this time was very little known in London, having never signalized himself as a pugilist. In make he was much such a man as Jem Belcher, but taller, and longer in the reach; in point of muscular appearance, a knowing one would not set him down as altogether built for fighting; however, from the commencement he never FUNKED, being always sanguine in his hopes of victory. Pearce found some of his old friends, who backed him 600 guineas to 400, and the day was fixed to be Saturday, July 20, on which day, in order to keep up the sport, two other matches were to be decided, 1st, between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam, 2d, Ryan and Caleb Baldwin.

Virginia Water was appointed as rendezvous, where Gulley, Tom Belcher, and Ryan, had been two months in training, under the auspices of Mr. Fletcher Reid; and

and it being understood that the first and main battle would be fought by eight o'clock in the morning, the whole bruising world was in commotion, and arrived there by times; from thence they all proceeded to Chobham, about three miles farther; a ring was immediately formed, and all stood gaping in anxious expectation.

Whenever John Bull does not see all straight before his nose, he immediately, notwithstanding his being a very clumsy hand at it, begins to theorise; this was the case now, some gave it as their opinion "it was ALL MY EYE," others said, rightly enough too, "there'd be no fight;" some spied a "WHITE FEATHER," and others concluded there was "CROSS PLAY;" and to support these various hypotheses, a story was made, "that Mr. Cheesey, a knowing one, who once had backed Pearce very high, had changed his opinion, and betted higher still on Gulley, and by this no one could tell the MIGHTY sum he would gain." Immediately the sages consulted, and soon determined that all bets should be void; but during this awful crisis, information arrived that the Surrey Magistrates had interfered, officers had been dispatched, and to prevent interruption they must travel onwards. Blackwater, some miles beyond Bagshot, was settled on, and off, in fresh spirits, started the whole cavalcade. Dutch Sam was mounted in a stylish buggy, and by some accident the reins broke, the driver jumped out, and left the Jew hold of one rein, vociferating to all the heroes of the Pentatuech to assist him; he was, however, soon UNSHIPPED, and so dreadfully bruised as to be unable to fight. This match was of course lost.

When

When they had arrived at Blackwater, all the old disputes arose again about CROSS play, and Mr. Fletcher Reid finding that the generality of the bets were void, insisted there should be no fight.

Mr. Mellish and Berkeley Craven offered to back the Chicken to any amount, even the 600 guineas to five.

As, however, so many amateurs had collected and come from town, a distance of 32 miles, to be present at this famous match, they were determined to knock up a fight, and Tom Crib, the Black Diamond, who ranked very high as a pugilist, was matched against a man of the name of Nicholls, another Bristol man, and, who like Gulley, had never fought on a London stage. The former was seconded by Dick Hall, and the latter by Tom Jones. At setting to Crib was the favourite, and odds were greatly in his favour; in the first round Nicholls, however, brought him down; but this was thought nothing of, as it was well known Crib frequently threw himself back to avoid a blow. In the fourth round Crib put in a most severe blow, and cut his opponent under the right eye; Nicholls still fought with great spirits, and perfectly cool and good-tempered. By the end of the twentieth round Nicholls had perfectly closed one of his antagonist's eyes; but notwithstanding he fought with great dexterity, and made several good rallies. At the end of the fortieth round Crib appeared distressed in his wind; he, however, had somewhat recovered the sight of his eye, but began to fight very shyly, and shift; his blows were frequently too short, and he several times fell back from his own hits

hits. At the end of the fifty-second round he gave in, and the knowing ones were very neatly done, as they were sanguine of Crib, even to the last. Nicholls was by all acknowledged a prime fellow; his superiority consisted of very expertly breaking on his adversary, according to the style of Slack, by projecting his arm suddenly against his antagonist's face, when he swings forward to put in a blow. It has been asserted in the public prints, that Crib never had been unsuccessful throughout his pugilistic career, but this must be the consequence of total ignorance of the subject.

On Tuesday, August 6, 1805, the long-expected battle between Bill Ryan and Caleb Baldwin was fought at Blackheath. The seat of combat was not determined until very late on the Monday night, aud many who expected it to be at Wilsden-green, travelled there only to be disappointed. A ring having been formed, about eleven o'clock the combatants entered, Ryan attended by Tom Jones and Puss, and Caleb by Pearce, the Game Chicken, and Mountain. Odds were rather in favour of Caleb, but in general betting was even. After the usual ceremony they set to.

1st round—Much sparring; Caleb at last put in two good blows right and left; they closed, and both fell.

2d—Caleb made a hit, and while closing Ryan threw in a severe blow, and cut his opponent in the face, closed, and both fell.

3d—Caleb threw in some tolerably clean body blows; Ryan ran in and threw him.

4th—Caleb put in a blow over Ryan's eye, it soon swelled

swelled and became black; Caleb terminated the round by giving Ryan a complete somerset; Caleb displayed advantage.

5th—Good round; Caleb supported his superiority, put in several good blows; they closed and both fell, Caleb uppermost.

10th—Every round in favour of Caleb, who stood up and fought with great resolution.

11th—Caleb immediately ran in, and threw Ryan a complete somerset a second time.

12th—Some sparring; Ryan rather shy; Caleb put in a tremendous blow upon his opponent's head, and brought him down.

13th—Caleb with great dexterity repeated his blow, and Ryan fell again. Odd were now five to one in favour of Caleb.

15th—Ryan very shy; he, however, rallied, and threw in several very good hits; Caleb now began to evince exhaustion, as was somewhat expected from his violent exertion.

16th—Ryan now began to shew advantage; Caleb was fatigued, and Ryan's superior strength appeared manifest.

21st—Every round now added fresh superiority to Ryan, who, although much fatigued, threw his opponent every time.

22d—This was the last round in which there was any fighting; Caleb summoned all his courage, put in some well-aimed blows, but was too weak to withstand his opponent, who again brought him down.

26th—Caleb fell, almost exhausted, and while falling

Ryan

Ryan hit him. The ring was immediately broke, and a cry of "foul, foul," was vociferated, merely as a plea to save the stakes; but while the cognoscenti were discussing the subject, a party of dragoons arrived, and soon dispersed them.

The combatants being both decently MILLED, were put into a post-chaise and brought to town.

The contest lasted half an hour.

On Tuesday, October 8, 1805, the battle between the Game Chicken and Gulley, which had so long occupied the attention of the first amateurs and patrons of the art, was decided at Hailsham, a small village on the Sussex downs, between Brighton and Lewes.

At ten o'clock the combatants met at the place appointed, and, after a short conference, a 24-feet rope ring was formed on a green adjoining the village. At one o'clock the contending champions entered; Gulley was seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale; Pearce had Clarke and J. Ward for his attendants.

1st round—Gulley made a desperate hit at his opponent, but fell short, and Pearce immediately knocked him down. Odds were now three to one in favour of the Chicken.

2d—Gulley put in first blow again; Chicken returned, and Gulley fell.

3d—Pearce threw in a blow at his opponent's head, which fell short; Gulley struck and dropped.

4th—Pearce stood up with a smile of confidence on his brow; both combatants struck at once, and both hits were well stopped, but Gulley fell.

5th—Pearce put in a successful blow in the neck, and brought down his opponent.

6th

6th—Pearce put in two good hits right and left, and brought Gulley down again. Odds now rose to ten to two on the Chicken.

7th—Immediately on setting to Pearce knocked down his opponent.

8th—Much sparring; Pearce put in a hit; Gulley parried in style, and returned with a knock-down blow; Pearce fell for the first time.

9th—Pearce appeared exasperated, went in and knocked Gulley down; he smiled in triumph.

10th—Gulley struck, Pearce stopped, and with a blow on the breast brought down Gulley.

11th—Gulley put in a good hit, but the round terminated by the Chicken's knocking him completely off his legs.

12th—Gulley threw in a most severe blow, struck Pearce on the mouth, and brought him down.

13th—In this round Gulley displayed both good science and courage; he put in two good blows, but fell from the force of the last.

14th—Gulley got up in good spirits, but the first blow of the Chicken's knocked him off his legs.

15th—Both combatants struck, and both hits went home; Gulley struck again, and fell.

16th—Gulley appeared rather shy, and fell without a blow being struck.

17th—Best round during the battle, if not that ever was contested; Pearce seemed confident of beating his man, and stood up well; Gulley rallied, and put in several good blows, which were returned by the Chicken, without any stopping; Gulley brought down

down his opponent, after having very successfully planted two good hits on his left eye. This round was undoubtedly greatly in Gulley's favour, and the odds fell, bets being now only six to four on the Chicken.

18th—No fighting; Pearce bled profusely, and Gulley slipped while making play.

19th—Another excellent round; Gulley rallied; Pearce returned, and after some good blows they closed, and both fell.

20th—Pearce seemed almost blind with his left eye, and as the blood issued freely, he fought very shy, retreated; Gulley followed up round the ring, and by a good hit brought Pearce down.

21st—Pearce was very careful, and Gulley in hitting fell.

23d—Some good blows exchanged; Gulley fell; while falling Pearce struck him a tremendous blow on the side of the head, and Gulley vomited.

24th—Pearce struck, but fell short; Gulley put in a good blow over his opponent's right eye, and endeavoured to fall, but only being on his knees, Pearce struck him. Some cries of "foul," but the fight went on.

25th—Pearce very shy; Gulley stuck up, and followed him round the ring; some good blows exchanged and Gulley fell again.

29th—Pearce was now every round gaining advantage.

30th—Gulley put in a good hit, and fell; this irritated Pearce, and he stood over him apparently very much exasperated.

31st—Long sparring; Pearce struck, but fell short; Gulley struck over his guard, and it was thought almost blinded his right eye.

33d—Pearce very shy; Gulley followed him round the ring, but Pearce knocked him down with a blow in his throat.

36th—Gulley appeared very weak; made a hit at the Chicken's head, which he caught, and Pearce made a slight blow; Gulley made a good hit, which Pearce parried with his left hand, and with his right knocked down his opponent.

37th to 43d—All these rounds the Chicken had the advantage; both were extremely bloody, particularly Gulley, whose ear flowed copiously; Gulley appeared afraid; his head was most dreadfully swelled, and his eyes appeared nearly closed.

44th—Pearce dexterously put in his favourite hit in the throat, and his antagonist fell; Gulley had now received so many severe blows, that he could not face his man, he, however, continued to protract the fight by making a feint hit, and falling, until the 64th—when, by great persuasion, he yielded the palm, after a contest of one hour and seventeen minutes.

Both combatants were dreadfully beaten, neither being hardly able to see out of either eye. A subscription was immediately made for the unfortunate champion.

Soon after Gulley had given in, Pearce came up to him, shook hands with him, and said "You're a damned good fellow, I'm hard put to it to stand; you are the only man that ever stood up to me."

In

In this battle Gulley displayed great courage, and proved himself every thing that could have been expected; against any other competitor of the day, there is no doubt but he must have conquered. To compliment Pearce would be unnecessary, he could rank but as the Milo of the age, and his astonishing prowess excited the envy of his friend Belcher, who challenged him to fight for 500 guineas, within two months, play or pay; Pearce immediately accepted, and the contest was determined on.

Immediately on these champions retiring, the ring was occupied by two combatants, for the decision of a match for 25 guineas; these were Tom Crib, Black Diamond, and George Richmond, the American black. At any other time a contest between these heroes would have demanded the greatest attention, but so highly were the minds of the amateurs engrossed by the merits of the first contenders, that little notice seemed to be paid to the present battle. To call it a battle, however, is but to disgrace the synonyme of fight; it was a most unequal match; Richmond hopped and danced about the ring, sometimes falling down, at others jigging round somewhat in the style of an Otaheitan dance; Crib appeared frightened at his opponent's long black pegs, and could not be persuaded to go in boldly and lick him off hand, as every one knew was well in his power; 20 minutes, however, elapsed without a single blow of any consequence passing; in this manner they spun it out for one hour and a half, when Crib was acknowledged the victor, without being in the least hurt. Among the numerous sporting equestrians was the Duke of Clarence.

The

The latter end of this month a battle was fought on Hounslow-heath, between Black Jemmy, the bruiser, an unsuccessful opponent of Flowers, the Berkshire coachman, and one Gurling, for ten guineas. Jemmy being at Maidenhead, giving lessons in pugilism, Gurling was prompted by flattery to challenge him. The contest was extremely well supported on both sides for an hour and twenty minutes; Jemmy had the advantage from the commencement, but Gurling's bottom was so good, that he did not yield until he was perfectly blind.

On Tuesday, 3d of December, 1805, a battle was fought in Chelsea-fields, between O'Donnel, the bruiser, and a man of the name of Emery, for a private subscription purse. These two combatants had some time since quarrelled, and O'Donnel being in a bad state of health, Emery had easily gained a conquest, but the result of this battle proved a salutary warning to those, who, under the idea of superior strength, consider themselves qualified to stand as a barrier against the scientific skill of those whose fame had been long acknowledged.

A ring having been formed, about two o'clock the combatants entered; O'Donnel accompanied by Tom Blake, (Tom Tough), and Bill Ryan as his second, and Emery, who was favoured by Tom Jones and Wight.

On stripping Emery shewed such astonishing strength, that he appeared capable of taking his opponent under his arm, and carrying him off; he was considerably taller, and about two stone heavier than

O'Donnel

O'Donnel; from these reasons bets were seven to four in his favour.

At setting to Emery shewed great confidence, and stood up in good style; O'Donnel making a feint with his left hand, put in a most severe blow with his right on the mouth; they closed, and both fell. O'Donnel in this round evidently displayed all the advantage arising from skill; this he supported, and at the end of five rounds bets became even. In the ninth round Emery exerted his greatest powers, and some good blows were exchanged, but O'Donnel hitting right and left, brought him down. Odds two to one in favour of O'Donnel. The eleventh round Emery made a false hit, and completely ran from his man, and on the following round fell without a blow; O'Donnel continued to support a decided superiority, and at the end of three quarters of an hour Emery resigned the contest, carrying with him marks sufficient to deter him from ever again attempting to become a professional man.

Considerable anxiety had for some time past pervaded the sporting world on the event of the contest between the as yet invincible champion James Belcher, and his friend Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken. Mr. Fletcher Reid, that firm supporter of the art, partial to the old blood, backed Belcher for 500 guineas; and Captain Halliday, on the part of Pearce, covered it with a similar deposit, and promised Pearce half in the event of his proving the conqueror. In order to avoid the interference of the Magistrates contiguous to town, it was determined the battle should be fought far

far distant, at least 150 miles from London; the precise spot, however, was left to the choice of the combatants; to decide this they tossed np, Belcher won, and, as had been already preconcerted, fixed upon a small common within a quarter of a mile of Blythe, the seat of Captain Mellish, which is about three miles from Barnby-moor, nine from Doncaster, and 150 from London.

On Friday morning, December the 6th, about eleven o'clock, Pearce, who was at the Blue Bell Inn, Barnby-moor, started to Mr. Mellish's, at Blythe, accompanied by his father. On their arrival they found Captain Mellish, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Eardly, Captain Halliday, and the Hon. Berkeley Craven, who shortly accompanied them across the park to the appointed scene of action, where Belcher stood in perfect readiness. A ring had been formed 20 feet square, roped within another of 40 feet, in order to avoid interruption from the crowd; the partizans on both sides wore different coloured silk handkerchiefs; those favouring Pearce sported a blue silk handkerchief with a white spot, since called the Chicken; whilst those supporting his opponent, boasted with as much pride the yellow stripe, that long before had borne the name of the hero. The combatants entered the ring, Will Ward seconded Pearce, and Bill Gibbons acted as bottle-holder; Joe Ward and Dick Whale performing the same offices for Belcher. On stripping Pearce appeared the strongest, and in best condition, but Belcher was not in the least daunted, and seemed confident of success; they performed the well known salutation,

tation, and immediately set to. Odds five to four on the Chicken.

1st round—Cautious sparring; Belcher made several feints, and at length put in a severe blow on the Chicken's eye, over his guard, that drew blood copiously; the Chicken returned the blow slightly, they closed, and the Chicken threw his man.

2d—Belcher again made several feints, and the Chicken, whose face was covered with blood, guarded cautiously, and made a hit; Belcher put in two blows on the Chicken's body, and they closed; they disengaged themselves; the Chicken aimed a well-directed hit which Belcher stopped dexterously; they rallied, the Chicken hit two blows, and threw his man. Twenty to twelve on the Chicken.

3d—A hard round, rather in favour of the Chicken; several blows were exchanged in a rally made by him; they closed, and Belcher was thrown upon the ropes.

4th—Chicken hit twice at his man, but the blows fell short, and Belcher rallied with some success, but was again thrown.

5th—The Chicken continued to bleed freely from the blow he received in the first round; he smiled with confidence, however, went in, and rallied, which terminated in favour of Belcher, who threw him.

6th—Belcher displayed a good deal of his accustomed science, and appeared to meet his man cautiously; he rallied, and several blows were exchanged; they closed and fell, Belcher undermost.

7th—This round was much in favour of Belcher. The

 Chicken

Chicken made a hit, which Belcher stopped dexterously, and with his right hand hit the Chicken a hard blow in the face; a rally followed, in which Belcher had the advantage; they closed, and the Chicken got his opponent's head under his left arm, and hit him several blows with his right hand; both fell.

8th—Belcher went in, rallied courageously, and displayed his skill in pugilism to perfection; he struck several blows with his right hand, whilst he parried those of the Chicken with his left; he had considerable advantage during the round, and ultimately succeeded in throwing his man over the rope out of the ring. Bets level.

9th—Both on their mettle, and apparently fresh; Belcher hit the Chicken a hard blow in the face, which cut him severely; several other blows were exchanged, and they closed and fell.

10th—Somewhat in favour of the Chicken, without any blows of consequence; Belcher appeared to be growing weak.

11th—The Chicken over-reached himself in making a hit, and the combatants closed; Belcher disengaged himself by a twist, and hit his man, who threw him.

12th—The Chicken went in and rallied furiously, and it was evident Belcher had fallen off in strength he had materially the worst of the rally; the Chicken closed, and threw him on the rope, and had a fair opportunity of ending the fight, for Belcher balanced upon his back, and had the Chicken given him one of his death-like blows, he must have killed

him

him; he put himself in an attitude for giving a blow, when looking round the ring, he exclaimed, "JEM, I wont take advantage of thee." This honourable step was applauded with shouts from the Spectators.

13th—The Chicken went in and rallied without ceremony; Belcher's blows were grown feeble; they closed, and Belcher gave the Chicken a very severe cross buttock.

14th—Tedious sparring; Belcher shy, and bleeding in the head and body with blows given in the former round; the Chicken followed him to the ropes, when he gave him a hard blow under the blind eye, through his guard, and threw him easy,

15th—This round left no hopes for Belcher; it also decided many bets respecting the first knock-down blow; the Chicken went in very gay, and gave his opponent two hits, they closed, and the Chicken hit Belcher a blow underneath, on the lower rib, which, to use the sporting phrase, doubled him together, and he fell. The umpire, for the satisfaction of the sporting men, declared this to be a knock-down blow.

16th—Belcher hit the Chicken a well-directed but feeble blow in the face, whilst sparring; the Chicken smiled, rallied his man, and got him again on the ropes, as in the twelfth round, he repeated his honorable conduct as before, and walked away without hitting him. This round decided the fight, notwithstanding Belcher fought one more; in the rally he was first thrown upon one of the stakes to which the rope was fastened, and it was supposed he had

 broken

broken the lower rib, the Chicken having hit him in the same place shortly before. Ten to one.

17th—Belcher summoned up all his efforts to put in a blow, but the Chicken again followed him to the ropes, and threw him; Belcher could not move his left arm from his side, he, however, stood up to fight in the eighteenth round, but finding himself totally disabled, he resigned the contest, after fighting 35 minutes. The Chicken immediately leaped over the rope out of the ring, and entered it again in the same manner, displaying his agility by a somerset.

On this day the emblematic wreath of victory, which had so long encircled the brow of Belcher, was torn off by the powerful grasp of the very man for whose success Belcher had evinced so much anxiety; envy appeared the principal excitement in the mind of Jem to the contest, and to that degrading passion he undoubtedly sacrificed all his honours, and fell a pitiable victim; under a mistaken impulse, after having successfully triumphed over such formidable opponents as Paddington Jones, Bartholomew, Gamble, Bourke, and Firby, his well gained fame expired.

It was clearly evident, independent of the great disadvantage which Belcher unhappily sustained in the loss of an eye, that neither his strength or constitution at this time could enable him to encounter with any chance of success, an opponent possessing such an astonishing degree of skill, agility, wind, muscular power, and, in short, every requisite that the most theoretic mind could suggest for a pugilist. Belcher, in the course of the combat, put in several of his favourite

vourite blows, and got off in his accustomed happy manner; but the longer the fight lasted, so much the greater became his disadvantage, and every one conversant in boxing allowed, that had he planted more hits, instead of employing his time in unavailing and useless sparring, he would have stood a better chance of gaining a victory. Pearce, throughout the combat, without a doubt, aimed the generality of his blows at Belcher's good eye, well aware of the result of closing it, and in closing Pearce gave him some tremendous falls.

Upon the whole, if the combat was not so obstinately contested as might have been anticipated, there was in it a display of science perhaps unprecedented. Those, however, who had witnessed Belcher in any of his former battles, could perceive a deficiency in his fighting in many points, notwithstanding he displayed all his former courage; after they had fought a quarter of an hour, Belcher displayed marks of some violent hits in his face, and his firm bright eye rolled in the briny flood. The loss of his eye was a greater disadvantage to him than A PRIORI was supposed; it rendered him unable to judge the length of his opponent, nor could he perceive the hits coming towards him, until it was too late to guard against them. With respect to his own blows, as he himself observed, after the fight, they were merely casual attempts, for his sight was not sufficiently quick and strong to plant them judiciously. Every one who had on former occasions admired with enthusiasm the unexampled courage and skill of Belcher, felt deeply for his unfortunate situation, and in many an eye was seen the sympathetic

pathetic tear to start. His spirits were good to the last, and after its conclusion he exclaimed, not without seeming to feel the assertion, "I don't mind for myself, but I'm sorry for a friend of mine, who has lost every thing he had." A subscription was set on foot by Jackson, and very liberally supplied. Belcher was taken to a surgeon's, and bled, where, upon examination, they found the rib expected to have been broken was perfect.

The Game Chicken retired to the Blue Bell Inn, at Barnby-moor, and seriously declared that once or twice he had it in his power to have killed Belcher. Elated with his victory, he cried out in the Somersetshire dialect, "Dang it, I'm not hurt, I have only cut my CROOK against his teeth;" and pulling out of his pocket a new blue silk handkerchief, spotted with white, tied it round his neck, and laughing, said, "Since I've won it I'll wear it; no more Belcher's now." After taking some refreshment, they set off for Grantham, where Captain Halliday had ordered dinner for a large party.

On Monday, January 13, 1806, a battle was fought in Yorkshire, for 50 guineas a side, between Dick Diplige, nick-named the Young Belcher, and the noted Jo Bourke. Bets at setting to were even, but at the end of the third round, odds were five to three in favour of Bourke. At the eleventh round bets became again even, and Dick now began to shew advantage, put in some excellent knock-down blows, and at the end of the twenty-first round was acknowledged victorious. The contest lasted three quarters of an hour.

A match

A match had long been in contemplation between amuels, (Dutch Sam), and Tom Belcher, who, from e undaunted prowess and excellent skill they had oth severally displayed, were considered as first-rate gilists. This contest, which had raised great ex-ectation in the fighting world, had, from several un-reseen events, been frequently thwarted; it will be membered, that on the first appointed time Dutch am was thrown from his gig, (see page 238), but the nowing ones began to consider that Sam was playing e safe game in standing off, and the hopes of a ttle were very slight; Sam, however, had now plied nself to training for a month, and quite unexpect-lly Tom Belcher received, the latter end of January, challenge from Dutch Sam, to fight for 100 guineas the 8th of the following month. Although Tom at is time was labouring under the infernal scourge of shing life, his friends were sufficiently sanguine, ac-pted the challenge, and staked the 100 guineas for m.

Virginia Water was settled as the rendezvous, and cordingly, on Saturday morning, the 8th of Feb. 1806, the amateurs attended, held a short consultation, and cided Sendon-heath, near the village of Thorpe, as the ld of battle. The combatants immediately repaired ere, a rope ring was formed, and Dutch Sam en-red, attended by Dan Mendoza for his second, and m Blake, bottle-holder; Tom Belcher soon follow-with Gulley and Dick Whale. Bets were very ely among the sporting characters, but all on a level, one o'clock the heroes set to.

1st

1st round—Sam made a feint; Belcher put in a good hit; Sam returned it, and Belcher putting in another blow over-reached himself, and fell.

2d—Belcher put in two good hits right and left; Sam struck in return, but very slight; they closed and both fell.

3d—Sam aimed a well-directed blow at his opponent's ribs; Belcher parried well, and with his right put in a tolerable good hit; they closed and fell. Odds five to four on Belcher.

4th—A good round; Sam was very gay, went in and rallied, but Belcher parried most of his blows with his left hand, while he advantageously used his right; many blows were exchanged, when Sam, by dint of superior strength, threw his antagonist. Betting again even.

5th—Belcher put in two slight blows, and in the struggle fell.

6th—An obstinately contested round, but much in favour of Tom; Sam went in and rallied; Belcher shifted, and stopped his hits, which were truly desperate, with great dexterity.

7th—Belcher rallied, and put in a most severe blow on the temple; Sam, however, stood firmly, and returned it on the eye; they closed, and both fell.

8th—Belcher's eye evidently shewed the force with which Sam's blow had been struck; some good blows exchanged, and Belcher threw his opponent. Odds two to one in favour of Tom.

9th—Belcher appeared fatigued; Sam ran in, avoided rallying, and by jobbing at his antagonist's head and throat, he knocked him down.

10

10th—Belcher made some ineffectual attempts at his adversary's head; Sam rallied, and Belcher fell through weakness. Odds now changed in favour of Sam seven to four.

11th—Sam put in some good hits, which were well parried by Belcher; they closed, and both fell, Sam uppermost.

12th—Belcher exerted himself, and appeared not so much distressed in his wind; all Belcher's blows were very feeble, and he again fell seemingly exhausted. Odds were now two to one on Sam.

13th—Belcher recruited, and put in two good blows on his opponent's head; Sam now appeared rather shy; Belcher went in and threw him.

15th—No blows either round; Sam still shy, and evinced fatigue. Bets level again, Belcher being known to be game.

16th—A good round; Sam, in a passion, went in and followed Belcher round the ring, who put in several good blows.

17th—On this round Tom displayed excellent science; threw in some good hits, but appeared very weak. Odds six to five on Belcher.

24th—Belcher kept up a slight superiority; both combatants very much exhausted, and their hits made no impression.

25th—Sam very shy; did not like to face his adversary.

26th—Belcher immediately made play at the face, and put in a good hit, and terminated the round by throwing his opponent. Odds rose in Tom's favour.

29th—Belcher, in this round, was so much exhausted, that all hopes of victory on his part were relinquished.

The contest was, however, spun out to the fifty-seventh round, when Belcher was forced to yield, not having strength enough to keep him on his legs.

This was, without dispute, one of the best contested and most skilful battles that ever had been witnessed. Sam proved himself a truly desperate hitter, and a very powerful man; to the latter quality may principally be attributed his success, for notwithstanding Tom Belcher was this day unfortunate, he stands as one of the prettiest fighters of the day; great allowances also must be made for his indisposition. Sam fought greatly in the Mendoza style, and his having that excellent pugilist at his elbow, was no mean advantage.

On Tuesday, February 18, 1806, the following letter appeared in the Daily Advertiser:

Mr. Editor,

After my frequent resolution never again to appear before the public in the character of a fighter on the stage, and which resolutions I have for years carefully and rigidly persevered in; it may perhaps be incumbent upon me to state to that public, whose partiality I have so often experienced, the cause of my acceptance of a challenge from a person by no means entitled to the smallest lenity.

Some weeks ago I unfortunately visited Harry Lee, then in temporary lodgings under the roof of a sheriff's officer; he was then in, DURANCE VILE, on two actions; he

he told me a long and piteous tale about his hardships, and the injustice and cruelty of his creditors; he assured me, that if I would become one of his bail, he would then be enabled to obtain his liberty, and that he should take special care that I should not suffer, as he would settle or discharge both actions as soon as he got out of his present confinement.

Notwithstanding I am not now very apt to act the part of a fool on such an occasion, having already sustained, at various times, considerable losses by former acts of credulity, and consequently become wiser by dear bought experience, I listened to his statements, and gave an implicit belief to all his declarations. It being found that my bail alone would not give legal satisfaction, I persuaded my brother and another friend to join in the bail bond, giving them, like gentlemen in a certain great house, a bill of indemnity. I was induced to go this length to serve him, because Harry Lee assured me that he had no person to befriend him; that the officers would not take his word for a single copper; and that unless I stood up to John Doe and Richard Roe, through the medium of my two friends, he would be immediately committed to prison, whence, with detainers, &c. &c. it would be impossible for years, perhaps, for him to obtain a release. All the ceremonies which the law requires being gone through, Harry Lee marched out with all the honours usually attending such a war.

But mark, gentle reader! as soon as the said Harry Lee obtained his liberty, he refused to comply with his solemn engagement; he, indeed, settled one of the

 actions;

actions; but would neither surrender himself, nor settle the other. The consequence was obvious, having indemnified my brother and friend, we were obliged to pay, with the exception of £14, the whole sum as smart money for having been duped by Harry Lee.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am of opinion, that if a man cannot satisfy his creditors, he ought, in honour, to release his bail, by the surrender of his person, which Harry Lee positively refused. He was, however, not contented with this abominable usage of me; he went up and down the town circulating calumnies and lies against me, and threatened to beat me as soon as he found an opportunity; in short he gave me such a challenge, that I could not, consistent with honour or propriety, refuse.

The black ingratitude of Harry Lee is now very conspicuous; after cheating, deceiving, and I may say robbing his friend in need, he now wants to give him a kicking into the bargain; but I have no doubt but that I shall stop his career, and put in a blow of just indignation and honourable resentment, against a man whose conduct is a disgrace to any rank of life. I am, much against my inclination, forced to the fight, not from any fear of Harry Lee, but from a sense of violating those rules and peaceable conduct in which I had resolved to pass the remainder of my life; he who has been successful in upwards of 30 pitched battles; he who has disputed the palm of victory with the first and ablest men of his time, cannot surely be apprehensive of danger, either to his person or reputation, from Harry Lee!! I know that "the race is not to the swift,

nor

nor the battle to the strong, but that time and chance happeneth to all men;" barring, however, all unforeseen accidents, I am fully persuaded that I shall make Harry sorely repent his unprovoked insolence; but I shall not gain by the contest the smallest sprig of laurel, because Harry Lee has none to lose. I am sorry thus to occupy the time of the public, and am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c. Daniel Mendoza.

No. 5, Webber-row, Blackfriars-road,
Feb. 17th, 1806.

March, 1806. In the beginning of this month, the following letter of Harry Lee's, in answer to that of Mendoza's, (see page 258), appeared in the Oracle.

Mr. Editor,

I have to thank you for your candid and manly manner in which you announced your intention to afford me an opportunity of confuting the charges brought against me by Daniel Mendoza.

Among the extraordinary events that fate or folly produce, I believe insanity itself never dreamt of an epistolary correspondence between D. Mendoza and Harry Lee. What devil could have provoked him to exhibit his wonderful stock of honour, virtue, and benevolence in so public a manner, I am at a loss to divine; but clear and certain I am, that all the advantage he promised himself he has already enjoyed; it is the curse of fools to be the heralds of their own disgrace; for mark, Mr. Editor, how a plain undisguised story, delivered by a plain unlettered matter of fact man, shall be set down.

Mr.

Mr. Mendoza has thought proper to pester the public with a long narrative of his extravagant acts of kindness towards me; that he rescued me from the hands of a bailiff, the confines of a prison, and other disasterous perils; however, not to retail all the habedashery of complaints he has thought proper to extend to an unreasonable length, I shall content myself with briefly answering the essence of his charge against me, and I trust I shall have credit for doing it with truth and candour without the aid of Mr. Mendoza's ingenuity.

It is true I was arrested on two writs of £10 each, a circumstance that has frequently happened to honester men than either Mendoza or Harry Lee. It is also true that I called on him to assist in procuring me my enlargement, which, by the bye, was but a slender tribute to the gratitude he owed me; he certainly procured me bail upon my promise of settling both actions. As Mr. Mendoza admits, I did pay one, but I am very sorry, for his own sake, he did not keep a little nearer truth with respect to the state of the other, as that might have relieved him from the reprobation that injustice, fallacy, and ingratitude merits.

The second action upon which I am accused of having run from my bail, and left Mr. Mendoza under all the piteous, lamentable, and ruinous circumstances to pay, stood exactly thus at the time of his letter: the debt and costs came to £16; the alternative was paying it, or going to prison; £14 I raised and paid, so that all Mendaza could possibly be liable to, was the vast sum of £2, which I have also paid. And here,

Mr.

Mr. Editor, you must give me leave to declare, that I think no man living abhors the idea of deserting his bail, or deceiving his friend, more than I do. How far I have done either, in the present case, I leave to the determination of any man, D. Mendoza excepted. Admit for a moment, Mr. Editor, that I had left Mr. Mendoza to pay a few pounds for me, for what he terms fixing my security; the offence, surely, could not be held in any very heinous light by him, if he will have the goodness to call to his recollection the situation in which he left all his friends, who were security for his integrity when he commenced Sheriff's officer. And now, Mr. Editor, I crave your attention to a few words more, which I trust will quench the thirst of Mr. Mendoza for literary fame, and exhibit him as a paragon of ingratitude. I make great allowances for the passions of a man labouring to prove himself more conscientiously honest than myself; but I cannot help lamenting that he chose the subject of ingratitude for his purpose, and the demon who whispered it in his ear, was certainly unacquainted with the account current between him and myself, upon the article of gratitude, which in fairness ought to have been stated. In fine, Sir, Mr. Mendoza has, upon some very urgent occasions, been driven to the solitary friendship of Harry Lee, who afforded it him in the most ample manner his capacity would permit. However, fortunately for Mendoza, it was sufficient for all his purposes. Upon two several occasions have I solicited the pecuniary assistance of my friends, in aid of what my own abilities could afford, and this, too, for the purpose of

extricating

extricating him from the most irksome of all personal inconvenience, as well as to succour his almost famished family. Believe me, Mr. Editor, it is painful to me to upbraid a man with the services I have done him; nor should any consideration whatever have induced me to reveal them, had he not goaded and scourged me into the measure. Perhaps Mendoza has forgot the letters in my possession, expressive of the great obligation I had conferred on him, and which, I trust, will put both him and the devil, who instructed him to turn author, to the blush, upon a perusal, whenever he finds it convenient to give me an opportunity to publish them.

With respect to the language that may have passed between us, I admit it may not have been the most chaste; but considering all things, not very illy adapted to our professions and habits of life. It is sufficient to say that the public have learnt from Mendoza's statement, that it has brought about a challenge, which has been accepted, to determine the dispute by manual argument, and I will not envy the laurels he may gather on the occasion. I can only promise, that I will do my utmost to prevent his tearing a single sprig from the brows of your most obedient humble servant.

Antigallican, Temple-bar. H. Lee.

As may be inferred from the preceding letter, and that of Mendoza's of the 18th of last month, a battle was determined on, and Friday, March 21, the day appointed, when the combatants both having staked 50 guineas, met at Grimstead-green, three miles and a half beyond Bromley, in Kent; a ring was formed by

stakes

stakes and a rope, of 25 feet, and at one o'clock Mendoza, accompanied by Bill Ward and Bill Gibbons, entered; Harry Lee soon followed, with the Game Chicken and Gulley for his seconds. Mendoza walked round the ring with great composure until Lee had stripped, when he immediately, with a smile of confidence, threw off his clothes, and they set to. Odds three to one on Mendoza.

1st round—Lee sparred with his left hand fully extended, and made several feints; on his attempting to put in a blow, Mendoza struck him over his left eye with his right hand, and following it up, put in a severe body blow with the left, and brought Lee down. Great bets were depending on the first knock-down blow, and drawing blood, both of which were now decided, and odds rose ten to one in favour of Mendoza.

2d—Lee got up exasperated; Mendoza put in a slight blow, which Lee dexterously returned on the nose; they closed, and both fell. Lee bled copiously from the blow he received in the first round.

3d—Lee went in again furiously; Mendoza hit him right and left, and he fell.

4th—Lee displayed game, threw in a good blow over Mendoza's left eye; they closed, and Mendoza threw his opponent. Two to one were now betted that Mendoza did not win in half an hour.

5th—Lee attempted to rally, and Mendoza, by a severe hit, knocked him under the ropes. Odds three to one on Mendoza, as at the beginning.

6th—Mendoza expecting Lee would rally, waited for

 him

him, and in his attempt hit him a dreadful blow over his nose, and threw him.

7th—No fighting; closed, and both fell.

8th—Lee, as before, rushed in upon his man; Mendoza struck, repeated with the same success, and following him, completely threw him a cross buttock; Lee's head and face now shewed some marks of good hits.

9th—Lee rallied, and Mendoza struck him over his left eye, which was much swelled. Odds had now rose five to one on Mendoza.

10th—Mendoza laughed; he made a feeble hit, and dropped on his knees.

11th—Lee with his usual impetuosity rushed in, Mendoza hit him, and Lee ran from him, and laid himself quietly on the ground.

12th—Mendoza now began to shew play, rallied, and knocked Lee out of the ring.

13th—Lee again rallied; Mendoza struck him, and to avoid falling, Lee clung to him.

14th—Mendoza hit his opponent, and Lee very quietly went and laid down again. The spectators now began to shew their disapprobation by hisses, cries of foul, and take him off.

15th—No fighting; Lee fell without a hit, and Mendoza laughed at him. Six to one on Mendoza.

16th—Mendoza jobbed his opponent in the throat, who fell, evincing great weakness. A guinea to half a crown on Dan.

17th—After one blow Lee fell.

18th—The combatants closed, and both fell.

19th

19th—Lee again rallied, and with good spirits; Mendoza, however, struck him on the chin, which he cut severely, and knocked him under the ropes.

20th—Lee very angry; Mendoza, laughing, with great dexterity stopped all his opponent's hits; they closed, and both fell.

21st—Mendoza put in a terribly severe body blow, and brought down his man. Any odds.

22d—Mendoza aimed a blow at Leé, but before he struck he was down; loud cries of foul, foul.

23d—No blows; closed and both fell.

24th—Lee again rallied; Mendoza parried with his left hand, and put in some good hits with his right; Lee slipped and fell.

25th—Lee attempted to rally again, notwithstanding his bad success; Mendoza hit him right and left, and he fell, apparently through fatigue.

26th—Mendoza knocked down his opponent at the commencement SANS CEREMONIE; Dan seemed as gay and fresh as ever.

27th—Lee attempted to hit, but fell.

28th—Lee went in, caught hold of Mendoza's arm, and completely hauled him down.

29th—In this round Lee put in most hits; they rallied, closed, and both fell, Mendoza uppermost.

30th—Mendoza stopped every hit; Mendoza slipped, and while falling Lee took advantage to strike him several times in the face.

31st—Closed, and both fell.

32d—In this round Mendoza began to appear weak, made a blow, but fell on his knees.

33d—Lee affected to shew play, and appear very gay; the left side of his face was miserably disfigured, and his attempts, although very scientific, were counteracted by weakness.

34th—A well contested round, but in Mendoza's favour.

35th and 36th—Both rounds Mendoza beat his opponent under the ropes.

39th—Mendoza supported his advantage, particularly by his adroitness in stopping.

40th—Mendoza put in two hard blows in the ribs, and in the last Lee fell.

41st—Mendoza struck, but very slightly, and Lee fell, as though quite exhausted.

42d—This was the last round Lee fought with any degree of exertion, and Mendoza threw him. The battle was, however, continued to the

53d—When Lee fell again without a blow, and Dan's friends being determined not to throw away another chance, referred it to two gentlemen, who declared Mendoza victorious. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes.

Harry Lee had been a pugilist for many years, and was well known as a good sparrer, but had never entered the list until now to fight a pitched battle, consequently, from the first making of the match, every one considered it as the most hollow thing ever attempted, and arising from a spirit of resentment, fully expected Mendoza would not fail to make a very easy conquest; but they were greatly disappointed, for although Lee did not act the part of a game cock,

in

in the strict sense, in falling without a blow, yet he was not deficient in skill and resolution, and by a display of which he frequently raised the admiration of the amateurs. By making too much play at the commencement he got himself miserably beaten, and although without a chance of winning from that time, he with great courage protracted the fight, and before the conclusion, left some severe marks on his opponent's face. In point of stature and length of arm Lee had the advantage; but with respect to science Mendoza displayed great superiority. Among the amateurs present were, Lord Albemarle, Lord Sefton, Count Beaujoloise, Sir Watkin William Wynne, Sir John Shelley, Sir Eden Nagle, Captain Halliday, Mr. Thornhill, General Keppel, Messrs. Buxton, Fletcher Reid, Bagley, Robert Allen, Chalic, &c.

Another battle was fought between Smith and Toney, a bruiser who had just returned from amusing excursions in New Holland; he, however, proved the conqueror.

About this time a man of the name of Ford, a gamekeeper in Leicestershire, challenged Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken. Pearce was ready to accept the invitation, but not for less than 200 guineas. On Thursday, April the 6th, Ford came to town, with an offer of staking 50 guineas, but the Chicken was at Bristol. On hearing this he expressed a desire to fight for a glass of gin; fortunately for him the Chicken was not in London, or our modern Milo would most probably have given him a gentle touch for LOVE. Ford stood five feet eleven, but did not appear built for fighting.

May

May 29, 1806, about 700 amateurs of pugilism assembled at the Fives-court, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, to subscribe to the past services of two veterans, W. Ward and D. Mendoza. Admission 2s. 6d.

1st set to—Brady and Daniels, nearly equal; Brady had the best of it.

2d—Bill Ryan and O'Donnel; a good match, and afforded great amusement; the skill in hitting and stopping of both is excellent.

3d—Ward and Mendoza.

4th—Captain Barclay and Jem Belcher set to, and displayed excellent science.

5th—Ikey Pig, the unfortunate competitor with Crib, on Blackheath, (see page 229), and Mendoza; Ikey, as usual proved a shy cock.

6th—Firby, the Young Ruffian, and Tring; the latter was brought forward merely to be pointed out as an object of clemency, being worn out in the service, although he never fought any where of consequence; a liberal subscription was made for his relief.

7th—Tom Belcher and Richmond; but the Black stood no chance.

8th—Dutch Sam and young Aaron Mendoza; little advantage on either side.

After the sparring had concluded, Firby gave information that a match was made between Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher, to be fought in six weeks, for 100 guineas.

On Tuesday, June 3, 1806, a battle was fought at Wilsden-green, for 20 guineas a side, between O'Donnel, well known as an adept in the science, and a man of

of the name of Wasdell, a spital-fields weaver, who having met with some degree of success in several casual rencounters, flattered himself with being able to contend with a pugilist. At twelve the combatants entered a ring; O'Donnel seconded by Gulley and Bill Ryan, and Wasdell by his brother and Rhodes, and immediately set to. Odds seven to four, and two to one on O'Donnel.

1st round—Much sparring; Wasdell extremely awkward, made a hit, but fell short, and O'Donnel knocked him down very cleanly. Odds three to one on O'Donnel.

2d—Wasdell made play very awkwardly, and O'Donnel dropped him again. Odds five to one.

3d—Already Wasdell exhibited his christening marks about his head; he made a hit, which O'Donnel parried, and knocked him completely off his legs, and he sat very quietly SANS EMBARRAS on the grass for some seconds.

4th—Wasdell attempted to catch hold of his opponent's right hand; O'Donnel put in two good blows, left at the head, right in the body, which brought him down again.

5th—Both closed; O'Donnel struck underneath, and dropped him again in great style. Twenty to one.

6th—O'Donnel put in a severe hit in the face, through his opponent's awkward guard, and afterwards knocked him off his legs.

7th—O'Donnel went in and struck a body blow; they closed and again disengaged, and Wasdell made a second attempt to seize his opponent's hand, but

O'Donnel

O'Donnel recompenced his endeavour with a severe blow.

8th—Wasdell was now quite done over; O'Donnel played as he liked; shewing great good humour, he put in three successive severe blows in the face, and brought his opponent down.

9th—This round was decisive; Wasdell stood up, and O'Donnel put in two hard blows, when his opponent acknowledged him the conqueror.

In weight and length of arm Wasdell had the advantage, but in science a mere novice, totally ignorant of the art of boxing, and positively the worst that ever stood up, even in a street fight.

On Monday, June 5, three boxing matches were fought at Padnal-corner, on Epping-forest; the first between Jack Ward and Quirk, for 100 guineas; the second, George Maddox and Coady; and the third, Smith and O'Donnel, both for 40 guineas a side. A ring having been formed, at twelve o'clock all the combatants made their appearance, but immediately retired to give the first contending heroes room to display their courage. Ward and Quirk immediately stripped, and set to. Odds seven to four on Ward. Gulley was second to the former, and Elias Spray for Quirk.

1st round—Both shy, but eager sparring; Quirk put in the first blow, and Ward returned; both blows told; Ward slipt and fell. Betting already became even.

2d—Tedious sparring; Ward made a hit, but it fell short; Quirk planted one successfully, and followed it up with another; they closed, and both fell.

3d

3d—Ward put in two successful hits, right and left, in his opponent's face, through his guard, and repeated the same in the Body; they closed and fell, not one of Quirk's hits having gone home. Odds two to one on Ward.

4th—Ward got up in great spirits, made a hit at Quirk's head, which was well parried; but Ward directly hit his opponent a desperate blow in the throat with his left hand, over his guard, and brought him down.

5th—Ward again hit his opponent through his guard, and repeated his blows in good style; Quirk began to appear quite stupid. Odds ten to one on Ward, and three to one he won in five minutes.

6th—Quirk's head was greatly swelled, and Ward appeared fatigued; he, however, made again his favourite hit over the guard, which his opponent stopped, but he hit him in the body with the right hand rather severely. Quirk grasped his opponent, and Ward fell on his knees.

7th—Good determined rallying, and hard fighting on both sides; science seemed laid aside; the rally ended in Ward's favour; he closed, and both fell very weak.

8th—A hard round; Ward put in his old left-handed hit, which was stopped; they rallied, stood to each other, and exchanged blows, until both were literally motionless; Quirk had the advantage; Ward fell greatly distressed.

9th—Both combatants shewed marks of the last courageous rally; Ward again met his antagonist with

 his

his left hand; another excellent rally ensued, to the advantage of Quirk again, who seemed to be gaining strength.

10th—This was the decisive round, although not the last; Ward was making his left-handed hit; Quirk parried, and put in a most tremendous blow under Ward's ear with his left hand, which brought him down, and he laid for some seconds utterly incapable of raising his head.

11th—Both so exhausted as to be hardly capable of making a blow; they closed, and Ward fell as though perfectly inanimate.

12th—In this round Ward appeared better, summoned all his strength, made another rally, but fell, after a few slight blows had been exchanged. Odds four to one on Quirk.

13th—At the expiration of the half minute Ward was incapable of facing his man, consequently Quirk was declared the victor.

The contest lasted 18 minutes, and one more resolutely fought was never witnessed.

The loss of victory on the part of Ward may be attributed in a great measure to his gaiety and over exertion at the beginning, and although he proved unsuccessful, he was not near so much beat as his opponent. In point of science Ward indisputably had the advantage; but Quirk has the superiority in being a better BOTTOM man, his strength supported him beyond the exhaustion of his adversary, when his blows, although weak, told well.

The ring was directly occupied by the second contending

tending couple, George Maddox and Coady. Odds in favour of the latter. Maddox fought in his old style, that of rallying, and in a great measure depending on giving the first powerful hit every round; Coady always waited for him, and generally hit him successfully, in return for his rallies. After the combat had lasted about half an hour the ring was broken, either by accident or design; the combatants were, however, taken away until another was formed, when they again set to. To Maddox this delay was of great advantage; the contest lasted another three quarters of an hour, when a detachment of the 10th light dragoons appeared, and immediately a Magistrate, who was also a headborough, entered the ring, and with all the moderation and gentlemanly affability becoming his authority, addressed the amateurs, informing them they must disperse, or he should be under the necessity of calling in military aid to enforce his mission. Upon this they all retired about a mile farther, when the cavalry disappearing, they formed another ring, but Coady, who was almost blind, refused to enter again, and the battle was decided a drawn one.

The third contest between Smith and O'Donnel was so very poor, as to be unworthy of detail. O'Donnel was the victor.

Tuesday, June 17, a battle was fought at Wilsdengreen, between Dogherty and Wall; a perfectly clumsey affair; Dogherty was the conqueror.

Bill Ryan and Clarke then fought, when the superior skill of the former, as might have been expected, prevailed.

 On

On Saturday, the 21st of June, Bourke, the pugilist, and two accomplices, were charged, at Bow-street, with robbing a man of a guinea and a five pound note. The prosecutor, who appeared to be a baker, accidentally fell in company with the three prisoners, on Wednesday the 11th instant, in Tottenham-court-road; they persuaded him to go to a public-house and drink; a pot of beer was called for, and on the prosecutor pulling out a guinea to pay for it, some one snatched it from him. At length he took the five pound note out to pay for the beer, which Bourke snatched from him also, and after putting a fictitious piece of paper in his hand for the note, made off; on discovery of this, information was immediately given, and all three prisoners were taken into custody. The Magistrates committed them for trial.

Monday, June 23, there was a sparring exhibition at the Fives Court, St. Martin's-street, for the benefit of Elias Spray, the coppersmith, and Gulley, both unsuccessful opponent's of the Chicken. Most of the amateurs were present, and almost all the fighting men set to; Tom Belcher and Crib, Bill Ryan and Richmond, Gulley and Pittoon, Tom Belcher and O'Donnel, Elias Spray and Jem Belcher.

Notwithstanding Firby so confidently asserted the match had been made between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam, it was erroneous. The amateur who backed Tom last, now offered to back Dutch Sam for £200. Tom was ready to fight for 50 or 100, being sums he can get backed for, even as a looser. Sam vauntingly said he could lick Tom without receiving even a

scratch

scratch on his face, and Belcher immediately offered to go and fight him in the first field they came to, or even in the Court, for £10; but Sam declined.

Old Bailey.—Wednesday, September 16, 1806, Joseph Bourke and James Travers were capitally indicted for stealing, in the dwelling-house, a five pound note and a guinea, the property of William Gee. It appeared that on the 11th of June last, Mary Gee, the wife of the prosecutor, gave a five pound note and a guinea to Thomas Ruddy, her husband's apprentice, desiring him to pay a bill. On his way he met Bourke and Travers, who prevailed on him to go to a public-house in Carlisle-mews; Bourke pretended to be drunk, said he had just returned from Newmarket, where he had made some lucky hits; pressed Ruddy to make bets, and insisted on his paying for the porter; Ruddy said all the money he had about him was his master's, with which he was going to pay a bill, and in proof of this, was shewing the note and guinea, when Bourke snatched them from him, and leaving the guinea on the bar, in payment for the beer, made off with the note; Ruddy followed, and insisted on his note; Bourke ridiculed his anxiety, but Ruddy more seriously began to demand his property, and Bourke threw him a counterfeit note which he took out of his pocket; Ruddy suspecting foul play, was looking at it, when Bourke again made a snatch, and fearing lest he might lose it, Ruddy put it in his pocket without further investigation. After getting his change for the guinea they separated, and when alone he discovered the imposition that had been so shamefully played on him.

Applica-

Application was made at Bow-street, and at the time of Bourke's apprehension, another counterfeit note was found in his possession.

Mr. Alley observed, the capital part of the charge must be done away, as the stealing, if any, was not in the dwelling, but from the person; and Mr. Gurney, on the part of the prosecution, acquiesced in the propriety of the objection; and the jury found the prisoners guilty of larceny, which subjects them to transportation.

It is greatly to be lamented, and highly discreditable to the science of pugilism, that at the same sessions another of its professors, John O'Donnel, with two accomplices, Samuel Carter and John Gore, were indicted for burglariously breaking and entering the house of Jonathan Kendall, and stealing therefrom bank notes to the amount of £60. They were all found guilty of stealing, but not in the dwelling-house; still the offence is capital, being above 40s.

On Wednesday, October 8, 1806, a battle was fought at Bornham-meadows, near Bramford, Buckinghamshire, between a farmer of the name of Ducket, well known as a scientific bruiser, and a ruffian of the name of Lord, a miner, for 100 guineas. A ring being formed, the combatants set to about nine o'clock. Odds in favour of Lord.

1st round—Lord on rushing in to make the first hit, was stopped; and Ducket, by a tremendous blow under the right ear, brought him down, It was now supposed the battle was ended, but Lord was up again in time.

5th

5th—Lord had now recovered, by having shifted and fought very short rounds; he ran in again, some good blows were exchanged, and he brought Ducket down.

After this he stood up boldly, and for half an hour had the advantage, by which time both combatants were most hideously disfigured about the head. Ducket appeared distressed in his wind, and several times fell; but at length recovered, and nine most desperate rounds were admirably supported; when Lord, by having received repeated hits on the right side of his head, could stand out no longer.

Ducket was a famous left-handed hitter, and with his right hand stopping his opponent's hits; he generally put in a severe blow before he could recover his guard. Both combatants were dreadfully beaten.

On Tuesday, December 2, 1806, an unexpected battle was fought at a public-house in Oxendon-street, between Jack Ward and a butcher, with whom he had before had an accidental RENCONTRE, and in which the butcher proved most fortunate.

This meeting was purely casual, and Ward not choosing to acknowledge any superiority in the fistic science to the man of blood, which was indirectly claimed by him, challenged him to fight for any sum; but the butcher only wished to fight for a BELLY FULL, and Ward, rather than be stigmatized, took him at his word. The butcher's chief capability in the art consisted in throwing well, and stomaching plenty of beating; but throughout the contest Ward's superior science was manifest, and to an ordinary observer he

he had the best of it; the butcher, however, had a knack, and to him it proved a happy one, of getting into his opponent at the end of every round, and giving him a severe throw, by which means, at the end of 20 minutes, Ward was so completely beat as to be obliged to be carried home.

On Tuesday, January 6, 1807, a battle was fought at Old Oaks-common, near Wormwood-scrubbs, between Hall, a Bristol man, and Toney, the ACCOMPLISHED bruiser, so called from his having travelled by command of his Majesty. Odds were six to four in favour of Hall; and Toney, after half an hour's fighting, claimed the battle through a foul blow; it was, however, declared DRAWN, and a purse of five guineas made up for a renewal of the contest, when Hall beat.

In the course of this month Harry Lee again challenged Mendoza, who, however, refused, being determined to fight no more.

On Thursday morning, January the 24th, died, at his apartments, at Shepperton, where he had resided for the last two years, Mr. Fletcher Reid, well-known in the sporting world, particularly as one of the greatest patrons of gymnastic genius.

The evening preceding he had spent jovially amongst some select companions, and having drank freely, retired to rest at a late hour. In the morning his servant found him dead, having, as it was generally supposed, died by suffocation.

Mr. Fletcher Reid was a native of Dundee, in Scotland, near to which he had succeeded to estates, by the death of his mother, which afflicting intelligence

he

he had received only two days previous to his decease. He left a wife and two children, who for some time past had resided with the mother.

The following lines appeared in an interesting publication some short time afterwards:

EXTEMPORE.

"In the still of the night, death to Shepperton went,
And there catching poor Fletcher asleep,
He into his wind such a desp'rate blow sent,
That no longer "the time could he keep."

"Thus forc'd to give in, we his fate must lament,
While the coward, grim Death, is to blame,
For if in the morn he to Shepperton went,
He feared Fletcher's true SCIENCE and GAME.

"Then repose to his ashes, soft rest to his soul,
For harmless was he through life's span,
With the friend of his bosom, enjoying the bowl,
And wishing no evil to man."

February, 1807.

On Wednesday, April the 8th, 1807, a boxing match was fought at Moulsey-hurst, opposite Hampton, for a stake of 200 guineas, between James Belcher and Tom Crib, metaphorically styled the Black Diamond. It appears that Belcher, after having attained the enviable title of champion of England, was doomed, by the unrelenting decree of fate, to be hurled precipitately from the glorious and elevated seat his former prowess had gained him, to grovel again on a contemptuous level with other men; such, however, is also the fate of states and worlds, and is viewed without any great emotion by the philosopher, who, as a very elegant historian has most beautifully expressed, either

 smiles

smiles or sheds the tear of commiseration, according to the mood he is in. Had it not, independent of his last defeat by the Chicken, been well known that Belcher's physical powers were on the decay, and that he had lost one of the best conductors of pugilistic skill, Crib never would have dared to contend with so great a character, much less to have enjoyed the renown of having beaten him; to have matched Crib with Belcher, when at the zenith of his prowess, would but have been performing the laughable deeds of the Thespian on the gymnic stage. Crib, antecedent to this battle, had no very flattering pretensions to the character of a professed and skilful pugilist; he had certainly opposed Blake and Maddox, two tough heroes, but he had also been obliged to yield the palm to Nicholls, (see page 288); however, notwithstanding these favours of fortune were but alternate, he was generally considered a safe man to back, being acknowledged the most complete GLUTTON that ever fought.

Captain Barclay, his great abetter, knew well all his qualities; took him into training, assisted by Bill Ward; Crib exceeded all expectations; Captain Barclay made this match for him, and the detail of the battle will sufficiently shew how much he profited by their instructions.

Captain Barclay, whose name has and will oft again appear in the records of pugilism, being one of the greatest patronisers of gymnastic exercises, as well as the best pedestrian of his age, is a gentleman of very high birth. He is the lineal representative of William

William, last Earl of Airth, his great grand uncle, and his right to that peerage has already been established by a service before a jury in Scotland, although he has not yet laid his claim before the House of Peers. He has to boast of Royal extraction, being lineally descended from Robert, the second King of Scotland, by David, Earl of Steatherne, his son. Captain Barclay is the representative of the two ancient families of Barclay, of Ury and Allardice, of Allardice, in Kincardineshire, in Scotland, and is possessed of estates in that county rented at £8000 sterling per annum. His father, the late Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. was member of Kincardineshire in several Parliaments.

The champions having met, a 20-feet roped ring was formed, encircled by another of very large dimensions, and at twelve o'clock they entered, both apparently in great confidence. Belcher betted Crib 25 guineas to 20, which was accepted. Crib was seconded by Bill Ward and Richmond, and Belcher by Gulley and Watson. After the salutation they set to; average betting six to four on Belcher.

1st round—After cautious sparring on both sides, Belcher hit Crib left and right on the head and body; Crib returned a slight hit, and attempted to rally, in doing which he closed, and Belcher threw him.

2d—Belcher made a feint, and put in two hard blows upon his opponent's head and body; Crib returned one, and in attempting to follow it up, slipped and fell on his hands; Belcher, by his first blow on the head in this round, drew first blood.

3d—A well contested round, and somewhat in favour of Crib; several blows were very adroitly exchanged, and Crib at last threw his opponent, but Belcher, while falling, put in a very severe body blow.

4th—Belcher made two hits, but were both very skilfully parried by Crib; they closed, and both fell.

5th—Belcher put in a tremendous blow with his right hand on his opponent's left eye, then closed, struck twice in the body, and threw Crib. Odds five to two on Jem.

6th—Crib appeared weak; Belcher made a hit; Crib parried, and in returning, fell.

7th—Crib under his left arm bore marks of some good hits; Crib put in two blows, which Belcher stopped, and returned in style right and left, and rallied his opponent to the ropes; Crib clung to them, apparently very much exhausted, and fell; Belcher also came down on his knees, but smiled with confidence. Odds three to one on Belcher.

8th—Crib bled profusely; some good hits exchanged, they closed, and both fell.

9th—Belcher attempted to hit his opponent right and left; Crib stopped the right-handed blow, but the other told, and Belcher fell on it.

10th—Belcher got up with great courage, went in, and hit his opponent several severe blows, and without allowing him the least chance, followed him up, and rallied him to the extremity of the ring, when Crib fell, as though quite worn out. Odds four to one on Belcher.

11th—Belcher put in two hits; Crib parried, but before

fore he could return them, Belcher closed upon him, and both fell.

12th—Crib in this round appeared refreshed, and Belcher began to shew distress; Crib rallied with great success, hit Belcher under his perfect eye, closed with him against the ropes, and threw him.

13th—In this round Belcher gained the admiration of every amateur present by his excellent display of superior skill and courage; they closed, and Belcher threw his opponent.

14th—Both combatants now appeared recovered; Belcher struck right and left; Crib stopped both, and complimented him with two returns in the body; they closed and fell; again to the advantage of Belcher. Odds four to one on Jem.

15th—Belcher got up quite gay, and rallied his opponent to the ropes, when an irregular struggle finished the round.

16th—Crib stopped the blows aimed by his opponent, and shewed that he had acquired a good deal with respect to science; after several scientific blows had been exchanged both fell against the ropes. At this stage of the battle, betting was very dull, it being well known by the COGNOSCENTI that Crib had not received half the beating he could take, notwithstanding he bore evident marks of rough usage, and the amateurs were likewise shy in betting odds, as they feared that Belcher's constitution would not enable him to stand long.

17th—Belcher rallied his opponent, and although but very feebly, Crib fell from weakness. Two to one on Belcher.

18th

18th—Belcher threw in some desperate body blows, and an excellent JOPP in the throat; he followed up his opponent, and Crib fell with so much violence, and apparently so much exhausted, that an ordinary spectator would have considered him incapable of rising again; Belcher in this round sprained his right wrist, but this not being very generally known, five to one was loudly vociferated.

19th—Belcher in good spirits, but slipped while making play.

20th—Immediately closed, and both fell; no fighting.

22d—Crib hit his opponent twice on the head, and Belcher slipped while attempting to return them; every one could now perceive that Belcher threw away many blows, in consequence of his eye being deranged by the blow he had received on it.

23d—Belcher put in a successful hit, and threw his opponent a cross buttock.

24th—Both closed and fell; advantage on Crib's side.

25th—Crib hit Belcher a hard blow, and while attempting to repeat, Belcher shifted, and Crib ran himself down; some murmurings, but the majority cried "fair."

26th—in this round Belcher appeared very much distressed, and Crib beat him from him, and then knocked him down. Odds changed in favour of Crib.

27th—A good round, and upon the whole, to the advantage of Crib, notwithstanding Belcher gave him a cross buttock.

28th—Belcher struck; Crib parried and returned; they closed, and both fell.

29th—Crib closed immediately, and exerting his superior strength, threw Belcher completely over the ropes.

30th—Each exchanged a hit, and Crib knocked Belcher down, but the blow was very feeble. Odds rose five to two on Crib.

31st—A well contested round, and alternately in favour of each; Crib hit most, but Belcher threw him with great violence.

32d—No fighting; both closed and fell.

33d—Belcher endeavoured to collect all his strength, and went in with great spirits; Crib, however, rallied and threw him.

36th—Every round in favour of Crib.

37th—Belcher could hardly stand, and Crib, who was but little better, smiled.

38th, 39th, and 40th—Hugging rounds; a little hitting, but both fell in disorder.

41st—This decided the contest, which had now lasted 35 minutes; Crib had sufficient strength to put in two feeble blows; he rallied, and Belcher fell on the ropes quite exhausted, and gave in.

Every one present could not but feel surprised at the astonishing improvement Crib had made in the science of pugilism; in all his preceding contests he had only displayed the skill of a noviciate, but in this he shewed himself equal to his opponent in stopping and measuring his distances; had it been generally known that he had so amply possessed these qualities, as well as his astonishing STOMACH, the result might easily have been anticipated. Notwithstanding this just

just praise is paid to Crib's merit, he yet could not be considered equally scientific with his unsuccessful opponent; he was too slow, and until after the hit he so dexterously put in on Belcher's perfect eye, and he had sprained his hand, he certainly stood no chance. Belcher fought with all that vigour and skill which ever were predominant in him, but evidently seemed incapable of judging his distances.

A second battle was fought between Jemmy from Town and Cropley, which was easily won by the latter.

On Tuesday, July 14, 1807, a battle was fought on Windsor-forest, between Flowers, the Berkshire coachman, and one Sweet, recently a waiter in the vicinity of Bath. At ten o'clock the parties met, and a ring was formed in the presence of about 200 spectators; the combatants set to; at the beginning Flowers seemed intending to make a short job, and beat his man off hand; but about the fifth round, having suffered severely on the left side by his adversary's hits, he found that plan would not do, and dropped it. Sweet was now untouched, and bets two to one in his favour; Sweet supported a superiority for half an hour, when Flowers put in a tremendous blow under his opponent's ear; still Sweet fought undismayed, but his strength soon failed him; he, however, shifted, stopped, and hit with great science, and had the advantage to the end of 40 minutes; but Flowers proved a complete GLUTTON, and although severely beaten, never appeared shy. In the thirty-sixth round Sweet was quite exhausted, and unable to withstand the fury of his antagonist,

tagonist, who with great violence hit him down, and not being ready to renew the combat in time, Flowers was acknowledged the conqueror.

At length the long depending battle between Samuels, (Dutch Sam), and Tom Belcher, the latter having got backed to the amount of 200 guineas, took place on Tuesday, July 28, at Moulsey-hurst, the spot where they before contended last year, (see page 255). As early as nine o'clock in the morning a roped ring of 28 feet was formed, but by twelve it was found that the space allotted to pedestrians would not hold the immense concourse attending, and two hours were employed in removing to a more convenient place; as soon as the ring was completed, Belcher entered, attended by Bill Ward and Watson; Dutch Sam soon followed, with Mendoza and Pittoon; in a few minutes the combatants set to, both appearing in full confidence as to the result.

1st round—Not much ceremony in sparring; Sam made a hit at Tom's ribs, which fell short, and Tom put in two desperate blows at his opponent's head, and retreated; both now sparred very cautiously; Sam rallied, they closed, and both fell, Sam uppermost.

2d—Sam threw away many hits, at length put in a good right-hand blow in Belcher's loins, which Tom returned by a severe hit in the face; cautious sparring again, and Sam put in a desperate blow in the neck, and brought his adversary down. Even betting yet.

3d—Sam stood up with great courage and confidence; both put in some good hits, which were very dex-

 terously

terously parried; Sam went in, and closing, threw Belcher again.

4th—Belcher shewed some marks of severe blows in the last rally, and bled profusely at the nose; Sam was not without a few evidences of his opponent's skill, his eye was dreadfully swelled; Belcher put in a very clean blow over his opponent's guard, in the face, when Sam closed, and threw Tom with great violence.

5th—It would be difficult to describe the courage and skill displayed in this round; Sam rallied, some good hits exchanged, and they closed; again disengaged, and Belcher rallied, but Sam had a most decided advantage throughout the round, driving his opponent to all parts of the ring, and at length brought Belcher down by a very feeble blow. Odds five to four on Sam, but betting shy.

6th—This was also an excellently contested round; after some blows had been exchanged, Sam put in two forcible blows at Belcher's head, which were well stopped, but he fell, apparently very weak. Odds six to four on Sam.

7th—Sam appeared to judge his distances very badly, frequently striking short blows; they closed very irregularly, but Sam threw Belcher, and pitched him on his head.

9th—In this round Belcher gained considerable advantage, hit his antagonist severely in the face right and left, and after another very irregular close, threw Sam as heavy a fall as he had before experienced. Sam, however, still remained the favourite.

10th

10th—Sam made a long body hit, and threw his opponent.

11th—Sam made two attempts at Belcher's head, both of which were dexterously parried; after Sam had thrown away several blows they closed, and Belcher threw him.

12th—Belcher appeared fresher, but was very cautious, he retreated round the ring; Sam followed him closely, and run him down on the spot.

13th—Sam made two unsuccessful hits, which were again stopped, and Belcher returned one with great violence; by a slight hit Sam fell, and evinced great distress.

14th—On setting to, it was observed Sam had two black eyes, and Belcher shewed severe punishment on his left side; Sam repeated a hit on this spot, and Belcher immediately closed and threw him.

15th—Belcher retreated; Sam followed; no fighting; a hugging close, and Belcher fell, seemingly from weakness. Odds seven to four on Sam.

16th—A good rallying round, and some good blows made; Sam put in a good hit in the throat, and they closed, and Belcher threw his opponent.

17th and 18th—No blow of import.

19th—A hard fought round; each exerted himself to the utmost, and excellent blows were exchanged in a rally at arms length, until both fell, as though it had been preconcerted.

20th—Sam hit Belcher on the nose, but was thrown in closing.

21st—A desperate round, all rallying at arms length,

each hitting and stopping; Sam had the advantage, Belcher being very weak.

26th—In this round Belcher exerted his utmost, followed his opponent with great courage, and displayed great skill in hitting and stopping.

27th—At the end of this round very feint hopes were entertained for Belcher's success; Sam made play, rallied, and hit three severe blows on Tom's left side; Tom, however, threw him. Odds three to one on Sam.

28th—Greatly in favour of Sam; put in several severe blows on Belcher's head, and he fell.

29th—Good round; Sam still kept the superiority, Belcher's blows were too feeble to make any impression; Sam threw him.

30th—Sam appeared in great spirits, and as fresh as ever, but his eyes were almost closed; he rallied, and Tom being almost exhausted, was knocked down. Odds four to one on Sam.

31st—Every one felt commiseration for Tom; his exertions to maintain the fight received applause, and were truly courageous; but Sam was elated at the state to which he had reduced his opponent, and mustering all fire, beat him out of the ring.

32d—Belcher struck twice, but very feebly, and in vainly endeavouring to rally, fell.

33d—Tom had no chance whatever, his blows were perfectly useless; he fell without receiving a blow.

34th—This was the last round, and it unfortunately created a dispute; Belcher made a blow at Sam, and fell on his knees; Sam made a hit, intending

to

to strike his adversary while on his legs, in the face, and before his hands reached the earth; a cry of "foul" was immediately vociferated, particularly from those on the wrong side of the bets, and it was referred to two umpires; one decided it fair, and another foul; however, Jackson came forward and explained, that a man was not considered down until his hand had reached the floor, consequently that the blow was fair, and Sam must be acknowledged the conqueror; but notwithstanding this flowery declamation of Jackson's, the umpires, Captain Barclay and Hon. Berkeley Craven, agreed to refer it to Lord Say and Sele, but his Lordship declined interfering, and Lord Archibald Hamilton was immediately solicited, and boldly undertook the task of deciding.

A second battle was fought between Cropley and Hazel, for a subscription purse of 30 guineas, which was won by Cropley with great ease, Hazel being a perfect novice in boxing. The contest lasted 15 rounds, but Cropley had the advantage from the first.

A third battle was also contested between Groome and Dickson, in which the latter proved conqueror.

Many meetings of the amateurs took place, and the subject of this foul play was very warmly discussed; the reports of Broughton and all the first rate authorities were adduced, but the only case considered as in point throughout the annals of pugilism, was that of Humphries and Mendoza, in the battle they fought at Hilton, in May 1789, (see page 85), but from the irritability of Mendoza, the battle in this case was renewed.

newed. An offer was made to Sam to draw his stake, and make it a drawn battle, but this was refused, on the plea that even if Belcher was on his knees he was acting as well as he could on the defensive; it was, however, at length determined upon and agreed on all sides that there should be a new trial.

On Saturday, September 5, 1807, a battle was fought in the vicinity of Bristol, for a purse of 50 guineas, between Horton, the triumphant pugilist of that quarter, and young Crib, a brother of the Black Diamond's, who went down to seconded him. At setting to bets were even, but Horton soon manifested great superiority, and in 25 minutes was acknowledged the victor. Crib, like his brother, fights too slow, and Horton, who is a good double-handed fellow, hit him abroad every round.

He immediately offered to fight either Tom Crib or Gulley, but both declined.

Gulley, although the unsuccessful competitor with Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, was now considered, by the excellent game he displayed in that contest, the champion of England. Pearce, prompted by the advice of his friends, and the still more powerful call of declining health, having relinguished prize fighting, had retired to enjoy peace and the comforts of domesticated life, in the vicinity of his native town.

About this time a man of the name of Gregson, who, in several casual rencounters in Lancashire, had displayed more the favours of fortune than science, came to town to contest the palm with any London bruiser, and with very sanguine hopes of acquiring the enviable title

title of champion. Gregson appeared a man well formed for boxing, about six feet two inches high, and possessing almost Herculean strength; he immediately found backers, and a match was made between him and Gulley. His most sanguine admires did not claim for him the science Gulley possessed, but they flattered themselves that all deficiency in skill would be made up by the superiority of his physical powers; as to BOTTOM, that was generally considered reciprocal, but among the knowing ones Gulley was the favorite.

This contest, which had excited great interest in the sporting world, took place on Wednesday, October 14, 1807, in a valley called Six Mile-bottom, on the Newmarket road.

At an early hour all Newmarket, Cambridge, and the adjacent towns were in a bustle. The agents employed to form the ring were upon the ground at nine o'clock, and an excellent one was formed in the valley. At twenty minutes past nine the combatants entered, both appearing in prime spirits and excellent condition. Gulley was seconded by Crib and Cropley, and Richmond officiated for Gregson; Bill Ward and Jackson were also in the ring, lest occasion might demand their services. After the usual etiquette, they set to. Odds twenty to five in favour of Gulley.

1st round—The combatants fixed each other with a steady eye; a pause; some excellent sparring; Gulley put in a well aimed blow in his opponent's face; Gregson returned on the side of the head; they closed and both fell.

2d—Gulley now appeared conscious of his opponent's strength,

strength, was very careful, and shewed some excellent science; he put in another severe hit in Gregson's face, blood ran profusely, and Gregson fell. Odds rose 100 to 20 on Gulley.

6th—In every round some excellent hits were exchanged, and no advantage could be claimed.

7th—After some neat sparring Gregson broke through his adversary's guard, and put in a straight forward blow on his right eye; this hit drew blood; the eye swelled and nearly closed; Gulley fell and lay quite stunned for three seconds. Among Gulley's friends the greatest anxiety remained for some moments, and the odds fell five to one.

8th—Gregson stood up, seemingly inspired with his success in the last round, summoned all his strength, and exerted all his science; Gulley rallied; some good sparring, and afterwards both put in some excellent blows, and great skill was displayed in stopping; at last Gregson, by a sudden effort of power, caught up Gulley in his arms, and flung him with astonishing force upon the ground; every one expected he would have fallen on him, but this, with the greatest generosity, he declined, for which he was cheered by every spectator. By the amateurs present this was thought to be the finest round that was ever fought, and now all felt convinced that it was only Gulley's superior science that could enable him to stand against so formidable an opponent. Odds changed in favour of Gregson.

9th—Gulley put in another hit in the face, and Gregson very deliberately laid himself down on his hands

and

and knees. This was thought to be something of the CUR, but his conduct afterwards did away all such unfavorable impressions.

11th—Gulley struck; Gregson closed, and threw his opponent.

12th—Gulley in this round evinced great weakness, and the odds continued in Gregson's favour; after some feeble hits from Gulley, Gregson knocked him down by a most tremendous blow on the forehead.

13th—Gulley's science gave him a superiority again in this round; but he was very weak, and his blows devoid of force.

14th—Gregson struck Gulley in the face, right and left; they rallied severely, and Gregson fell on his knees, apparently very weak.

15th—After exchanging a few hits, Gregson knocked Gulley down.

16th—Gulley carried the most marks in the face, and his eye was quite closed; they rallied, and Gulley struck his adversary off his legs.

19th—At the end of the last round Gulley had a severe fall, but the advantage throughout the whole.

20th—Gregson endeavoured to repeat his successful straight-forward blow, but missed, and while falling Gulley struck him; "foul" and "fair" were vociferated, but the latter was correct, as Gregson was not down.

23d—Gulley began to appear more gay, and both combatants rallied desperately; both appeared very weak, but Gulley's bottom was known, and odds were now eight to one in his favour.

25th—Here it was any body's battle; the combatants both appeared beaten and exhausted; they were dreadfully disfigured, and neither hardly capable of getting off his second's knee.

Notwithstanding each from the great loss of blood had the utmost difficulty in making fight, the battle lasted 11 more rounds, each alternately having the advantage, and betting became even. At length they met like two inebriated men, perfectly helpless, and almost incapable of holding up their hands either to stop or hit, and every round finished by both rolling down together; still Gulley was the favorite, and by an astonishing effort of nature, in the thirty-sixth round he put in a blow, which although feeble, was sufficiently strong to prevent Gregson's rising again in time; Gregson laid for some minutes, incapable of either moving or speaking, but Gulley even now, elated with victory, leaped with joy.

It would be difficult to say which was the most beaten, such spectacles were never before witnessed. The battle was allowed to excel every thing, in point of game, that ever had been displayed; even those who had seen Johnson, Big Ben, Jackson, and Symmonds contend, allowed this to exceed all. Captain Barclay took Gulley off the ground in his carriage, and the next day both combatants appeared on the race course, but Gregson could not remain long, and on returning home again was forced to call in medical aid.

Gulley in this contest shewed he had become much more expert than when he contended with the Game Chicken;

Chicken; he, however, certainly fought at great disadvantage against a man of such superior strength and length as Gregson; he could never make a hit until his opponent chose to begin, as Gregson sparred with his left arm fully extended, which was much longer and stronger than Gulley's; Gregson's favorite hit is a desperate loung with his right hand, which nothing can resist, and by that means Gulley became so much beat; but after that, Gregson was mostly ABROAD, and Gulley generally returned with great adroitness and advantage; his left arm was severely hurt in the commencement of the battle, in endeavouring to parry the right-handed hits of his adversary.

November, 1807. Notwithstanding Gregson was so severely beaten by Gulley in the last month, he still felt some confidence, that in the event of another battle he should prove victorious. His friends gave him all encouragement, and he sent Gulley the following challenge, which was forwarded to Norwich, where he was:

"Mr. Gulley, It is the wish of myself and friends that I should try my fortune with you in another battle, for £200 a side. If you are inclined to give me the opportunity, I will thank you to say so, and also to name the time when it will be convenient to meet, to put down stakes, and arrange particulars."

To this Gulley immediately returned the following answer:

"Mr. Gregson, I accept your challenge, but wish you would make the match for £250 instead of £200

 a side

a side. I shall not delay a moment being in town, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements as to time, place, &c."

In the course of this month a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzill's, a mercer, in Thomas-street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid devastation, that a poor girl, the servant of the house, who slept in the attic story, was only awakened to her sense of danger when enveloped in flames. In this awful situation the unhappy sufferer presented herself at the window; all who saw her with sympathising agony expected her destruction; but fate had destined this for a display of the noble prowess that adorns a British boxer's soul; Henry Pearce, the Game Chicken, no sooner saw the fair in danger, than he mounted the adjoining house, and greatly at the hazard of his own life made his way to the parapet, under which stood the unhappy victim; how great was the surprise of all around, when they saw him hang over the parapet, and firmly grasping the wrists of the girl, drew her to himself, thus extricating her from a situation too horrible for description.

By this act Pearce gained more credit than by all his conquests; he demonstrated to the world that he not only possessed a heart capable of feeling for other's woes, but courage enough to attempt relief, even at the hazard of his destruction. As soon as the information reached town, a subscription was commenced, in order to reward such true philanthropy.

For the following lines on this heroic occasion, we stand

stand indebted to a very interesting publication, well known in the sporting world:

"In Bristol city, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement dire,
A damsel at an upper window claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching fire
With every moment seems to gather near,
Nor hope of rescue does there aught appear.

"At length upon the neighb'ring house-top seen,
A gallant youth now hastens to her aid,
And o'er the fearful parapet does lean,
With spirit dauntless to assist the maid;
Endow'd by Heaven with more than common might,
He grasps her arms, and draws her to the height.

"Oh! glorious act! Oh! courage well applied!
Oh! strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy name, O Pearce! be sounded far and wide,
Live, ever honor'd, midst the world's applause;
Be this thy triumph! know, ONE creature saved,
Is greater glory than the world enslav'd."

On Monday, December 21, Henry Pearce again signalized himself as the champion of the fair sex: passing over Clifton Downs, near Bristol, he perceived a female, who appeared to be suffering much insult from three sturdy fellows, game-keepers; Pearce's gallantry would not allow him to be a silent observer, and for his interference they all attacked him; Pearce, however, displayed such a system of shifting, retreating, stopping, and successfully planting his death-like blows, that about the seventh round one of them, Hood, made off, and in 20 minutes he left the other two, Francis and Morris, prostrate on the earth. The Chicken received a violent contusion on his head, by a severe

severe blow from Morris, while defending himself from the other two.

As soon as Gulley came to town, the heroes met, and the following agreement was entered into:

"London, December 22, 1807.

"Major Morgan, on the part of Gregson, and Mr. Jackson, on the part of Gulley, agree to deposit 50 guineas each this day, and a further deposit of 50 guineas on the 1st of March, 1808, or forfeit the first 50 guineas; and on the Monday following the Craven meeting, the remainder of the stakes to be made good by the contracting parties, or the 100 guineas to be also forfeited; and that the Hon. Berkeley Craven be requested to hold the stakes on the day of battle.

Conditions of the Battle.

1st. The battle to take place on the Tuesday following the first Spring Meeting, between the hours of ten and twelve A. M.

2d. To fight in a roped square of 40 feet.

3d. Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires.

4th. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, viz. two, and one in reference.

Signed CHARLES MORGAN,
JOHN JACKSON."

Gregson went immediately into training under Mendoza, at the Load of Hay, on the Hampstead road.

On Tuesday, February 9, 1808, a battle was fought at Epping-forest, between Dogherty and young Crib, who was again beat.

In the course of this month a match was made between

tween Dogherty, the successful opponent of young Crib, and Tom Belcher, to be fought in a month. Bets five to four on Tom.

A match was also made between Horton, who beat young Crib, at Bristol, (see page 294), and Tom Crib, for 100 guineas, 10 forfeit, to be fought in the same ring as Gulley and Gregson contend in. Betting even.

Horton had been for some time exhibiting sparring, in company with Pearce, the Game Chicken, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and had greatly improved.

The battle between Tom Belcher and Dogherty was settled to be fought on Tuesday, April 5; and on the same day a long depending match was also to have been decided between Dutch Sam and William Cropley; accordingly, for this purpose the combatants and amateurs assembled at Moulsey-hurst, a ring was formed, and Dutch Sam and Cropley were on the point of setting to, when Jackson entered the ring, and announced the arrival of some officers from Bow-street, who, with a special warrant, took these two heroes into custody, and bound them over to keep the peace within the four surrounding counties; from this procedure all sport was this day stopped.

By agreement, the match between Tom Belcher and Dogherty was to be decided in a month, consequently they embraced the first opportunity, and on Thursday, April 14, it took place, on a summit about half a mile from the Rubbing-house, on Epsom-downs; a roped ring of 21 feet was formed, and about twelve o'clock the combatants entered, Belcher accompanied by Mendoza

doza and Clarke, and Dogherty by Cropley and Dick Hall. Without loss of time they immediately set to; odds six to four in favour of Belcher.

1st round—Sparring about a minute; both struck; Belcher's blow fell short, and he stopped his opponent's; they closed, rallied, and disengaged; Belcher hit, but very slightly; Dogherty attempted to return; they again closed, and Dogherty threw his opponent; but the odds did not vary.

2d—Dogherty put in a left-handed hit at the head; Belcher stopped; Dogherty rallied, but unsuccessfully, and Belcher knocked him clean off his legs.

3d—A good round, both shewed great courage and skill; Dogherty rallied with determined resolution, but had the worst of it on the whole; Belcher hit and stopped with great dexterity, and put in some good blows in the face; Dogherty, however, at last threw him.

4th—Dogherty made a feint with his left hand, when Belcher, within distance, hit him a severe facer before he could recover his guard, and rallied furiously, which was well opposed by Dogherty, who stopped with great dexterity, but throughout the round did not plant one successful hit; Belcher followed him round the ring, constantly hitting him with all imaginable ease on the head, and at last brought him down by a severe hit under the right jaw. Odds three to one in Tom's favour.

5th—Belcher put in a dreadful blow in the throat with his left hand, through his opponent's guard, which left Dogherty so much abroad, that Belcher repeated

peated it three times successfully; they closed, and both fell irregularly.

6th—Belcher immediately put in two hits, and dropped his opponent.

7th—Belcher did not display so much advantage this round; he rallied, but Dogherty stopped extremely well; Belcher, however, brought him down.

8th—Dogherty went in exasperated, and fought determined; Belcher was fully occupied in stopping, but some of the hits were well aimed, and put in with a great deal of science; they closed, and Dogherty threw his opponent on the ropes with great apparent ease. Betting fell, as although Dogherty was much PINKED, he stood firm, and was known to be game.

9th—In this round Belcher threw some hits away; afterwards a few good blows were exchanged; they closed, and both fell, Belcher underneath.

10th—Belcher sparred with great caution, retreated; Dogherty followed him, and planted two successful hits, but Belcher threw him.

11th—Belcher put in two good hits in the face, and both fell out of the ring.

12th—Belcher again hit twice successfully, and threw his opponent.

13th and 14th—Dogherty attempted to rally, and Belcher in both rounds threw him with great violence. Odds five to one on Belcher.

15th—Dogherty's head was hideously disfigured, and although his courage was PLUCK, he evidently had not strength enough to place a hit; he rallied, Bel-

 cher

cher met him by a well-measured distance, and severely punished him by under half-arm hits, and at length dropped him. The battle was now considered decidedly Belcher's, and any odds were offered.

16th and 17th—Both in favour of Belcher, and in the last round he felt so confident of success, that seeing his opponent in a feeble attitude, he left him without striking.

18th and 19th—Belcher still supported his superiority; Dogherty at first appeared more fresh, but he soon relapsed to his feeble state; he still, however, stopped well, but could not hit. Towards the end of the last round Belcher began to appear weak, and both combatants fell.

24th—By this round the battle was reduced to a certainty, but Dogherty appeared determined not to resign until compelled by nature; in this round Belcher hit him three successive severe blows in the face, and by a right and left hit in the neck and wind, completely doubled him, and he fell perfectly helpless.

33d—Notwithstanding Dogherty was in this dreadful state, he absolutely stood up nine rounds more, only to be knocked down by his adversary; at last, however, being quite exhausted, he yielded the palm.

Belcher was so little hurt, that he immediately threw a SUMMERSET, and ran to the Rubbing-house without waiting to dress himself.

In this battle Belcher fought with greater science than in any he ever contested; his distances were measured

sured with the greatest propriety; and every hit told; Dogherty's only chance of standing against such superior skill, was that of wearing out his opponent's stamina; he certainly proved himself game, and Belcher also rose in that point still higher in the opinion of the amateurs.

A second battle was fought for a subscription purse, between Richmond and a countryman, in which, notwithstanding the superior strength of the latter, Richmond's science prevailed.

Wednesday, May 13, 1808, being the day fixed for the decision of the second grand match between Gulley, the champion, and Gregson, the greatest expectation was excited, and for a week before all the sporting world had been in a high state of agitation; still the spot for the combat had not been decided on, and consequently every one was kept in anxious suspense, and the ferment greatly increased. On Saturday the 7th it was confidently whispered to a chosen few in the gymnastic circle, that Ashley-common, on the confines of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, was to be the scene of action, about two miles and a half from Woburn. Such an important secret could but be expected to transpire; the Marquis of Buckingham became apprised of the arrangement, and publicly gave notice of his determination to frustrate the sport, by publishing the following notice in the County Chronicle.

"Buckingham-house, London, May 8.

"Information having been transmitted to me, his Majesty's Custos Rotulorum in and for the county of

 Bucks,

Bucks, of an intended riotous assembly, aiding and assisting in a breach of the peace, by a boxing match, within that part of the county of Bucks which touches or joins on the counties of Bedford and Herts, near the town of Dunstable; and that the said illegal and riotous assembly will take place on Tuesday the 10th instant, notice is hereby given, that proper steps have been taken for the detection and punishment of all persons acting as aforesaid, in breach of the peace, by the attendance of the Magistrates, high constables, petty constables, and other peace officers, entrusted with the execution of the law within the said county.

"NUGENT BUCKINGHAM,
Custos Retulorum of Bucks."

Some hundreds, whose leisure and restless disposition prompted them to be in action, started on the Saturday and Sunday, and secured beds and stabling in all the villages and hamlets contiguous to Woburn. The town of Woburn was on the Monday in continual motion, all was uproar and confusion, people of all ranks continually arriving on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of all description, and all seeking that accommodation which only a few comparatively could find. To add to the confusion, the Marquis of Buckingham did not fail to exert himself for the fulfilment of his threat; all the Magistracy of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, at the head of their constables and POSSE COMITATUS, with a subsidiary force of volunteers from all the surrounding districts, appeared determined to resist this unlicensed incursion into their territories, and to stand an insurmountable barrier to the

amusement.

amusement. The Dunstable volunteers were out very early on the Monday morning, with drums beating, colours flying, cartouch-boxes doubly provided, bayonets fixed, and all in awful military array; the peasantry were shaking with fear, supposing the French had landed, and those who had arrived began to think they were hoaxed, and that they should return without being gratified by the fight; many itched to be betting, and began to sport on the question whether the fight was "to be, or not to be;" ten to one was very frequently betted, that no fight would take place.

When Monday night arrived, hundreds more had flocked into the town, and all were eagerly enquiring for beds; nothing could be obtained of this kind, for the night's lodging, under 30s. a head, and to sit or lay in the chairs of the public rooms the usual price of a bed was extorted. In one room at Woburn 15 gentlemen laid on the floor, and were happy to pay for this hard fare, and hundreds reposed in their carriages; the horses, notwithstanding the weather was severe, were obliged to stand without covering. Tuesday came, and these glorious comforts were yet to be endured, pay the price they asked you must, as the landlord was generally sharp enough to secure the boots of every traveller, if he had nothing else to be laid hold of for security.

About five o'clock on the Wednesday morning all was again in commotion, and notwithstanding all the endeavours of the Magistrates, a ring was formed upon Ashley-common, raised with sods about 12 inches from the ground, and about 40 feet in circumference. Between six and seven o'clock many of the amateurs

came

came dashing direct from London, in their barouches and four, and in order to direct them to the proper spot, Richmond was placed at the Magpye; the multitude soon got the hint, and followed the bang-up leaders. By nine o'clock a number of carriages had arrived, and were safely penned up; the amateurs viewed the ring, and were expressing their high approbation at its appearance, when a messenger arrived with fresh information that the Magistrates had seen the ring in the morning, and were still determined to prevent the battle. Many of the knowing ones suspected this was a hoax, and immediately sent off an express to Hogstale, a public-house about a mile distant, where Gregson held his head-quarters; before the answer, however, returned, Mendoza, dressed in green, and mounted in style, dashed up with two or three well known amateurs, and gave positive assurances that the battle would not be fought there. Upon this solemn assurance every one started for Gregson's lodgings, where they found the hero seated in Lord Barrymore's barouche, with the horses heads turned towards Woburn, and escorted by about 150 noblemen and gentlemen on horseback, and an immense retinue of gigs, tandems, curricles, and every species of vehicle; hundreds, not apprised of the change in the seat of combat, were advancing from Woburn; soon the two streams met, and forming one almost irresistible current, returned through Woburn with accumulated force, the knowing ones leading the way, and who had been before apprised, that in case of any unforeseen disappointment at the original spot, they were to rendezvous

at

at several places in reversion, the first of which was Sir John Sebright's, in Hertfordshire, about 17 miles distant from Ashley-common, the whole extent of which was covered by one solid mass of passengers, and although many had sorely repented their expedition, and returned homewards, the multitude appeared not the least diminished; broken down carriages obstructed the road; knocked up horses fell, and could not be got any farther; a guinea a mile was offered for conveyance, and many hundreds of gentlemen were happy in being jolted in brick carts for a shilling a mile. By two o'clock they arrived at Sir John Sebright's park; a flat spot immediately opposite the house, but about half a mile distant, was pitched upon for the battle, and upon the whole the uninvited guests behaved with tolerable decorum; a ring was formed, the exterior circle was nearly an acre, surrounded by a triple ring of horsemen, and a double row of pedestrians, who, notwithstanding the wetness of the ground, laid down with great pleasure, and the 40 feet ring was soon completed.

About three o'clock a torrent of rain poured down, and every one began to be anxious for the fight; very shortly after Gregson, Gulley, Mendoza, Harry Lee, Joe Ward, Harry Pearce, Crib, Horton, Dutch Sam, Cropley, Gibbons, Richmond, and several other pugilists and amateurs, entered the ring. It is impossible to describe the pleasure that beamed in the eyes of every spectator at this moment, and the welkin re-echoed their repeated plaudits.

Crib and Horton, who, according to their articles, were

were to fight in the same ring as Gulley and Gregson, directly stripped and set to, both in excellent spirits. Odds five to four on Crib, who very easily gained the conquest.

Immediately on the conclusion of this combat the champions stripped; both fought in silk stockings, without shoes, and white breeches; Harry Lee seconded Gregson, and Joe Ward, Gulley; Captain Barclay was appointed deciding umpire. After the usual etiquette they set to.

1st round—The combatants both sparred about a minute; the utmost silence prevailed in every part of the ring, and every one had his eye fixed stedfastly on the contending champions; here Gulley displayed one of the most signal specimens of the art of boxing that perhaps ever was witnessed, by putting in two most dexterous hits through his opponent's guard, at the same moment in the mouth and throat; Gregson fell like a log, and was instantly covered with blood; the greatest commotion was now excited, and peal succeeded peal of applause. Odds rose six to four on Gulley.

2d—Gregson ineffectually aimed a hit at his opponent's head, who shifted, and pointed at him; Gulley now commenced a ralley, and some blows were exchanged to his advantage; Gregson turned round and put in a back-handed blow in the loins; both fell.

3d—Gregson successfully planted a right-handed hit in Gulley's breast, and rallied; but Gulley had the advantage of putting in most blows, although Gregson threw

threw him; Gregson's head now had began to swell, and he continued to bleed very freely. Odds two to one on Gulley.

4th—Gulley made play, and after planting two good hits on his adversary's head, slipped up.

5th—Gregson made a determined hit, which Gulley scientifically parried, upon which he ran in, grasped Gulley by the thighs, held him in his arms, and threw him down; great disapprobation.

6th—Some good rallying, but in favour of Gulley; Gregson appeared incapable of stopping, and Gulley hit him as he pleased; at the close of the round Gregson put in a tremendous blow on the side of his adversary's head, and both fell out of the ring.

7th—Gulley rallied, and put in six successive hits on the head, and at length knocked him off his legs, without his putting in one blow.

8th—In this round Gregson slightly had the advantage; they closed, and Gulley received a heavy fall; Gregson's left eye was now almost closed, his nose was broken, the blood flowed in torrents, and his head was most hideously disfigured.

9th—Gregson evinced great distress, and Gulley grievously hit him again in the face, and he fell on his knees.

10th—As early as this round the result of the battle was considered decisive; Gregson fought now very shy, both eyes being nearly closed; he struck Gulley, who came down, but it appeared to be his own choice.

11th—Gregson here excited great commiseration, he

 put

put his hand to his left eye, and afterwards looked at it; he commenced a rally, which ended again in his discomfiture; Gulley knocked him down, but while falling he put in a back-handed hit.

12th—Gregson struck Gulley on the breast, who immediately knocked him down.

13th—In making play Gulley slipped.

14th—Gulley again hit his opponent through his guard, both right and left, which brought him down.

15th and 16th—In both rounds Gregson ineffectually attempted to rally; evidently displayed great debility; he ran in, and completely bored Gulley down.

17th—In this round Gregson became intemperate, and ran in upon his adversary, who continued hitting and avoiding him in a most surprising manner; Gregson twice turned his back upon his opponent, and made towards the ropes, but Gulley followed him, changed his front, fibbed him, and kept him from falling, until he had ruffianed him into an almost senseless state, and then dropped him quietly between his arms.

18th—Like the former, Gregson was again severely punished; he was completely knocked up.

25th—In this round Gulley put in two tremendous blows.

27th—Gregson was brought down by a dreadful blow under the ear; and the

28th—Decided the contest, Gregson being too much exhausted to be brought to the mark in time. The battle lasted one hour and a quarter.

Gulley

Gulley immediately addressed the ring, informing his friends publicly, that being now situated in a public-house, in Carey-street, he was in hopes, by the assistance of his friends, he should now enjoy uninterrupted peace, and consequently he never intended to fight again; nor would he have done so in this instance, had he not considered himself bound in honour to accept Gregson's challenge; he had fought with a lame left arm, and Gregson surely would not desire another combat.

Gulley then dressed himself, and was brought to town in Lord Barrymore's barouche, and on the following morning was facetiously answering questions respecting the fight, and serving his customers, in Carey-street.

Gregson, poor fellow, was conveyed to Market-street, where he laid until the following Saturday, by which time he was able to come to Highgate on the box of one of the Northampton stages, where he remained at the Bowling-green for some time.

Captain Barclay, the Marquis of Tweedale, and many amateurs, made a very liberal subscription for him, and he was soon after matched with Tom Crib for 500 guineas, to fight in a 30-feet ring.

After this second battle Dutch Sam and William Cropley entered, and immediately set to. In the first round Sam got a black eye, but after this he was considered the favourite; Cropley tried every pugilistic stratagem to get at Sam's head again, but ineffectually, Sam being too active. In 25 minutes nature obliged Cropley to yield the laurel. At this time it was as late as seven o'clock.

 On

On Saturday, June 11, 1808, a battle was fought at Golder's-green, on the Hendon road, between Dogherty and a Scotch baker of the name of Pentikin; the former being backed 40 guineas to 20. The contest was supported three-quarters of an hour, when Pentikin gave in, thus displaying more judgment than he had shewn throughout the fight.

On the same day a match was made for 50 guineas, between Bill Cropley, the unsuccessful opponent of Dutch Sam, and Tom Belcher, to be fought in the same ring that Gregson and Crib contend in October next.

In the beginning of this month Gulley and Crib had a benefit at the Fives-court, which was well attended, admission 3s. 6d. The couples who set to were Gulley and Jem Belcher, Tom Belcher and Crib, Cropley and Dogherty, Jones and Blake, Crib and Wood, &c.

On Tuesday, October 25, 1808, the interesting match between Gregson and Tom Crib was decided, at Moulsey-hurst, in a 30-feet ring. The dreadful beating Gregson had received from Gulley, so far from disheartening him, only tended to make him ten-fold solicitous for another chance of acquiring pugilistic fame. Major Morgan, his last backer, however, declined patronizing him; but he soon found another friend in the Marquis of Tweedale; and P. Methuen, Esq. backed Crib in this contest.

A 30-feet ring having been formed, at half past twelve the combatants entered; Crib attended by Gulley and Bill Gibbons, and Gregson with his seconds,

conds, Jem Belcher and Richmond. Odds five to four in favour of Crib; more betters than takers. At a quarter before one they set to.

1st round—The instant Crib shook hand he stept back, and assumed his attitude; short sparring, every one anxious for the first hit; Gregson attempted it with his left hand, but his distance was ill judged, and fell short; Crib was also ineffectual, as his blow went over his opponent's shoulder; they closed, and both fell, Gregson uppermost.

2d—Crib put in two body blows right and left; Gregson made a courageous attempt to hit Crib, who shifted and avoided him dexterously, and immediately threw in a severe hit in the right side of the face with his left hand; blood issued from the cut profusely, and never ceased during the combat. Gregson lost his temper, and threw in some desperate blows in the neck, which had Crib not partially avoided, it was supposed would have ended the contest; Crib rallied, and threw his opponent. Odds two to one in his favour.

4th—Gregson rallied, and put in a severe hit under Crib's ear; Crib retreated, according to his usual mode of fighting, and Gregson following him, he at every retreating step put in a severe hit with his left hand on the right side of Gregson's face; Gregson, however, followed up until he fell, absolutely stunned.

5th—No fighting; Crib fell in making play.

6th—This round odds fell again; Gregson judged his distance well, and the first hit threw in so tremendous

dous a blow on the temple, that Crib was glaringly abroad and stupified; had Gregson now possessed science as a pugilist equal to his strength, he must have beat Crib out of time, but while Crib was retreating to the ropes, desirous of finishing the round, Gregson followed him, and lost this glorious opportunity of winning the battle, by idly sparring away the time, instead of repeating his blows; Crib, with all his dexterity, was obliged to sustain another disadvantageous rally before he could close the round, and then was knocked off his legs.

7th—Crib's head cut a horrid figure, and Gregson's mouth and nose continued to bleed copiously; they rallied, and both exchanged hits to a stand still, when Gregson threw Crib.

8th—Gregson made play, but no dependance could be placed on him, from the bad judgment he displayed in his distances; Crib put in his favorite left-handed hit again over Gregson's dreadfully sore mouth; Gregson was almost wild, closed, and threw Crib a severe cross buttock. Odds rose again two to one on Crib.

9th—Gregson shewed evident distress; Crib still kept up his old game of retreating; Gregson, impelled by the warmth of his temper, followed him, and was severely punished by some dreadful repeats on the right side of his face; he fell on his knees, and appeared unable to rise again alone. Odds three to one on Crib.

10th—Crib supported his superiority; they fought until both fell on their knees, and after a fraternal hug

hug, both laid themselves down, exhausted [illegible] fatigue.

11th—Both appeared distressed in their wind, and shewed great caution; closed, and both fell.

12th—In this round both combatants seemed recovering, and a display of greater courage never was seen; Gregson threw in a most tremendous hit, but it fell short by an inch; he then rallied, and successfully planted a hit on the head, and another on the body; Crib seemed quite abroad, and Gregson threw him. Odds seven to four on Crib.

13th—Language would be incapable of describing the dreadful appearance of the faces of both combatants; they, however, obstinately stood, and exchanged hits until Gregson fell, more by exhaustion than by the force of the hit.

14th—This round was equally as resolutely contended; Gregson exerted his utmost to gain the advantage, but Crib seemed to have recovered both his wind and strength; Gregson was so weak that his knees gave way, and he fell on his hands, and actually pulled at the grass with passion.

15th—Crib beat his opponent in this round dreadfully; Gregson fell again; tried to get on his knees, but in vain.

16th—By chance Gregson struck Crib on the head at setting to, and brought him down.

19th—It appeared to require the greatest exertions of both combatants to make any impression, and he who for a minute was favored by nature had the advantage.

20th

—Both displayed excellent bottom; they ran in, met, and fell like men perfectly inebriated.

22d—They rallied, and Gregson bored down his opponent; and ten to one was laid that Crib did not come again.

23d—Crib at meeting had just strength enough to put in two slight hits, and closed; they wrestled, and Crib threw Gregson, who fell like lead; he was, however, put again upon his second's knee, but on time being called was unable to come forward, having been seriously hurt in the last fall. Crib on hearing the news might have considered it the happiest moment of his life; he immediately fell, and remained apparently exhausted for some minutes.

On recovering he challenged Richmond, who had offended him, to fight immediately for 50 guineas, but this was prevented.

Gregson sustained in this contest as much injury as he did with Gulley, and proved himself a horrid bad judge of his distances, and, as every scientific amateur always considered him, a mere novice in the art of pugilism. In rallying he had but one hit, which if it failed not only to take effect, but to STUN his adversary, the rally was sure to terminate greatly to his disadvantage; still Crib never was secure of beating him, for although hit several times to a stand still he recovered his wind at intervals, and certainly stood up with most undaunted courage.

Crib fought upon his old plan of retreating, in order to wind his adversary, and by this means always fight AT HOME; he was here particularly successful with hi

his left-handed hits, which Gregson's face evidently proved by its dreadfully bruised state.

Crib's backer presented him with £150, as a reward for his courage; and Gregson had a handsome subscription purse, which was kindly collected by Mr. Jackson.

Gregson was taken to the King's Head, at Hampton, and Crib to the Toy Inn, at Hampton Court; they were both bled, and remained quiet until the Wednesday following, when they came to town.

At the conclusion of this fight the ring was immediately occupied by Tom Belcher and Cropley, for a purse of 50 guineas, Cropley's backer having gone off. At setting to odds were seven to four on Belcher. Mendoza and Dutch Sam seconded Belcher, and Jones and Dick Hall, Cropley. A more equal couple could hardly have been pitted, and a greater display of true science was, perhaps, not remembered; Cropley, however, had an unfortunate knack of giving his head when he hit; Belcher took advantage of this fault of his opponent's, and waiting for him, and stopping his blow, generally planted a severe facer. The contest was supported 34 rounds, in 56 minutes. Cropley was most dreadfully disfigured, having received not less than 100 severe blows in the face, but although so completely beaten, he fought till blind before he yielded, and even then felt desirous of trying another round.

A third battle was fought between Dogherty and Powers, which lasted one hour and a quarter. The former was triumphant.

The

The Duke of York, Marquis Tweedale, Lords Yarmouth, Craven, Barrymore, Brook, and Somerville, were on the ground.

Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1808, Will Ward had a benefit at the Fives-court, who having for some time laboured under the torment of a consumption, was liberally patronized for his past services. Those who set to were Gulley and Crib, Dutch Sam and Dogherty, Tom Belcher and Richmond, and some others of less note.

A match was last month made between Crib and Jem Belcher for 200 guineas, to be fought in February. Odds seven to four on Crib. Captain Barclay again patronising him; Belcher went immediately into training at Virginia Water. A second match between Tom Belcher, and a countryman of the name of Farnborough; odds seven to four on Tom; and a third between Cropley and Tom Blake; bets even.

Harry Lee, who for some time had taken up his residence in the mansion of St. George's, had a benefit there on Friday the 16th of December, which was very fashionably attended; Gregson, Pittoon, Hon. Thomas Coventry, Mr. White, and many amateurs and pugilists, exerted themselves on the occasion.

January, 1809. This month a battle was fought at Hangley-hatch, near Hounslow, between Flowers, the Berkshire coachman, and one Davey, for 25 guineas, which Davey won in 58 rounds, notwithstanding Flowers had the most science.

Monday, January 23, Flowers was matched at Eaton, Berks, with one Rossel, a sawyer, for 100 guineas. The battle was fought the same day, and won by Flowers.

On

On Monday, Feb. 1, 1809, the match between Tom Crib and Jem Belcher was decided on Epsom race-course: a 30-feet ring was formed, and at half past twelve the combatants entered, and immediately began to strip. Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons seconded Crib, and Mendoza and Bob Clarke, Belcher. At setting to odds were three to one on Crib.

1st round—Sparring for half a minute, Belcher made two hits; Crib parried one, but the other went home in the body; Crib returned; Belcher half stopped; they closed, and Belcher fell, but slightly.

2d—Crib made play, threw in a body hit; Belcher rallied; some good blows exchanged, and Crib threw his opponent.

3d—No visible marks of hits yet; Belcher very gay, with great skill made two lounging hits right and left, the last of which Crib received in full force under his left ear, and a copious discharge of blood followed; some blows well exchanged at a distance; Crib threw Belcher again, but manifestly had the worst of the round.

4th—A good display of science; every hit stopped on both sides; Belcher attempted to rally, but fell, seemingly distressed in his wind.

5th—Belcher put in a right and left hit; but it was evident that he had lamed his right hand; Crib rallied successfully, and again threw his opponent.

6th—Belcher retreated, seemingly to recruit his wind, to the ropes, where Crib planted some good blows; Bel her now, in order to avoid his adversary's superior strength, hit out, and successfully planted a

 blow

blow at arm's length with his lame hand, on the spot he had before severely struck under the ear, and which was also the precise place in which Gregson put his tremendous blow in their last contest, (see page 317); the blood again issued with increased force; they closed, and Belcher threw Crib a cross buttock; Crib's GLUTTONY, however, being well known, odds were even now four to one in his favour.

7th—In this round Belcher indisputably had the advantage, but his well known infirmities prevented his becoming the favourite; he rallied, and hit with astonishing success; they closed, and Crib fell easily.

8th—Belcher appeared winded from his exertions in the last round, retreated towards the ropes, where again he was reduced to a courageous effort to extricate himself, and he rallied, put in a few hits, but so very slight, that Crib appeared to be unconscious of them; they closed, hugged, and contended for the fall, until both were summerseted over the ropes.

9th—The combatants closed, and the seconds separated them.

10th—Belcher had evidently great disadvantages to labour under, and this round indicated most strongly in whose favour the contest would terminate; Crib had as yet made but little play, but now went in, hit, stopped, and hit again five or six times successively, and then gave his opponent a heavy fall. Any odds, but no takers.

11th—Crib made as much play as in the preceding round,

round, and again threw Belcher; both Belcher's hands were now lame, and Crib continued to gain advantage in every round to the

19th—When Belcher strained every nerve, and very dexterously stopped every hit; but Crib at length bored him down. The battle was kept up to the

31st—But for the last ten rounds Belcher had been utterly incapable of standing against his man with any chance of success, his knuckles were dreadfully hurt, and the flesh had started from the nails of his right hand. The contest lasted 40 minutes.

This was the last battle James Belcher ever contested; it was contrary to the wishes and advice of all his friends that he ever attempted to gain more laurel to the wreath which had so long and so honourably adorned his brow, after he had lost his eye; but unfortunately a mistaken confidence in his physical powers, which were daily decreasing, and a degree of jealousy, perhaps not unnaturally excited by the success of the Game Chicken, spurred him on to a trial; the result is well known, he lost the crown of the champion; Crib afterwards beat him; this he attributed to accident, and his friends backed him to a second combat, giving him an opportunity to regain, if possible, his lost credit, but the effort was presumptuous and unavailing.

When Belcher first came from Bristol, he was justly considered a phenomenon; under the age of 20 he adduced a new system of fighting, which completely baffled the most scientific adepts in the old school, and to him boxing in a great measure owes its support,

particularly

particularly by the emulation he excited, and the attempts made to produce a man to contend with him. But at this period, at the age of only 27, he was so far degenerated as to oppose, with very little chance of success, any pugilist of note; he was unable to make but very few hits with his now enfeebled hands, and after a contest of half an hour nature deserted him; still he retained some of his former gaiety; which only reminded those who knew him what he once was, and every one, with an eye of pity, saw that all powers of execution had deserted him.

The match between Tom Belcher and Farnborough was afterwards decided; the former seconded by Mendoza, and the latter by Jones and Richmond. Tom has several times had the good fortune to contend with novices, and consequently, by his consummate skill, easily beat them, and punished his opponent for daring, with such presumption, to attack the first pugilist of the day. Farnborough is game, but knows no more of boxing than Ikey Pig, or Jemmy from Town. In 20 minutes Belcher disfigured him in the most dreadful manner, without himself receiving the least injury, and Farnborough, with groans, acknowledged his superiority.

Henry Pearce, whose bravery and prowess had acquired him the proud appellation of the Game Chicken, now began to acknowledge he must himself knock under, throw off his mortal coil, and the principle which prompted him to such fetes of glory separate from its less subtle companion.

On Thursday, February 9, a sparring exhibition took

took place at the Fives-court, for his benefit. In the last stage of consumption he was just able to walk. It was liberally attended, and his brother professors signalized their esteem by their exertions.

On Tuesday, April 11, 1809, a battle was fought at Coombe-wood, near Kingston, between George Richmond, the American black, and Isaac Wood, a waterman. At one o'clock the combatants arrived in post-chaises; a 25-feet ring was immediately formed, and at half past one the heroes entered, and set to; Richmond second by Jones and Bob Clarke, and Wood by Crib and Cropley.

1st round—A little sparring; Richmond threw in a left-handed hit on his opponent's jaw; Wood rallied, and was thrown. Odds seven to four on Richmond.

2d—Wood hit; Richmond parried, and returned right and left; they closed, and both fell.

3d—A good round, Wood rallied; some good hits exchanged; Richmond displayed great superiority in science, and again threw his opponent. Odds two to one in his favour.

4th—Richmond made play, and successfully planted a right-handed hit; Wood attempted to rally, but Richmond parried both right and left, when Wood was so much abroad, that he was milled round the ring, and thrown over the ropes. Odds four to one on Richmond.

5th—Wood made play, and rallied courageously; hits exchanged at half-arm for half a minute, to the advantage of Richmond, who closed, and threw Wood again.

6th

6th—Wood's head now appeared dreadfully disfigured; Richmond rallied, but Wood evinced great weakness, and fell.

7th—Both rallied, and Richmond threw Wood.

8th—Somewhat in favour of Wood; Richmond made a false hit; Wood struck twice, and then threw him.

9th—Richmond, in making play, slipt.

10th—Both stood up manfully; hit at full length until both fell.

11th—In this round Wood displayed good bottom, but no science; an excellent rally; they closed, and Richmond fibbed him until he was covered with blood, and both fell weak.

12th—Wood appeared as though he had exerted his last effort in the last round; Richmond threw in three successive blows in the face, rallying him to the ropes, when he gave a summerset over him.

14th—In this round Richmond threw his opponent.

15th—This round, although not the last, was decisive; Richmond again put in three successive hits on the head; Wood attempted, but was evidently unable to return, and Richmond threw him; Wood with great courage, but evident disadvantage, stood up to the

23d—When Richmond again brought him down, and he was unable to come to time. Richmond was very little hurt.

Another battle was fought between Frere and Powers, which in 25 minutes was decided in favour of the latter, who possessed the greatest science.

On Sunday, April 30, at half past four in the afternoon,

noon, Henry Pearce, the well known Game Chicken, FELL EXHAUSTED. Pearce, whose name will ever rank high in the annals of pugilism, was about 30 years of age, and had long laboured under that devouring demon, which is peculiar to our otherwise happy isle, CONSUMPTION. His pugilistic career was first checked by its ravages, and at length his philanthrophic, for in no bosom were ever more kindly united, courage and sympathy, two of the brightest traits of the human character. Previous to the awful moment he was impressed with sentiments of pure religion, and appeared lulled into resignation, by that gentle soother of all the qualms so often prominent at such a time; he hoped forgiveness from all whom he might have ill-treated in his professional pursuits; a lawyer or a doctor could do no more; and his last breath uttered charity to all men.

Gregson about this time took a benefit at the Fives-court, and retired from the fighting world to commence landlord of the Castle, in Holborn, taking with him the good wishes of every one who knew him.

May the 10th, 1809, Mendoza and Harry Lee had a benefit at the Fives-court; it was well attended, and the former attempted to give imitations of several old pugilists, but it was a mere GULL.

On Monday, June 18, 1809, died, after a very short notice, on board a Gravesend boat, on his return to London, Elisha Crabbe. This hero was one of the elders of the science of pugilism, and after the revival of the art by Humphries, Mendoza, Ryan, and Johnson, he was a BRILLIANT luminary in the gymnastic

circle. The first scene of his prowess was Blackheath, where he conquered Stephen Oliver, the well-known DEATH, (see page 78); and after successfully contending with many heroes, was at last conquered, at Horton, by Tom Tyne, (see page 94). After this he resigned the profession of the PANCRATIUM, and became an officer of peace under the City Marshal, which situation he filled with great credit; his quick eye beamed terror to all the light-fingered corps who daily ply for booty, and his scent shrewdly NOSED the secret haunts of

"Scamps, divers, house-breakers, all upon the lay."

At length, however, the universal victor, the real DEATH, who sooner or later levels all heroism, after SPARRING a few rounds, put in a FINISHING HIT.

On Wednesday, July 19, 1809, a boxing match was fought on the same spot where Richmond and Wood contended, near Kingston, between Smith, the old cotemporary of O'Donnel, and George Green, a new candidate of pugilistic fame; the former seconded by Jones and Bob Clarke, and the latter by Tom Belcher and Tom Blake. Odds six to four in favour of Green. The only good hit Green made was in the second round, which completely doubled up his opponent; but Smith, however, fought very carefully, and in three quarters of an hour proved the conqueror. The match was for 20 guineas.

On Friday afternoon, August 9, 1809, a boxing match was fought at Pope's Head Watch-house, on the coast between Margate and Reculvers, for 100 guineas, between George Richmond and the veteran

George

George Maddox. It will be remembered that Richmond first entered the list of bruisers with this same opponent, in the year 1804, who in a TURN-UP of three rounds beat him, (see page 198). A 27-feet ring was formed with ropes, and the heroes, without loss of time, entered and set to; Maddox seconded by Gulley and Bill Gibbons, and Richmond by Bob Clarke and Jack Ward. At setting to odds six to four on Maddox.

1st round—Maddox went in as usual with great gaiety; Richmond stopped him, and planting two successful blows on the neck, brought him down.

2d—Maddox rallied, and threw his opponent over the ropes.

3d—An excellently contested round, in which Richmond displayed great superiority, both in science and strength, and after good fighting threw his adversary with a force, which astonished every spectator.

10th—Maddox evidently fought at great disadvantage, but stood up courageously. Odds were now changed in favour of Richmond four to one.

The bravery of Maddox, however, spun out the battle for 52 minutes, and he displayed as much game as, perhaps, ever was seen; within a few minutes of the termination of the contest, when quite blind, he was on his knees, and by a sudden effort he sprung up, and holding Richmond round the neck with one hand, continued to deal out some tremendous hits with the other, but nature was at length exhausted, and he fell.

He was liberally rewarded for his prowess by a subscription.

William Cropley and young Crib then set to, and sharply contended for 16 minutes. Cropley, who possessed both superior strength and science, got well punished before Crib would acknowledge himself vanquished, although in so short a time; but the match was extremely unequal, Cropley being equal to Dutch Sam.

On Tuesday the 15th Maddox had a benefit at the Tun room, in the Strand, which was well attended, and many pugilists displayed great skill.

September, 1809, a battle was fought at Braybrook-park, Wilts, the seat of Major Cope, between Flowers, the Berkshire coachman, and a pugilistic professor of the name of Isaac Jarvis, for 200 guineas; the former backed by the Major, and the latter by P. Harris, Esq. At setting to odds seven to four in favour of Jarvis.

The contest was most obstinately maintained by both combatants; they stood up manfully, and every round hit and stopped until one was brought down; frequently half a minute elapsed before a blow could be put in, both combatants parried with such dexterity; at the end of three quarters of an hour both became exhausted, and stopping was laid aside; both hit now very feebly, and at the end of an hour and ten minutes Flowers falling, he gave in.

January 1, 1810, a battle was fought on Highgate-common, for 40 guineas, between Christie, a new Hibernian candidate, and Burns, a second-rate pugilist; Richmond and Blake seconds. A shocking attempt, both hugged, for fighting it could not be called, for 40 minutes, when Paddy gave in.

Ballard,

Ballard, Caleb Baldwin's pupil, and one Charles Brannam, then set to, and contested a well fought battle of three quarters of an hour, when Ballard proved victorious, Brannam being lame in both hands.

On Tuesday, March 27, 1810, a battle was fought at Old Oak-common, between Ben Burns and Thomas Flanagan, for 200 guineas; Richmond and Bob Clarke seconded Burns, and Dutch Sam and Powers, Flanagan. A 28-feet roped ring was formed, and at twelve o'clock the combatants set to; odds seven to four on Burns. The fight consisted of obstinate rallying, to the advantage of the favorite throughout; Flanagan, whenever he hit, put in his head; Burns soon became aware of this fault of his opponent, waited, stopped his blow, and very dexterously sent in a facer, and in 35 minutes beat his adversary blind, without himself being the least hurt.

On Thursday, April 12, 1810, a great number of amateurs met at Wilsden-green, to witness the decision of a match between Brannam, the unsuccessful opponent of Ballard, and another inferior pugilist, of the name of Dixon, for a subscription purse of 20 guineas. A report had been circulated that these heroes intended to make a bloodless fight, and afterwards share the reward. In the course of two rounds this was ascertained to be the fact, and at the end of half an hour, after much dexterous planting and stopping, Brannam gave in; but, much to their disappointment, not a farthing was allowed them, and they sneakingly sheered off, dreading the indignation of the mob, for their cowardice and humbugging, yet one of these fellows is rewarded every month at the Fives-court.

On

On Thursday, April 19, a battle was fought at Bed Oak-common, near Acton, between Ballard, Caleb's pupil, and a Bristol candidate of the name of Hall, who had all the appearance of a fighting hero, but not well versed in action. The contest was for the 20 guinea purse intended for Dixon and Brannam last month. At setting to Hall was the favorite.

1st round—Hall shewed he was totally destitute of science, and Ballard PINKED his head; they closed, and Hall planting successfully a half round hit by the side of his opponent's neck, brought him down. Odds rose two to one in his favour.

2d—Ballard rallied, and after throwing in two successful hits in his antagonist's eye, gave himself an easy fall.

3d—Ballard began again with a rally, and struck Hall over the left eye, which immediately swelled.

Hall supported a superiority from this to the end of the battle, and by putting in some of his tremendous right-hand blows, he in half an hour MILLED his opponent sufficient to satisfy any GLUTTON. Tom Jones and Dick Whale seconded Hall, and Caleb Baldwin and Bob Clarke, Ballard.

On May the 1st, 1810, a large party of amateurs and pugilists, amongst whom were Gulley, Richmond, Jackson, Dogherty, Crib, and Tom Belcher, dined sumptuously at the Castle, now called the Lancashire house, in Holborn, in honour, and compliment to the past services, of Gregson, the landlord; tickets a guinea each. After dinner was removed, several sporting theatricals being present, some excellent songs were sung,

sung, and the bottle circled freely. Some excellent sparring was then exhibited by some of the first professors, and at length it was agreed that a subscription purse of £20 should be made by the company present, and immediately fought for by young Crib and Dogherty; the former, who was below enjoying his glass with equal happiness and more equal society, was called up, and they immediately set to; Tom Crib seconded his brother, and Richmond, who is handy on all occasions, seconded Dogherty; betting even. Crib displayed great GLUTTONY, threw in some excellent hits successfully, and often rallied and beat away the superior science of his opponent; he, however, bled copiously, and his head was much disfigured by the hits he received, and at the end of an hour, being quite exhausted, gave in, when Dogherty was declared the conqueror. Both combatants were several times hit off their legs.

By the termination of this battle, Powers, who was originally intended to have contested with Dogherty, but could no where be found, came in, and another purse was subscribed to the same amount for him and Richmond; an honourable baronet and Crib seconded Richmond, and an amateur colonel and Bill Gibbons, Powers.

Richmond having seconded the preceding battle for an hour, set to with great disadvantage, and for the first round had the worst of it, but as every amateur might have expected, his science gave him the best of the remainder. Richmond excels, perhaps, every pugilist in hitting and getting away; and Powers, who

is

is a resolute fighter, was continually boring in upon his opponent, and this sort of GAME always gets a man the worst of the battle with such an opponent as the black, and by this system Powers was completely beat in a quarter of an hour. He was frequently hit twice in the face in a second, and frequently brought down by a favorite left-handed hit of Richmond's, who, on the other hand, received no other injury throughout the battle than a slight blow in the face. Forty shillings out of the purse consoled Powers for his bad fate; and Richmond sat down to his wine £18 richer, and with the amateurs toasted fighters and fighting till three o'clock in the morning.

A long depending match, and one which had excited great interest in the sporting world, was fought on Thursday, May 31, at Moulsey-hurst, for 200 guineas a side, between Samuels, (Dutch Sam), and one Medley, a respectable tradesman, who fought for his own stake.

Medley is a muscular man, about 20 pounds heavier than Sam; had never before entered a ring, but great fame was recorded of him, as being one of the first to resent a personal injury; and as a setter-to with the gloves, had long been acknowledged excellent at the Fives-court. Sam regarded this fame, and so much so, that he some time previous forfeited his deposit with this antagonist, not considering himself in good condition at the appointed time.

After a great deal of trouble, from the great concourse of people, a ring was formed, and at one o'clock the champions entered; Sam attended by Harry Lee and

and Puss, whilst Joe and Crib officiated for Medley; they immediately stripped and set to; very little betting. Odds two to one on Sam.

1st round—A little sparring; Sam put in a left-handed hit, Medley parried, they closed, disengaged, Medley stopped again, and threw his opponent.

2d—Medley made play; they closed, Sam began a rally, and put in a tremendous hit on the temple; Medley rallied and slipt.

3d—Medley appeared deranged, from the violence of the blow on his temple, and it evidently had taken the fight out of him; he, however, stood up with courage, and rallied; Sam stopped with great dexterity, and by a well planted hit under the chin, knocked Medley off his legs. Odds four to one on Sam.

4th—Medley rallied, but Sam brought him down by a body blow.

5th—Medley struck; Sam parried, and threw in right and left, both hits told, they closed, and Sam threw Medley by dint of superior strength.

6th—Medley's eye was greatly swollen; he appeared shy, retreated; Sam, however, waited for his coming up, and threw in a violent blow on the face, which re-echoed again; they closed, and Sam threw Medley again.

7th—Sam quite gay, went in, and putting in a most tremendous blow on the breast, brought his opponent down.

8th—Medley bled profusely; Sam was coming in to rally, and Medley knocked him down and laughed at him; but his countenance was ghastly, from the tremendous blows he had received in the face.

9th—Sam appeared angry, ran in, and missed his distance; Medley displayed a great deal of science, but was at last knocked down.

10th—Medley was making play, and Sam knocked him down.

11th—An excellent round, and the longest in the battle; Medley evinced weakness, he put in a good hit in Sam's nose, who directly knocked him down.

12th—It would be impossible to describe the horrid spectacle Medley's face and head exhibited, with the blood flowing in all directions, it was truly terrific, and before any blow was struck Medley fell from weakness.

13th—Medley was making play, and Sam put in a severe blow in the kidnies, and Medley again fell; his side now began to swell.

14th—Sam slipped, but it was thought a trick, in order to gain wind.

16th—Sam went in, rallied; Medley very weak, but by game bored in upon Sam, who continued plying right and left until Medley fell.

Notwithstanding Medley was in this dreadful state, he continued the fight for 33 more rounds; but nature being at length exhausted, and his wounds bleeding beyond the skill of his second's stopping, his brother declared him conquered.

Sam in this battle displayed great science, and his mercy to his opponent did him still greater honour. Medley shewed GAME, but hits too slight for a fighter.

Dogherty and Burns then stripped, and were on the point

point of setting to; but it being observed that Burns's shoes were stuck full of nails, the amateurs would not allow him to fight with such offensive weapons, and Burns, although every thing was tried to reconcile a fight by Dogherty, would not fight without, and, like a true CUR, as he is well known to be, sculked off. This is another of the HEROES who has the impudence to set to at the Fives-court, upon the HUM-HUGGING system.

A battle was then fought between Ballard and Dixon, which was well contested for three quarters of an hour, when Ballard, who is a game little ruffian, was declared the conqueror.

On Saturday, July 7, 1810, a stand up battle was fought on the estate of Major Wheeble, at Tavistock, Wilts, between Flowers, the Berkshire bruiser, and a man of the name of Keate, who had never before exhibited, for 200 guineas; the former backed by the Major, and the latter by a subscription purse made at Cheshire.

The first round lasted near two minutes, during which Keate displayed more bottom than science; Flowers put in a dreadful blow on the temple, but Keate stood the shock amazingly, bored down upon his opponent, and, by accident, returned in the ribs; they closed, and both fell. For the first half hour Flowers had the advantage, but Keate proved equal to the metal he wrought at, and, like a true GLUTTON of the CRIB school, suffered his eyes to be lanced for a glimmer of light, and by real hard fighting won the battle in an hour and ten minutes.

 Copied

Copied from a periodical journal:

"A boxing match took place on Monday, July 9, 1810, in a field at Longford, near Coventry, between John Cart, aged 28, a brother of the Birmingham Cart, whom Pearce beat, (see page 228), and Slack Ross, aged 40, for £50. Both set to with great resolution, and for the first seven rounds no difference could be observed.

8th—Much sparring; Ross struck four blows to Cart's one, and fell.

9th—In favour of Cart, and Ross received a severe blow on the head.

10th—Ross knocked down by a severe blow on the jaw.

11th—Ross down.

12th and 13th—Exchanged blows nearly equal, but finally Ross down.

14th—Equal fighting; Ross slipped on his left knee.

15th—Ross knocked down by a blow on the eye.

16th—Exchanged several blows, and Ross down.

17th—Ross again knocked down by a severe blow in the ribs, when he claimed half a minute over time by agreement.

23d—Ross appeared shy, and repeatedly fell, with an evident intention of getting wind; Ross rallied with great spirit, and having got Cart's head under his arm, fibbed him dreadfully.

24th—Cart received a severe knock-down blow in the eye.

28th—Ross had the best of the battle.

29th—Ross set to with great spirit, and gave his adversary

versary three dreadful right-handed facers, which knocked him down; the blood gushed in torrents from every part of his face in the most awful manner.

30th—Cart received a severe blow on the ribs and a right-handed facer, which decided the battle. Time 40 minutes."

On Tuesday, July 24, a bull was baited in Tothill-fields, and as is usual on such occasions, the amusements concluded with a boxing match, and from the prowess displayed by the heroes, they were considered promising candidates for fame, and perhaps hereafter doomed to contend the palm with the champion of the day.

The combatants were a Bristol man, one of the old nursery, and a strong athletic American black of the name of Molineux, a native of the State of New York, who had lately arrived in this country, and having found out his countryman Richmond, who seemed to carry on a very happy career in the gymnastic profession, felt somewhat inclined to try his success in a MILLING match; he was accordingly matched with this robust Bristol hero, who stood about six feet high, and Molineux was about five feet nine inches, weighed between 13 and 14 stone, and was 26 years of age. Crib was the Bristol man's second, and Richmond officiated for his COLOURED brother. A ring was formed and the combatants set to.

The first and second rounds shewed that the Bristol man was but a very poor specimen of the West-country breed, but was game. The black kept himself close, but could only FLIP and hit at half arm, as when he

he struck he kept his elbows close to his body; this, however, he continued to do with great dexterity, and although the Bristol man supported the battle for one hour, the black so completely FLIPPED him, that no one feature could be distinguished, and he ultimately gave in.

The two seconds, Crib and Richmond, quarrelled concerning a blow, and had a TURN UP, but one round satisfied the black, who is too good a judge to be done.

Although not the most expert boxer that ever offered himself for pugilistic fame, Molineux was considered a promising CHICKEN, but perhaps not of the most delicate CAST, and was immediately matched for 100 guineas with Tom Blake, better known by the title of Tom Tough, who was at this time 40 years of age, and a number of whose battles have been related in the preceding pages.

Tuesday, August 21, 1810, was the day fixed, and the spot where Richmond and Maddox last contended agreed upon, on the coast about four miles from Margate, and two from Reculvers. At an early hour every vehicle was in motion to gain the goal of sport, and at one o'clock Blake came in dashing style, seated in an honorable baronet's barouche, with his seconds, Tom Crib and Bill Gibbons. A ring was formed, and at half past one Molineux was modestly introduced by his humble, but PERHAPS MORE FIRM, supporter Richmond. After the usual ceremony the combatants set to.

1st round—Cautious sparring for about a minute; Blake threw in two good hits right and left, and stopped

stopped Molineux's return; they closed and fought at best; Blake slipped from Molineux, but while in the act, received a tremendous chopping blow on the back of his neck, which Molineux repeated with his right hand over the head, and brought him down. Betting even.

2d—Blake again made play, but soon found that two or three hits, although well planted, were not sufficient to throw Molineux off his legs; he received the hits with great SANG FROID, and at length beat down his opponent's guard with his left hand, and with a degree of quickness and dexterity which in Dutch Sam or Tom Belcher would have been considered an astonishing effort of science, brought Blake down by a most severe blow with the right.

3d—Blake evinced great distress in his wind; Molineux run in to take advantage, but was received with a chattering jaw hit; they rallied, and both fell, Molineux uppermost.

4th—A hard round, and such a one as convinced the judges that Blake had trained off. Molineux rendered his guard perfectly useless, as by strength of hitting he broke through it, and although Blake planted many good blows, they had not an equal effect to those of his opponent, as his face sufficiently exemplified. The round lasted two minutes, obstinate ruffianing fighting, and Blake, after putting in a good body hit, was knocked down. Odds rose five to two in favour of Molineux.

5th—Blake now bled copiously, but with great courage rushed to a rally, in which Molineux got his

left

left arm round his neck, and holding his head up, fibbed him so dreadfully, that the ground resembled the floor of a slaughter-house, and Blake fell exhausted.

6th—Molineux now thought it time to beat his man off hand; rushed in, chopped down his opponent's guard with his left hand, and knocked him completely off his legs with his right, by a tremendous hit. Any odds now in favour of Molineux.

7th—Blake in this round rallied well, and exchanged some good hits very dexterously, but was too weak, and fell.

8th—This was the last round; Molineux began as furiously as in the sixth; Blake retreated, but was forced to rally, to extricate himself from the iron grasp of his adversary; he put in a successful hit on Molineux's cheek, but it was returned so forcibly on the head, that it laid him ASLEEP for some time.

The time expired, and Blake was still insensible; accordingly Molineux was acknowledged the victor.

In this battle Molineux evinced great improvement in the science of pugilism, particularly in the art of giving, while nature seemed most providently to have endowed him with the gift of taking, his body being almost callous to fistic punishment; and it was generally considered, that should he be able to combine an equal degree of SKILL with his GLUTTONY, he would MILL the whole race of modern pugilists.

On Thursday, November 15, 1810, a battle was fought at Old Oak-common, near Uxbridge, Middlesex,

sex, between young Crib, (brother to Tom,) and Hall; Caleb Baldwin and Cropley seconded the former, and Richmond and Tom Jones the latter. At one o'clock the combatants set to. Odds six to four on Crib.

1st round—Hall hit short; Crib rallied; each exchanged two blows; Crib, from the wetness of the ground, slipt and fell.

2d—Crib hit his adversary in the throat, over his guard, and disengaged himself; but in sparring he gave his head, and Hall put in a severe facer, which Crib dexterously returned on the eye.

3d—Hall again hit short, and Crib hit him twice in the body; the last blow felled him. Odds had now, however, changed seven to four in favour of Hall.

4th—A good rallying round; Hall fell, after successfully exchanging some good hits.

5th—Crib gave his adversary a full facer over the guard, which blacked his other eye; they rallied, and Hall threw his opponent.

6th—Crib appeared weak, but in the rally had somewhat the advantage.

7th—As hard a rallying round as can be conceived; both displayed excellent courage, stood up, and fought manfully until Crib was knocked down. Odds two to one on Hall.

8th—Hall commencing a rally, fell.

9th—Hall put in two good hits, Crib fell, very weak.

10th—Hall rallied, and some good hits were exchanged; Crib summoned every effort, but was at length knocked down by a half-round right-handed hit.

In every future round Crib displayed evident inferiority, but determined not to disgrace the name in

point of bottom, he protracted the contest, and that greatly to the annoyance of his own feelings, to one hour and nine minutes, when being perfectly exhausted he was forced to yield.

Dixon and Ballard then set to, and the latter proved the conqueror.

From the excellent specimen Molineux, the black, gave of his superior strength and bottom in his battle with Tom Blake, he was deemed the best match of the day for Tom Crib, who now, in consequence of Gulley's declining all contests as a prize fighter, was considered the champion. Accordingly a match was made, and it was agreed that they should fight for 200 guineas aside, and a subscription purse of 100 guineas was collected for the conqueror.

The greatest degree of expectation was excited in the public mind, with respect to the issue of this contest, and the NATIVES felt somewhat alarmed that a man of colour should dare to look forward to the championship of England, and threaten to decorate his sable brow with the hard-earned laurels of Crib; Tom, however, swore, that for the honour of old England, "he'd be damned if he would relinquish his claim to a single sprig but with his life."

The day appointed for the decision of this combat was Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1810, at Copthall-common, in the vicinity of East Grinstead, Sussex, distant about 30 miles from London. A more unfavorable day could not have been selected, it rained in torrents almost incessantly; but notwithstanding this, and the distance from town, and the five last miles of the road being

being knee deep with clay, the concourse of spectators who arrived at the scene of action was immense. At twelve o'clock Jackson, who generally officiates as master of the ceremonies, formed an outer circle of the various vehicles which had transported so many thousands from the metropolis, at the foot of a hill, in order to shield the combatants as much as possible from the chilling rain and wind from the eastward. A 24-feet ring, according to preceding arrangement, was constructed within this circle, with stakes and ropes, and as soon as completed Molineux came forward, bowed to all around, hurled up his cap in defiance, and then withdrew to strip; Crib followed his example, and both soon returned, "armed cap-a-pee, and eager for the fray," amid the plaudits of the populace, whose animated countenances seemed to express the passing thought, "What a glorious thing's a battle." Gulley and Joe Ward seconded Crib, and Richmond and Jones officiated for Molineux.

1st round—The combatants shook hands, retired two steps, put themselves in attitude, eyeing each other with the most penetrating look, and each highly attentive to his guard; for a moment a solemn pause ensued; a little sparring, and Molineux put in the first hit by a right-handed body blow on the left side of his opponent; Crib smartly returned right and left on the head, and one for luck on the body; Molineux closed, and Crib threw him. Thus the round ended without bloodshed.

2d—Both set to with great avidity, apparently fully determined on a manly stand up fight, seeming to

 exclude

exclude sparring and shifting altogether; a furious rally, excellent blows exchanged; Crib's did most execution, being thrown in straight forward, while Molineux struck hand over head with most astonishing power, but devoid of judgment, and Crib either parried or spoilt the effort, by planting the first hit; Crib, although he shewed first blood by a cut on the lip, evidently had the best of the round.

3d—Molineux faced his antagonist with great courage; Crib met him with equal resolution, and after a little sparring brought his left fist in contact with his antagonist's head at arm's length, with such tremendous force, that he laid him to measure his full length on the earth.

4th—Molineux immediately jumped on his legs, and commenced a desperate rally, in which Crib again brought him down.

5th—An excellent round, good straight-forward fighting, and both rallied in great style; Molineux bored down his opponent by main strength; Crib seemed determined to prevent him if possible by repeating some desperate blows on the head; they closed and Molineux FIBBED very dexterously in Dutch Sam's style, but at length fell.

6th—Molineux commenced furiously; Crib slipped but partially recovered, and by a blow brought down Molineux.

7th—Molineux rushed in as before, and Crib put in a violent blow on the forehead, by which he picked up a handsome RAINBOW; his countenance was, however, not the more CLOUDED, and he was first to the time.

8th

8th—Both combatants by this time had been taught discrimination, and had discovered each others physical powers; Crib found out that his notion of beating Molineux off hand was truly fallacious, as he really was an UGLY CUSTOMER, and he also became sensible that if Molineux could so reduce him as to make his SLEDGE HAMMER hits tell, he should not willingly lay his head for the ANVIL; he therefore now brought forward all his science, and began to adopt his usual and famous retreating system; they rallied desperately; success was alternate; at length Molineux fell; but Crib from his violent exertion appeared more feeble than his opponent.

9th—Gallantly contested; Crib made play; Molineux followed courageously, giving no quarter, put in a severe hit, and Crib fell, evidently much exhausted. The knowing-ones looked QUEER.

10th—The CONCEIT by this time was tolerably well taken out of both combatants; their heads and faces were hideously disfigured; Molineux again displayed superiority of strength; for full two minutes hits were exchanged greatly to the disadvantage of Crib; he, however, at length brought down his opponent.

11th—Courageously contested; Molineux brought Crib down.

12th—Crib put in a severe hit in the body; Molineux returned on the head and fell.

17th—Crib still continued his shy plan, and Molineux evidently had the advantage.

23d—In this round Crib perceiving Molineux was falling off, made play and brought him down, the first time for several rounds.

24th

24th to 28th—Bets considerably reduced; they had been four to one on Molineux, but were now even.

29th—Molineux ineffectually endeavoured to get Crib's head under his left arm, and also to throw him, but failed in both; they rallied, and Crib, who now appeared to possess more confidence than he had for some rounds, knocked his opponent down.

30th—Crib now again got the lead, and stuck up to his opponent until he fairly rallied him down.

31st—A short rally; Molineux threw Crib, but in the struggle fell over him and pitched upon his head, which so severely afflicted him, that he could hardly stand; Richmond, however, prompted him to go on in hopes of Crib's being exhausted.

33d—Molineux fell by an effort to keep his legs; this by Crib's party was called falling without a blow, and a squabble would have ensued, had not Molineux exclaimed, "I can fight no more."

Crib was greatly elated at such a sound, but was too weak to throw his usual SUMMERSET. The contest lasted 55 minutes.

Molineux in this contest proved himself as courageous a man as ever an adversary contended with, and Crib's merits as a pugilists cannot but be duly appreciated by a victory over so tremendous an opponent.

The following fresh challenge was soon after sent:

"To Mr. Thomas Crib.

"St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square,
December 21, 1810.

"Sir, My friends think that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day on which I contended with you, not

not been so unfavorable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such sum as those gentlemen who place confidence in me may be pleased to arrange.

"As it is possible this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope, that the circumstance of my being of a different colour to that of a people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant. F. MOLINEUX.

"Witnes, J. SCHOLEFIELD."

On Friday, January 18, 1811, a battle was fought at Coombe-warren, near Kingston, between Dogherty and Silverthorne, for 100 guineas. Silverthorne, whose weight is about eleven stone two pounds, is a native of the HOLY LAND, (St. Giles's,) and was introduced into notice by the veteran Caleb Baldwin, as successor to the championship of Westminster, and particularly so, because he is a costermonger, which profession has, in Caleb's notions, ever been synonimous with MILLING; he had once had a TURN UP with the BLOODLESS Burns, in which he was successful.

A ring being formed, at half past twelve the combatants entered; Silverthorne seconded by Caleb and Bill Gibbons, and Dogherty by Dick Hall and Powers. Odds seven to four on Silverthorne.

1st round—Both sparred with great caution; Dogherty made a right-handed hit; Silverthorne returned; they rallied courageously; both stood and exchanged hits

hits for two minutes; Dogherty's straight hitting gave him some advantage, but the strength of Silverthorne's blows were evident at the conclusion of the round, and one well planted in Dogherty's throat was truly awful; Dogherty at length fell by a blow, which at once decided first blood and knock-down bets. Two to one on Silverthorne.

2d—Dogherty seemed embarrassed by the forcible blows he had received; put in a short hit with his right hand; Silverthorne returned with great quickness on the head, and again brought down his opponent. Three to one on Silverthorne.

3d—Dogherty struck, but was well parried; another desperate rally; Siverthorne stuck up, and although he threw away many blows by his round method of fighting, bored his opponent to every part of the ring; Dogherty, however, exerted all his skill, and not unsuccessfully, on his adversary's head, but being at length very weak, fell by a slight hit. Seven to two on Silverthorne.

4th—Dogherty bled freely; commenced a sharp rally; put in a good body blow, which somewhat staggered his opponent; in endeavouring to repeat, Silverthorne dexterously struck him on the head and brought him down.

5th—Exactly as in the last rouud; Dogherty put in a body blow and Silverthorne returned on the head; a rally, and Dogherty brought down his opponent for the first time, by a severe blow on the head.

6th—A rally; Dogherty soon laid low.

7th—Dogherty very gay, appeared first to his time, and

and successfully planted a good hit over the head; Silverthorne made play, seemed distressed, hit awkwardly, and received a severe right-handed facer; but still bored in, and commenced another rally; this was truly sanguinary; hits were exchanged for a minute and a half, each appearing totally regardless of blows; Dogherty's superior science gave him the advantage, and Silverthorne at length fell through weakness.

8th—Silverthorne rallied; Dogherty threw in a good hit over his opponent's mouth, but was afterwards knocked down.

9th—Both seemed distressed for wind, and sparred for some time; Dogherty put in a more forcible body blow than could have been expected; Silverthorne returned on the head, and fell.

10th—Dogherty commenced a rally, and Silverthorne, by a tremendous blow, knocked him down.

11th—It was with difficulty Dogherty could be got off his second's knee; he, however, went in with courage, and fought until knocked down.

12th—Dogherty was again brought to the scratch, and made play, although almost in a doubled state; the combatants managed a rally, but in a state of weakness perhaps unparalleled; they could stand, but although within arm's length were incapable of hitting; Silverthorne, however, recovered, and knocked down his opponent for the last time.

The contest lasted 22 minutes.

A messenger (pigeon) was immediately dispatched to Jem Belcher's, but in passing over Wimbledon-

 common,

common, it fell a prey to the insufferable and disgusting ignorance of some cockney.

Both combatants were most dreadfully beaten, and were utterly incapable of standing on their legs; they were immediately put to bed and bled.

Silverthorne proved himself a complete prototype of Caleb, and possesses that degree of strength which cannot fail to make him formidable to men of his own weight. Dogherty's strength failed somewhat sooner than usual, which was attributed to indisposition.

Tuesday, January 29, Crib had a benefit at the Fives-court, which was attended by near 3000 amateurs. Crib, Tom Belcher, Molineux, Richmond, Firby, Powers, Burns, Cropley, Tom O'Donnel, and some others, set to.

Tuesday, May 21, 1811, a battle was fought at Moulsey hurst, between Molineux, the MILLING black, and a new candidate for bruising fame, of the name of Rimmer, brought forward by Bob Gregson.

Rimmer is a native of Lancashire, stands near six feet high, about 22 years of age, and very much resembles what Jem Belcher was at that age; he was pitted against Molineux for 100 guineas, and about one o'clock entered the ring (a 25-feet roped), accompanied by Powers and Jones as his seconds, and immediately hurled up his hat in defiance; Molineux soon followed, with Richmond and Bill Gibbons, when they directly set to. Odds three to one on Molineux.

1st round—Both sparred about two minutes; Rimmer hit right and left, but both fell short, and Rimmer got away; more sparring; at length Molineux put in

in a left-handed blow on his adversary's neck with great force; Rimmer returned, but slightly, and fell. Four to one on Molineux.

2d—Rimmer again made play, and another effort to hit right and left, but the distance was again ill judged, and he got away. Molineux waited very patiently for him; they rallied, and Molineux made some excellent stops; they disengaged, rallied again, and Molineux brought down his opponent by two hits, right and left, of most astonishing force and quickness. Odds five to one in favour of Molineux.

3d—Molineux appeared very much elated with his success, smiled significantly on his opponent, and sparred low, evidently to shew he disregarded any effort he might attempt; he waited until Rimmer made play, when he hit him, and following him up, repeated until Rimmer fell, but apparently from no other cause than to avoid a repetition of the tremendous blows he had already received.

4th—Rimmer's head was covered with blood, and he was, in fact, perfectly stupid for a time, in consequence of a blow on the temple in the last round; Molineux again put in two successful hits right and left, over his guard, on the head and neck, and Rimmer fell as if shot; every one now sympathised for the dreadful situation of the novice; and odds rose eight to one in favour of Molineux, but no takers.

5th—Rimmer evinced great alertness, made a long hit at double distance, and fell.

6th—Rimmer again hit short, and fell, evidently very weak.

7th—For the first time Rimmer had the best of fight-

ing in this round; he put in a good blow with his left hand, and rallied with great courage, but fell at length over his opponent's legs.

8th—Both hit over, and Rimmer fell.

9th—Rimmer exerted every effort to gain the superiority, rallied well, and threw Molineux.

10th—Molineux appeared almost ferocious, and went in determined to repay him for past favours; he followed Rimmer, milling him to every part of the ring, and at length floored him.

11th—Rimmer rallied, and shewed pluck; some good hits exchanged; but Rimmer hit widely, without judging distance, and gave his head doubled in his chest, which stopped several blows, and he at length came down.

12th—Rimmer made a body hit, which again fell short, and almost in a state of phrenzy he ran in, caught Molineux up by the thighs, and threw him in the Lancashire style; many cried "foul," others "fair," but the fight went on.

13th—Rimmer struck Molineux over the mouth, when the black ran in and threw him.

14th—A rally; Rimmer closed, and a compleat trial of strength ensued; both fell, Rimmer bringing down his man by Lancashire ingenuity.

15th—Rimmer retreated round the ring, Molineux following, and at length by a severe blow in the stomach, brought him down, when he was indisputably "dead beat."

At this time the ring was broken, and nobles, lords, ploughmen, fighting-men, chimney-sweepers, coster-

mongers,

passengers, were all in one tumultuous uproar, which continued for at least 20 minutes, without any reason being assigned. At length, however, by the exertions of Crib and others, the ring was restored, and the combatants, who had neither left the ring, were again set to. Six more rounds were fought, but greatly to the discomfiture of Rimmer, who could hardly stand; during this time he received about ten more tremendous blows, and then gave in. Rimmer displayed great courage; he has an unfortunate knack of giving his head when he hits, and appears to be timid of advancing towards his adversary, by which errors many blows fall short.

Tuesday, May 28, the veteran TRIAL HORSE for young men in the FANCY, (GEORGE MADDOX), had a benefit at the Fives-court, which was well attended. Crib, Pittoon, Powers, Richmond, George Green, George Crib, O'Donnel, and some of the BLOODLESS heroes, set to with great spirit.

Tuesday, June 6, 1811, a match for 100 guineas and a subscription purse of £50, was fought at Crawley-heath, near Copthall, between Tom Belcher and Silverthorne, the successful opponent of Dogherty. Gulley and Jones seconded Belcher; Caleb Baldwin and Bill Gibbons Silverthorne. Odds four to one in favour of Belcher.

1st round—Silverthorne attempted a stomacher which Belcher stopped well, and returned severely right and left on the mouth and temple, which produced a copious evacuation of the CLARET; the combatants disengaged, and Silverthorne, after having as severe a milling as ever hero got in one round, fell.

2d

2d—From this severe punishment Silverthorne appeared timid and retreated; Belcher made play, right and left in the head, and both told; Silverthorne struck at his opponent's throat, but the distance was ill judged, and Belcher stopped him again, and patted his arm in defiance; Silverthorne now planted a successful body hit, and Belcher then floored him.

3d—Silverthorne bled dreadfully; Belcher's fists were quite imbrued; they rallied, and Silverthorne was again severely punished, notwithstanding he made some good stops, and Belcher threw away many blows; Belcher missed a hit and closed, when Silverthorne threw him.

4th—Silverthorne made a hit at the body, Belcher half stopped, they rallied, and at first Belcher appeared weak and to have the worst of it, but after putting in a severe hit he closed and threw Silverthorne a cross buttock, strong enough to burst him.

5th—Both combatants evinced great weakness; Belcher hit twice successfully in the face, and Silverthorne again bled profusely; an irregular rally and Silverthorne fell. Any odds in favour of Tom.

6th—Belcher made a good right-handed hit at his opponent's head, which was, however, well stopped; he afterwards put in a severe right-handed body blow, and Silverthorne in attempting to return, fell.

7th—Silverthorne was now dreadfully distressed, appeared very anxious to get a hit, but Belcher waited carefully until he rallied, and when staggering with

failure

failure of strength, hit him a violent blow in the throat, and brought him down for the last time.

Silverthorne was now utterly incapable of standing on his legs, gave in, was carried to a post-chaise, and conveyed to bed.

In this battle Belcher had as fine an opportunity of displaying his superior science as with Farnborough, (see page 326); he fought cautiously, never had any difficulty at getting at his opponent, and whenever he closed put in his ONE TWO with the greatest dexterity.

At the conclusion he threw a summerset, and mounting a barouche box, started for town.

Tuesday, July 2, 1811, there was a sparring match at the Fives-court, St. Martin's-lane, for the benefit of James Belcher, now a decayed invalid. Molineux, Richmond, Pittoon, Lee, Tom Belcher, Rimmer, &c. set to. The latter had a set-to with a Life-guards-man, in which he evidently had the best of it, although the dragoon was by much the strongest man.

In the evening a quarrel took place at Richmond's, the public-house adjoining the court, which ended in a most sanguinary conflict, between Mr. George Kent and Mr. G. H. Cowlam, well known as the Westminster patriot. The latter wished to meet his opponent in any other way but the fist; but as it was determined blood should be spilt, the professional hands and amateurs present considered they were best fulfilling their duty towards humanity, by endeavouring to lay aside the use of all deadly weapons, and accordingly sanctioned an appeal to boxing.

Mr. Cowlam was seconded by Bob Clarke and Sir Henry

Henry Smith, Bart. and Mr. George Kent by Bob Gregson and Mr. Harrison; Jackson time-keeper. Odds at setting to 40 to 10 in favour of Kent.

For the first 15 minutes Mr. Kent kept the lead; his skill and dexterity proved almost irresistible, and Mr. Cowlam had eight falls, four of which as tremendous as ever were witnessed. One hundred to ten against the patroit's coming to time; he, however, appeared, smiled, and putting in a dreadful ONE TWO, floored his adversary.

13th—Kent cut his opponent over the left eye, but Cowlam returned dexterously with a stomacher.

14th—Cowlam rallied, hit over his opponent's guard; Kent returned a facer.

15th, 16th, 17th—Exchanged hits until both fell every round.

18th and 19th—Cowlam called time, and walked up to his adversary with his hands folded, and in the last they stood up and hit each other nearly blind.

20th to 22d—Mr. Kent fought very weak. Odds now changed 100 to 40 in favour of Mr. Cowlam.

23d, 24th, 25th—Mr. Cowlam rallied, closed, threw and fell on his adversary, who could now not be brought to face his man.

The contest lasted 39 minutes. Mr. Cowlam, although not possessing much science, shewed himself as cool and determined a pugilist as ever stood up. Mr. Kent had fought several battles before and was never beat.

Tuesday, July 16, a match was fought at Moulseyhurst for 50 guineas and a liberal subscription purse, between

between Powers and a new candidate, King. At twelve o'clock the combatants appeared; King, accompanied by Richmond and Hall, and Powers by Bob Clarke and Paddington Jones. Odds nine to four in favour of Powers.

1st round—King attempted to plant a forcible right-hander; Powers stopped, and hit one two, left and right, well planted on the head and body; blood produced, and King fell. First knock-down bets decided.

2d—King did not, however, appear intimidated, he again made play, and planted a good right-handed hit on his opponent's throat, his left-hand blow fell short; Powers with great quickness threw in a severe left-handed facer, and brought him down.

3d—A good rally, several blows well exchanged; Powers very scientifically planted one with the left hand; King returned with the right; they closed, and both fell. Two to one in favour of Powers.

4th—Powers hit left and right, and King returned very forcibly in the throat; they closed, and Powers threw his opponent again. Betting two points more in favour of King than at setting to.

5th—King planted a left-handed hit, but out of length, and followed quickly with his right, which by science Powers avoided; they closed, and Powers threw him a cross buttock.

6th—Both made play, King with his right, Powers with the left at the same instant; the former told on the head; some good trying hits followed, and upon the whole the round was in favour of King; notwithstanding Powers again threw him a cross but-

 tock,

tock, and in doing this with too much eagerness, Powers received a hurt on the right shoulder against a stake, which, if it did not disable him, proved a formidable grievance.

7th—In this round Powers changed his mode of fighting, by endeavouring to avert the punishing right-handed blows of his adversary, and getting away to hit.

8th—Powers put in a good blow in the mouth, get away, repeated, and gave an excellent specimen of science, by repeating his blows, and avoiding his adversary, until King fell, bleeding copiously.

9th—King commenced a rally, in which he evidently had the advantage, throwing in his straight right-handed hits with great dexterity; his superior strength gave him sway, but at length he received a most violent cross buttock.

10th—King's face was much disfigured; Powers put in a severe repeater in the mouth, followed by a scientific hit on the throat, and brought King down.

11th—A good rally, and both fell.

12th—Another rally; Powers, by science, hit his opponent some good right-handed blows, staggering away; King courageously renewed the rally, and returned his adversary's hits with all the gluttony of a Crib, and at length succeeded in throwing him.

13th—Powers, by another tremendous blow in the mouth, brought King again on the floor; Powers continued fighting at points, until he was scarcely able

able to administer the beating his adversary seemed to require to satiate him. In the

26th—Betting came to six to four, and although the left side of King's head was a punishment for any feeling spectator to view, he still fought with such true and determined bravery that never can be forgotten by his enemies, or too highly appreciated by his friends. At the expiration of the

46th—When every one evidently saw he had no chance of success, he was urged, particularly by his backers, to resign, but still expressing anxiety for the continuation of the conflict, even in opposition to his strength and feeling.

The contest lasted 57 minutes, both combatants displayed the greatest courage, and Powers undoubtedly proved himself equal to any 12 stone man of the day.

Tuesday, July 30, died, at his house, the Coach and Horses, Frith-street, Soho, the ever memorable James Belcher, in the 31st year of his age.

On the following Sunday, August 4, his remains were removed to Mary-le-bone burying-ground, and interred. Three mourning coaches followed; in the first his widow and Thomas Belcher; in the second, Gulley, Gregson, and Richmond; and in the third, Jackson and Powers. A glass coach closed the cavalcade, with Bill Wood and several amateur friends. They moved at a solemn pace from Frith-street, through Soho-square, down Charles-street, into Oxford-road, when the concourse of people was so great that the procession was completely interrupted. On the arrival of

the corpse at the ground, the greatest confusion ensued from the number of the spectators. After the body had been lowered, and the funeral rites performed, Bill Wood, with great expression, and proving himself no actor, took it into his head to represent Laertes, jumped on the coffin, and appeared almost in a state of phrenzy; he wept profusely, as did many other professional friends who followed this pugilistic hero, and grandson of Slack, to his last home.

Saturday, September 28, 1811, the second battle between our renowned Champion, Thomas Crib, and the athletic black, Molineux, took place at Thistleton-gap, in the parish of Wymondham, in the county of Leicester, very near Crown-point, the spot where the three counties, Lincoln, Leicester, and Rutland, unite, in a line between Grantham and Stamford. A 25-feet stage was erected in a stubble ground, without the slightest interruption, and by twelve o'clock, the time at which the combatants mounted the stage, not less than 15,000 persons had collected. Crib's second was his old friend and intimate companion Gulley, and Joe Ward bottle-holder; George Richmond and Bill Gibbons officiated for Molineux. At 18 minutes after twelve they set to; betting thirty to ten on Crib, and six to four in his favour for the first knock-down blow

THE BATTLE.

1st round—Sparring for one minute, when Crib made play right and left; the right-handed blow told slightly in the body of Molineux, who returned faintly on the head; a rally now ensued, each exchanged

changed their blows, when Molineux fell by a dexterous hit in the throat; the blows given, however, throughout this round were not at length to do any very great execution. Betting remained unaltered.

2d—Crib shewed first blood at the mouth at setting to; a dreadful rally was commenced, and Crib put in a good body hit with the right hand, which Molineux returned on the head with the left FLUSH; both combatants now fought at half arm for superiority, and exchanged about six hits with great force; they closed, and after an excellent trial of strength Molineux threw his opponent. Odds five to two on Crib.

3d—In the last rally Crib's right eye was nearly closed, and here another equally sanguinary followed; after sparring for wind, in which essential Molineux was evidently deficient, Crib put in a dreadful DOUBLER on the body of his opponent, who, although hit away, kept his legs, and renewed the rally with such a degree of ferocity, that the COGNISCENTI really began to FUNCK; the rally lasted a minute and a half, when the combatants closed, and Molineux again threw Crib with astonishing force. Odds fell, but Crib's tried game still kept him the favorite.

4th—In rallying Crib had hit right and left at the body and head, but Molineux fought at the head only, and was so successful with the left hand, that he planted many dexterous FLUSH hits; both Crib's eyes were now damaged, his face dreadfully disfigured, and he bled profusely; Molineux evidently displayed great distress in his wind, and Crib

smiling

smiling at such a glorious omen, renewed the rally with a spirit of heroism, perhaps, never excelled, and in point of judgment most adroitly timed; hits in abundance were exchanged, Crib still fighting at the body mark, and Molineux at the head; at length Crib fell, evincing great exhaustion. Odds, however, were seven to four in his favour.

5th—Molineux renewed the rally, and the execution on both sides was truly terrific; Molineux had the best of the determined rally, and Crib fell from a blow and in falling received another; this excited some murmurs and applause from the partizans of the contending heroes, and on reference to the umpires was decided FAIR, Crib's hands being at liberty, not having yet touched the floor.

6th—Molineux distressed for want of wind, lunged right and left, but Crib avoided, and put in a good blow with his right hand, which Molineux stopped exceedingly well; Crib now put in a destructive blow at his body mark, which doubled up Molineux, and he got away pitifully CUT UP; he returned to begin a rally, seemingly anxious to go in, but still horribly sensible of the consequences; he appeared almost frantic, and no Italian dancing-master could possibly have performed a PIROUETTA more gratifying to Crib's friends; Molineux hit short and was quite abroad; Crib followed him round the ring, and after some astonishing execution, floored him by a tremendous hit at great length, and Odds rose five to one.

7th—Molineux now displayed great intemperance, ran in,

in, and undoubtedly did some execution; but Crib put in several hits about the throat, as violent as can be imagined, and after a rally of a minute, Molineux fell.

8th—Molineux again rallied, seemingly as a forlorn hope, but his distance was ill judged; Crib again NOBBED him, and getting his head (his own trick by the bye) under his left arm, FIBBED him until he fell.

9th—Lombard-street to a China orange; Molineux was dead beat, and only stood up to encounter Crib's death-like blows; he run in, Crib met him with his left hand, and broke his jaw, when he fell like a log; he did not come to time within half a minute, but Crib's appetite was not to be satiated; he gave away this chance, dancing a hornpipe about the stage, and after hitting his opponent half down, and up again, floored him.

10th—With great difficulty Molineux got off his second's knee for fresh punishment; his attempt was desperate, but equally unsuccessful, and he fell, evidently from distress.

11th—Here ended the contest; Crib had given away another chance in the time; but Molineux's senses were absolutely hit out of him, he was perfectly unable to stand, and a Scotch reel by Gulley and Crib announced the victory, when the very welkin echoed with applause.

The stage, which was 25 feet sq[illegible], was erected in a stubble field, surrounded first by a rope ring, in order to prevent any interruption from the crowd, and secondly by

by as well a formed and supported ring of pedestrians as ever perhaps was witnessed, notwithstanding the distance from the metropolis; the first row of which, as has been always usual on such occasions, laying down, the second kneeling, &c. behind these were almost innumerable horsemen, some sitting, others standing Circus fashion on their saddles, intermingled by almost every species of carriage. The display of FLASH MEN, from the peer on the coach-box to the more gentlemanly-looking pickpocket, formed, perhaps, as complete a picture, as the most fertile imagination can well conceive; every fighting man, every pugilistic amateur was to be seen, and among the most active and peculiarly interested might be classed Lord Yarmouth, Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay, Sir Francis Baynton, General Grosvenor, Thomas Goddard, Esq. Sir Henry Smith, Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Pomfret, Sir Charles Aston, &c.

From the time the scene of action was first known, even by conjecture, amateurs began to crowd to the spot. On the night previous to the fight not a bed could be had within 20 miles of the seat of action, and many hundreds who had been accustomed to indulge themselves with the downy DAB, were now contented to become PALS with their PRADS, to be present at the anticipated awful MILL; FLASH was the order of the day; to have appeared in a white cravat would have been an insult to the fraternity, and to have dared attempt the introduction of any topic but MILLING and HAMMERING, would have shewn a most lamentably vitiated taste, and what would have been

still

still worse, a contemptible ignorance of modern REFINEMENT and POLITESSE.

During the battle the spectators gave mutual applause to the combatants, and although the contest lasted but nineteen minutes and ten seconds, a period, comparatively with other battles, very short, it was truly desperate, and it excited great surprise that Molineux should in this instance have found himself necessitated to relinquish the palm in so short a time, when he so obstinately contested with the same opponent thrice the duration so very recently; but it is to be considered, that in that combat Crib was full of flesh, and by no means in prime condition; and again, that in this battle, although Molineux had acquired an increased degree of science, he had impaired, by his own conduct, his stamina.

Although it has been acknowledged that applause was mutually given, and that Molineux in every point had fair play shewn him, it cannot but be granted that the exulting clamour of congratulation, proceeding from the champion's friends, when even the slightest advantage seemed to favour him, must have tended to hurt the feelings of the man of colour, and very probably to have COWED him; it should have been considered, that Molineux was a stranger, that he stood indisputably a man of courage, that he came to the contest unprotected and unsupported by any friends of note; while his opponent, on the contrary, commanded the patronage of every FLASH MAN; under these circumstances decency and generosity certainly ought to have suggested the omission of whatever

 might

might have acted on the feelings of so slightly favoured an adversary. Much has been said, in palliation of this error, of Molineux's savage denunciations against Crib, of his mean vaporing professions of what he should like to do to him; and these were thought sufficiently disgusting to the English spirit to have excited even animosity against him; but granting that Molineux was brutish enough to make use of many of the barbarous expressions imputed to him, we certainly ought to take into consideration the circumcumstances under which they were uttered; he felt perfectly aware that he was literally scouted, upon a principle of nationality, which, perhaps, in this respect, considering boxing merely as a sport, was carried beyond all reasonable limits; he could not but be sensible that Crib was better supported in pocket by his many surrounding friends than himself; he knew and felt that Crib was under the care of the first trainer in the country, while he was left to the government of Tom Belcher and Richmond, who made him the mere instrument of getting money, by carrying him round the country to exhibit sparring, where they excited his naturally irritable disposition almost to a state of phrenzy upon every slight occasion, challenging him to fight, and allowing him to drink stout and ale by gallons in the day, keeping himself almost in one continued state of inebriation; it is even said, that on the morning of the fight, he bolted a boiled fowl, an apple-pie, and a tankard of porter, for his breakfast. When all these circumstances are duly considered, and that by an unprejudiced mind, it cannot be

be denied that they somewhat derogate the imputed honour of our champion's success; and, although we acknowledge and feel the general triumph in doing so, that our champion Crib possesses all the courage and manliness that characterises the pugilist, and should animate and adorn the soul of every Briton, we cannot but conceive his victory would have added double renown to the national as well as his individual bravery, had his opponent been equally patronised, equally cherished, protected, and supported.

On the Sunday following the champion passed through Stamford in a barouche and four, decorated with blue ribbands, called on Molineux at Grantham, and on the Monday arrived in London.

After Crib and Molineux had retired, a subscription was entered into, to form a purse for a second combat. Twenty pounds were soon collected, of which seventeen were to be the meed of the victor, and three the portion of condolence for the vanquished; the heroes were George Crib and Edward Maltby, of Bromley-hall, in Nottinghamshire, both about the same weight; they contested 13 rounds with determined bravery, when George Crib yielded; he was dreadfully beaten, while his opponent scarcely sported a mark.

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